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JULY
1933



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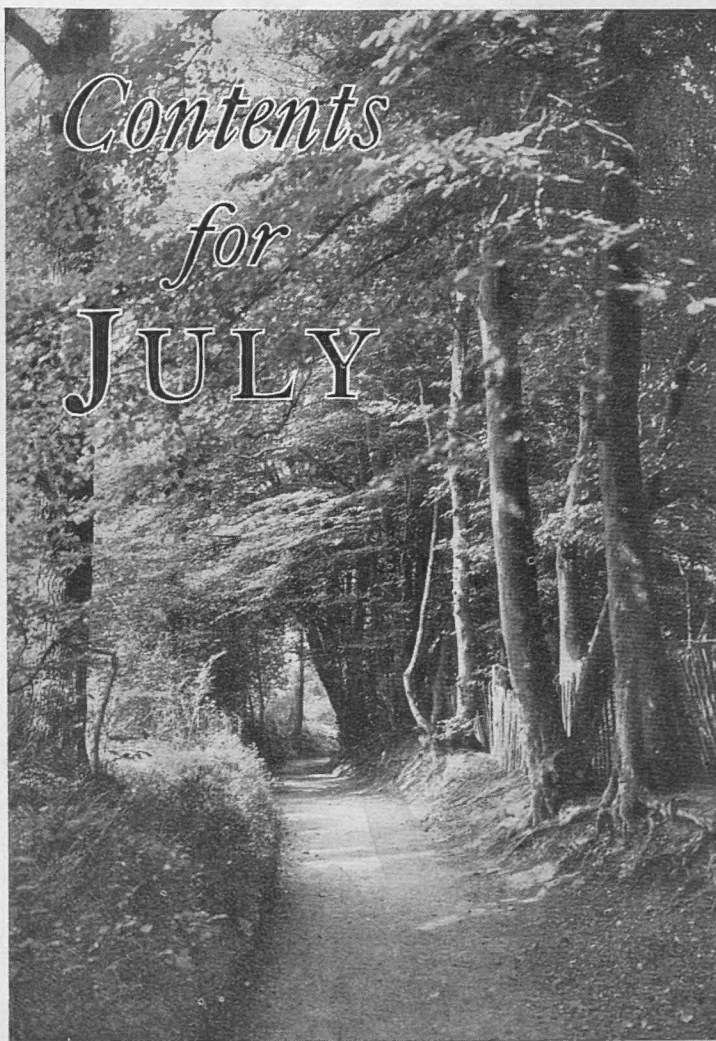
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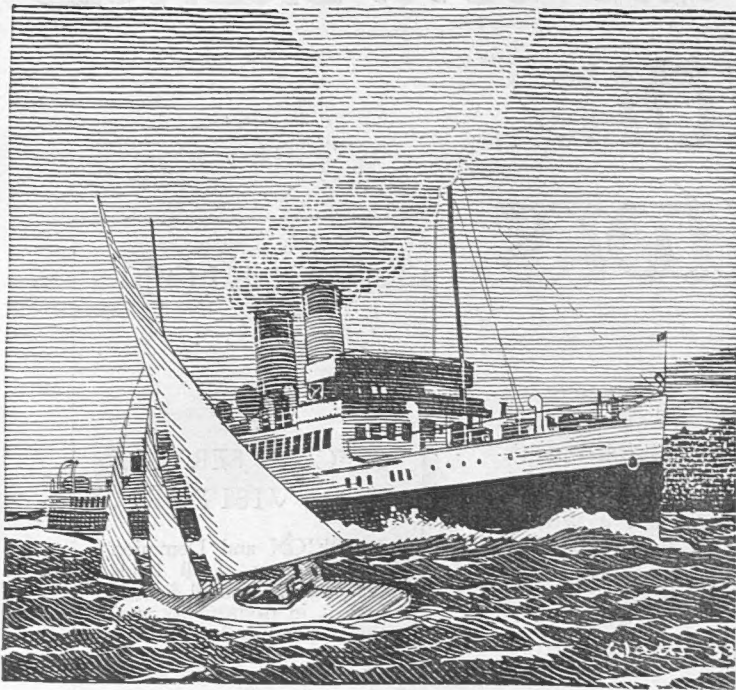
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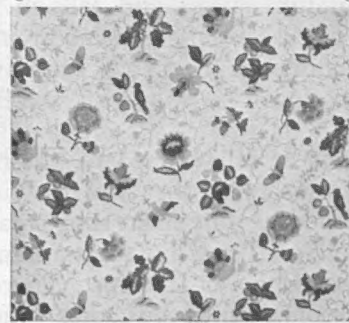
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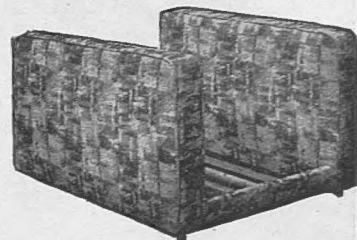
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Britannia & Eve for July, 1933

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P.945



EQUALLY DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD



B R I T A N N I A ^{and} E V E

1833 Calendar for July 1933

1st, SATURDAY.—
Sun rises 3.49.
Sun sets 8.18.
Lighting-up
time 9.18.

Sixty-six years ago the Canadian Provinces turned themselves into a Dominion (1867). The great battle of the Somme broke out on this day in 1916. It was the first battle in history for which cinematograph arrangements were made.

2nd, SUNDAY.
—The Third Sunday after Trinity.

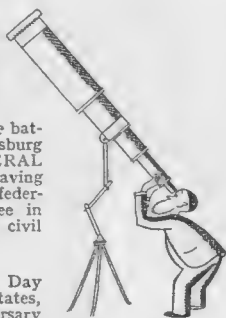
2nd, Sun.—The famous Tempel comet was first observed sixty-two years ago (1873).

ADMIRAL CRADOCK, victim of the Coronel naval disaster, was born (1862).

A year ago the country was in the grip of "conversion" fever, the Government's £2,000,000 war loan conversion scheme having just been launched.

3rd, MONDAY.

ANTON TCHERKOV, the poet of the Russian theatre, died in 1904, aged 46. On this day the battle of Gettysburg finished, GENERAL MEADE having beaten the Confederate General Lee in the American civil war of 1863.



4th, TUESDAY.

Independence Day in the United States, being the anniversary of the breaking away from England in 1776. A national holiday wherever the Stars and Stripes are flown. The Zulu War finished with the defeat of CETEWAYO on this day in 1879 at Ulundi by forces under the command of LORD CHELMSFORD.

5th, WEDNESDAY.

The great river festival opens at Henley-on-Thames. In 1919 the dirigible R.34 successfully crossed the Atlantic.

6th, THURSDAY.

The KING AND QUEEN were married on this day in 1893. Mr. Gladstone further angering Queen Victoria by refusing to sanction a national holiday. On the same day GUY DE MAUPASSANT, master of tale telling, died.

7th, FRIDAY.—Old Midsummer Day.

Three years ago (1930) SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE died.

8th, SATURDAY.—Sun rises 3.54. Sun sets 8.15. Lighting-up time 9.15.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, head of a distinguished political hierarchy, was born in 1836.

Just a year ago the 2,000-ton French submarine *Prométhée* suddenly sunk off Cherbourg with her crew of 61.

9th, SUNDAY.—The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

9th, Sun.—German South-West Africa was surrendered to the British forces in 1915.

10th, MONDAY.

LORD FISHER, great British admiral and public personality, died on this day in 1920. The Oxford and Cambridge match opens at Lord's to-day.

11th, TUESDAY.

W. E. HENLEY, the poet of "head bloody but unbowed" fame, died on this day thirty years ago (1903). Alexandria was bombarded by the British fleet (1882).



The wedding group of the King and Queen (1893)

12th, WEDNESDAY.

The Thames Embankment was opened in 1870.

The Crimea was evacuated in 1856.

The Peace Treaty was ratified by Germany in 1919.

The late LORD BIRKENHEAD (F. E. Smith) was born in 1872.

13th, THURSDAY.

The Berlin Treaty was signed in 1878, the Balkans and Turkey being re-shaped to suit the convenience of Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France and Austria-Hungary.

LORD PASSFIELD, better known as the great Socialist, Mr. Sidney Webb, was born in 1859.

14th, FRIDAY.

Paris was celebrating Peace on this day fourteen years ago (1919). It is a French national holiday, being the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille prison in 1789.

Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's.

15th, SATURDAY.—Sun rises 4.2. Sun sets 8.9. Lighting-up time 9.9.

St. Swithin's Day, and if it rains this morning it will rain (says the legend) for forty days.

The second battle of the Marne opened on this day in 1918.

16th, SUNDAY.—The Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

16th, Sun.—NICHOLAS II, last of the Romanoff

Czars of Russia, was murdered at Ekaterinburg on this day in 1919, with his whole family.

17th, MONDAY.

JAMES WHISTLER, great Anglo-American painter, died thirty years ago. The Franco-Prussian War was declared on this day in 1870. The Lausanne Conference terminated in 1923.

LADY BEATTY, brilliant American wife of the Admiral-of-the-Fleet, died a year ago to-day.

18th, TUESDAY.

MARSHAL FOCH launched his great Allied attack against the German forces in 1918. MR. KAYE DON established a new speedboat record of 119.81 m.p.h. on Loch Lomond (1932).

19th, WEDNESDAY.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE, son of the great anti-slavery philanthropist, fell from his horse while riding near Dorking, and was killed, in 1873.

23rd, Sun.—Austria-Hungary despatched its relentless ultimatum to Serbia in 1914.

24th, MONDAY.

The Window Tax, one of the most fantastic pieces of British legislation, was abolished in 1851.

SANTOS-DUMONT, father of the airship, died in Brazil, aged 59, a year ago to-day.

25th, TUESDAY.

BLERIOT, another of the great pioneers of aviation, flew the Channel on this day in 1909.

26th, WEDNESDAY.

The 77th birthday of Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (born 1856), still one of the most discussed of world characters.

27th, THURSDAY.

CAPTAIN FRYATT, a Great Eastern Railway captain whose ship had been attacked by a submarine, which he rammed and sank, was shot as a franc-tireur at Bruges on this day in 1916.

28th, FRIDAY.

The *Alabama*, the Confederate raider which inflicted huge losses on the shipping of the Northern States, escaped from the Mersey and embarked on her long voyage of plundering on this day in 1862.

The source of Nile was discovered by John Hanning Speke on the same day.

29th, SATURDAY.—Sun rises 4.20. Sun sets 7.52. Lighting-up time 8.52.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, father of Bishop Wilberforce, and leader of the movement to abolish slavery, died one hundred years ago to-day. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

30th, SUNDAY.—The Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

30th, Sun.—SIR CHARLES HAWTREY died ten years ago to-day, robbing the stage of a gifted actor.

GEORGE BORROW died (1881).

31st, MONDAY.—Trinity Law Sitings end.

Eve of the Royal Regatta at Cowes.

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Eve of the Royal Regatta at Cowes.

THE aeroplane rose steadily in smooth sweeps; it looked a little like a sea-gull carved in silver against the burning blueness of the African sky.

Everyone had reached the stage when, a journey begun, you lean back and think idly.

Lady Wicke, trying to settle comfortably in the narrow chair, was wondering unhappily if she had "put on" . . . these new rubber belts might be reducing, but, really, they gave you a feeling of being almost unable to breathe—and she hoped it did not show in her face. She took the tiny mirror from her beautiful pigskin travelling bag and scrutinised herself eagerly—no, the powder still held, she was not very flushed, but she did wish (with a painful sigh) that cognac left no mark. But it did: its power had traced the tiny veins which were so annoying, and then, adding to the annoyance, a few feet away Sylvia sat, nineteen and perfect, thin as a rail, needing no belt, and without one weeniest blemish on such a tender skin.

It would really be a great relief, Lady Wicke decided, when darling Sil-Sil made up her mind and married—preferably Everard, who, if he was poor, was her own kind, and if a bit older, what did that matter? And, if it came to that, as long as Sil-Sil married soon and removed the ever-present vision of dazzling youth, it did not matter vitally whom she married, as far as her mother was concerned. . . !

"Spot of air!" someone bellowed, and a spear of ice seemed to flash through the place as a window was opened fractionally, and closed again.

"Sleep," Lady Wicke thought. "If I sleep the flush will die down." She started as a brown hand slid along the chair arm and touched her hand fleetingly, then proffered a thin gold cigarette case.

Lady Wicke surged up, managed to turn round and meet Oliver's quick white smile, his dark smiling eyes. She shook her head at the cigarettes, smiling back into those gay eyes, answering the solicitous "All right?" with a reassuring, indulgent nod of her fair head.

Oliver wrote on a little pad:—

"I wish we could talk; I wish I were sitting beside you!" And Lady Wicke wrote back shakily, "So do I, darling!" and heaved a tumultuous sigh, still twisted round and feeling desperately uncomfortable, but unwilling to lose a glance of Oliver's.



"I Remember . . ."

*Stranded in the Desert with
a disabled 'plane, Everybody
told a Story in turn—"the"
Story of their Lives . . .*



It was swelteringly hot even under the wings of the aeroplane. Hujon let everyone lunch; he laughed and talked, but no one noticed that he ate only a drumstick, and drank nothing

By
Olive Wadsley

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Oliver had, however, "done his bit"; he wrote now:—
"A little rest, *chère et belle*, and then a little noggin!" with a row of exclamation marks after the last word, and his smile much in evidence.

Lady Wicke gave him a "You naughty boy!" look, waved her marvellously ringed hand, and assumed an attitude of comfort, leaving Oliver to open his eyes wide and study his little notebook, which was full of secret signs and figures.

When he put it away he gazed at the back of Sylvia's neck, which was white as peeled almonds.

He thought:—

"She's a little like a spray of almond blossom; she suggests the first wild loveliness of spring. Why, in God's name, couldn't I be Everard Holte; why had I to be born nobody and he the son of a man with a title and a house like Witherington? It isn't fair, everything going to one person, nothing to another. Now he'll get Sylvia, too, and he'll be fatly complacent about it, and all her money'll buck up Witherington and pay off his debts and taxes; and if I get anything, it'll be the old trout, and if I did manage to get her to marry me, I'd go mad, having her tacked on morning, noon and night. As things are they're bad enough!"

He looked away from Sylvia's slender neck, and looked at the desert far below. God! how sickening it was always to have to take marvellous aeroplane trips, go to all the good places, ride in Rolls-Royce cars with some old trout or the other! Lady Wicke had elected to be called Patsy (her real name was Honoria—"but I feel so Irish!") . . . Patsy! of all names, Oliver thought . . . why not Babette, or Pretty, whilst she had been about it? He called her *Chérie*, and had done with it. He always called the Lady Wicke of the moment "*Chérie*," it was so much easier for so many reasons: you didn't forget, or get mixed up, and every woman over forty-five liked it.

"Let 'em get on with

it," he decided sardonically.

His mind slid into his favourite day-dream: an old trout actually did die off at last (old trouts never die, they simply go on dancing!) and left him a fortune, and then he was free—free to be young at last, free to dance with other young, be friendly with them and not everlastingly on the sharp defensive.

Oh, well! Life didn't go to that sort of heavenly tune; some things were definitely far too good ever to come true.

EVERARD, having exhausted every man's interest in Emachinery, studied the pilot's back pensively for a bit, then opened the only English paper he had been able to snaffle in the hotel: he had come down so late (ghastly early as it had been) that he had had to snatch what he could of breakfast, as well as news. He felt hungry and hoped Patsy had had a good hamper put up—she would have, he felt comfortably certain. Patsy was one of the best and sound as a bell as far as comfort in life was concerned . . . Odd, dashed odd, the way she had gone in off the deep end over this dancing feller, Oliver West . . .

more likely Toni Boloni, Everard thought contemptuously—touch of the dago about that lad or he'd eat his hat . . . all that curly hair and tooth and eye business, flash, flash, flash!—and the feller's clothes! Whew! they looked as if he'd been poured into 'em and given orders not to bend unless a crease should come! And that wasn't a bad description either, Everard thought complacently.

He didn't really dislike West; he could play a decent game of golf; bit too dressy, of course, even on the links, but he wasn't, on the whole, a bad example of his precious kind.

A headline about foot-and-mouth disease caught his eye, and his whole mind quickened, became intent. Thank God it was confined to Lincolnshire! And then he felt a pang of remorse at his selfishness; poor old Fallington would be hit, bad luck!

It came to him suddenly he was sick of this gallivanting about in the air or on the ground; he wanted to get back to Dorset, to Witherington . . . Jove! it must be looking good just then, late March; the lower wood in bud, for a certainty, lambing well on. Sil-Sil was a sweet, a little love; and they had fixed things up,

so, after all, this trip had been worth it. He could see, looking with his straight grey eyes along the years, that Sil-Sil and he would hit it off . . . Patsy might be a bit of a flyer, but she was more foolish than fooled, and Sil-Sil was as right as rain, modern as they made 'em, of course, but that was because she was so young—Everard's brown face crinkled into a smile as he recalled her words: "I think I'd rather like to marry you; I think we might make it a go. You see, I can't seem to fall in love, and I am awfully fond of you. But we've got to get things clear, my poppet! If I do go a crash over someone I meet after we're married, you'll have to let me go free! You can have all the money you want, you see, and I'll have the freedom. Fair's fair, darling, isn't it?"

He had felt a queer stab of anger when she had said, "You can have all the money you want"; then the philosophy of the simple had come to his aid: wasn't it true he did need money? All right, why kick about it when someone said so, specially when that someone was going to give it you?

"We needn't put all these rules into writing, need we?" he had queried, and

then he had kissed Sylvia suddenly, taken her in his arms and kissed her as he had not kissed her before, stirred to some quick feeling by the mere thought of her "crashing" for any man save himself.

"I may fill the bill yet," he had told himself, his heart thumping as he had looked down at Sylvia's closed eyes, her kissed scarlet mouth. Yes, on the whole things looked pretty good, he thought now; the only snag was being out of England!

Hujon, the pilot, was thinking only of Sylvia; he felt desperate about her, tired out with loving her. As if it were happening at that moment, he could "see" the first time they had met, at Mandelieu; his plane had circled out to sea because a private plane had been coming in and was just landing, and he had asked Stenson, as Sylvia's plane had landed, and she had stepped out:—

"I say, who's that?"

Stenson always knew everyone; he screwed up his eyes, studied his card of reference, and said:—

"Got 'em! Lady Wicke, her daughter, name of Sylvia (that's your bird) and Lord Holte, affianced to same! Sorry, old man, your luck seems out!"

Sylvia had walked, it seemed to Hujon, out of a gold and lilac sunset, straight towards him; his dazzled eyes were on her face; she saw him and half stopped, then walked on to a waiting car.

Hujon had tracked her after that, from the flying club to her hotel; he hadn't a flicker of hope; it wasn't that, he simply had to see her. Looking at her gave him a feeling as if the blood were tearing his heart; it was just as if all that was life in him rushed out to her in worship.

He had cursed himself, railed at himself, scorned himself—all to no purpose. He had seen her passing by; he would love her till he died. She was all he asked of fate; she was tall and slender and carelessly sweet to everyone (that was a goad, but that largesse was part of her too); she was clipped of speech, as he was; he *knew* Sylvia, knew she was the complement of his own hard, passionate, demanding youth: she would never know it; she had wads of money; she was out of reach in every way; she was going to marry Holte, and Holte was a decent bloke.

That was all there was to it, and he'd go on burning and yearning and feeling like hell, until, at long last, he supposed, he'd wear himself out, and it would all ease up a bit.

But not yet, not by a very long way!

He had been looking into the blue and golden haze for a second; now that sixth sense which only a born pilot has made him aware of trouble ahead; he could not locate it, the instruments were recording perfectly . . . were they? As he looked the petrol gauge dropped like a shot bird, fell clean back . . . His mind worked like lightning: a leak obviously. He'd his reserve; he must draw on that.

It wasn't there—it had gone too; he could feel, pumping, that the tank was dry. The engine gave a little kicking cough. Hujon narrowed his eyes, tightened his grip and started to circle. Where they were he had no idea: forty miles south of Darsoula, fifty north of Baiddom—very useful.

SYLVIA thought: "I want a sign—just like those doubting people in history, or was it the Bible? Anyway, I want one!

*I queered her chance,
never mind how, and
Elsie believed I'd played
her up, played our love
up, and chucked me*





*AND say this, too, "we will be married when God pleases."
He said it, his arms about her, his lips on hers*

P'raps on this trip I'll get one—find out." She looked with wide, lovely eyes at Hujon's leather-clad back. "You wait!" she assured him in silence. She didn't suppose he had any money, but, if it came to that, neither had Everard—and she must think out a quicker name for him—Everard sounded so high-brow, specially Everard married to a Sil-Sil! After all, what was being married, just one more experience, and you had to

make up your mind some time, and Everard (name and all!) was rather a lamb-pie, and Witherington was a dream.

Sylvia could see herself there, see herself welcoming the meet on the great front lawn, see herself at one end of the long table, see herself riding round the farms slowly with Everard.

She really was tired of the life she had led for two years, just hiking about from one place to another, with London in

between the Riviera in January, the Lido in July, Paris in November, always some foreign "dive," and always these gigolos tacked on. Of course, it was up to Patsy to do as she liked, she did not interfere with Sylvia, and Sylvia did not criticise the boy of the moment, but it was boring, and, besides, she adored England. Hujon had golden lights in the bits of hair she could see . . . she did hope she was (Continued on page 92)

"SHALL I let my son go up to Oxford as I originally intended?" That is the question which, as a young man who was up there at least as recently as Oxford's last victory in the boat race, I am asked a score of times a month. I can well understand this sense of doubt in many minds. To those who pay attention to athletic success—and there are more reliable measuring rods—it must be a cause of alarm that ten years have passed since Oxford triumphed at Putney. I am not surprised that parents, who read of some of the Oxford "parties," as they are described in the gossip columns of the London Press, apparently by eyewitnesses, should lift occasionally an apprehensive eyebrow and mutter darkly of Rome in the decadence. Then there is this spate of Oxford novels where the undergraduate widens the circle of the confessional from the Buchmanite study group to the circulating library. It is not unreasonable that a generation which knew the immediate pre-war age, when undergraduates spent their vacations in the East End on something that was called "Social Service," and the millennium came to birth every Sunday in walks over Cumnor Hurst, and the now Deputy Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons had stroked the 'Varsity boat to victory four times in succession, should pause a moment and uneasily wonder whether he ought not to send his son to Cambridge.

A few weeks ago I had occasion to address a club in Oxford, and decided to make it the excuse for a long week-end to puzzle out its temper and atmosphere. It is more than seven years since I came down. I am just reaching that sad period of life when young men tend to insert a complimentary prefix before my name and still younger men even break out into "sirs" when they address me. I was prepared for changes, but it was not so much that Oxford had altered as that it was unrecognisable.

I went to the Union first. They had just passed their pacifist motion. It had not surprised me much when I read of it. The Union has always been in front rather than behind public opinion. I recalled moving a motion a year or two after the war that "the time had come when the enmities engendered by the war should give way to a friendly attitude to the Central Powers." It was a time when the country was still in the grip of the "squeeze-them-until-the-pips-squeak" mentality. But we passed it, and thereby earned the publicity of a special sermon of denunciation from the City Rector.

What did astound me was not the Radicalism of the Union, but the way it was expressed. We were rebels, but our weapons were ridicule and epigram. We did not like the diehards, but our greatest enemies were the dullards. It was not enough for a speaker to denounce capitalism; he had to be funny about it as well. I remember one speaker looking forward to the social revolution as a time "when the streets of Oxford would run pink with the blood of the dons."

Alma Mater

Grim

Ox



*Signs of
the Times
in the*

City of Dreaming Spires and

It has all altered now. I thought at first, when I saw a meeting of the Oxford Union, that I had strayed into the annual conference of the Labour Party caucus. Gone were the quips and the sallies and the elaborate periods of sustained raillery that I had known of old. The atmosphere was strained and tense, a tight-lipped young man was stating the case for Liberalism, and earnest-looking young men were jumping up and down with angry interruptions. One after another the speakers came to the despatch-box, occasionally eloquent, but more usually commonplace, long-winded, and passionately sincere about the condition of England. Seven years ago the audience would have yawned and drifted out. Now they remained to cheer and counter-cheer. We salted our speeches with epigrams modelled upon, and, indeed, borrowed (without acknowledgments, of course) from, Philip Guedalla. Their perorations were taken almost bodily from Karl Marx. We, at all costs, had to be witty; it was clear that they would not be tolerated unless they were portentously serious. It was symptomatic of the new Oxford.

I found the same spirit in the political clubs. They were once little more than pleasant excuses for dining; they are now vehicles of the most earnest party propaganda. When I was "up," Conservatism had no other habitation but the decorous precincts of the Carlton, with the waiters in club livery; now there is a Conservative organisation with a membership of seven or eight hundred, existing solely for missionary work. The Labour Club, which admittedly took itself more

in Retrospect . . .

(Below)

A GROUP of Oxford Undergraduates.
(At foot of page) Joy, a scout of St. John's, taking the rolls and bread and butter to an undergraduate's rooms as part of the trimmings to his luncheon

FORD



OXFORD as seen
from the air

By

Robert
Bernays, M.P.

(Author of "The Naked Fakir")

Lost Causes

seriously, never had more than a membership of 150 to 200. It now numbers 500, and is the scene of tempestuous meetings. Even the Liberals, who in my day were split up between a dining-club that was exclusively social and a political organisation consisting of no more than two-score earnest-minded zealots, is now united in a caucus numbering over 300. With an increase in size has come a new vigour of outlook. They are all progressives now. The Conservative Club is Liberal. One of the reasons for Mr. Randolph Churchill's startling failure to get the minutes of the pacifist motion expunged was the fact that the Conservatives were anything but unanimous in supporting him. The Liberal Club is Radical; I could only hear of one Liberal who supported the Simonite position; and he had resigned from the Club. The Labour Club is frankly Marxian. Reformists like Mr. Herbert Morrison are dubbed Kerenskys, and only with difficulty get a hearing at the club's meetings. Threatening them on their flank is the October Club, altogether



new since my day, which is avowedly Communist.

The fact is that the future organisation of society, from being a suitable subject for debate over cocoa and sugar-buns in the early hours of the morning, is becoming a bread-and-butter issue. The young men are finding it increasingly difficult to find a niche for themselves when, at the end of their third or fourth year, they are cast out into an inhospitable world. In the early 'twenties, however meagre our qualifications, we were all able to manoeuvre ourselves into jobs of varying degrees of congeniality. The prospects now for those without special brains or influence are decidedly bleak. Thus Oxford no longer has a vested interest in the present system. They are searching out for alternatives, not as abstract seekers after ultimate truth, but as practical searchers for something that will provide them with (Contd. on page 94)

Illustrated
by
Albert
Bailey

HE studied her thoughtfully in the moonlight, watching her press into place the hair he had disarranged

products, and he had been wondering during the day, if, beneath her modernity, Helena worshipped the same kind of fetishes. He had heard she was an old friend of the Colonel's, and he knew she admired him.

As she made no comment, he went on: "You'd think the Great War had killed all that impracticable flapdoodle, wouldn't you?"

At that she drew away slightly from his embrace and stared out across the Nile behind him.

"I don't think it's flapdoodle at all," she said. "Out here that sort of thing seems rather important. So much depends on it."

He studied her thoughtfully in the moonlight, watching her press into place the hair he had disarranged. This slim, erect woman of his was oddly different here in her father's palace from what she had been six months previously in the neutral background of a London Season, where they had dined, danced, tea'd à deux, and made love. But there was no denying his conviction that she meant more to him than half-a-dozen regiments. It was indeed good to see her again. This was their first real talk since they re-met in Cairo three months ago, when he passed through on his way up to Khartoum to join his battalion after eight years on the staff—the derided staff.

Unhooking a long leg from the balustrade of the Sirdar's terrace, he put both hands on her bare shoulders.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating, old thing," he told her. "How would you like me to put the regiment before you?"

Her eyes, darkly violet as the Soudan night around them, met his squarely.

"If ever you did put me before your regiment, Dicky, you would not be the man I fell in love with that day at the Royal Levée."

"Oh, come, old thing. Don't talk such rot. Surely you can't mean that obsolete stuff."

"It isn't obsolete, and I don't believe you think it is—underneath. I've spent most of my life in places where that sort of thing's taken for granted."

"Then it's quite time you had a good honest-to-God permanent change, darling," he said. "Let's go and try that 'one-step.'"

And then they went back to the pillared ball-room where, ordinarily, Helena's father held his "audiences," and, like Kitchener long before him, was often the despair of a routine-ridden staff.

THAT conversation flashed to Lacy's mind three weeks later when he stood bareheaded, beltless, swordless and grim-faced beside his officer escort, confronting his judges across the long table at the head of the great ante-room of his own Mess. At the rear of that improvised court, in a tense quiet, sat a number of intent spectators; for in a remote garrison like Khartoum, the

"IF you had to choose between your woman and your regiment, which would you be for?"

Thus runs the first Article of the Subalterns' Catechism in the Unwritten Laws of the Rutlands. And in the Rutland Mess, those Laws are greater than King's Regulations.

It was not entirely by chance that Lacy mentioned this to Helena Staines a few days before the news of his arrest dropped a bomb-shell into that remote oasis of British prestige which is Khartoum. That morning his Commanding Officer had made a few pungent remarks to him on the traditional shortcomings of New Army

The Court-Martial of LACY, V.C.

*Involving that Awkward
Dilemma known as "Twixt
Love and Honour." . . .*

By

F. E. Verney



honour of its one British regiment is the honour of all. By common knowledge, Lacy was accused of betraying that honour.

The Colonel-President of the Court Martial rose and curtly delivered the regulation question:—

"Do you object to being tried by me or by any other Member of this Court?"

Lacy's eyes, drawn at the corners, pale, traversed the five officers upon whom his fate depended. Faces as expressionless as their sword hilts, each stood erect

in full uniform of freshly ironed khaki drill, gleaming Sam Browne belts and decorations, helmets tabled in front, the various hackles "and flashes" of these providing ocular evidence of compliance with the King's Regulation that no officer may be tried by brother officers. It was an automatic glance. Lacy was in no mood for technical objections. He knew, at any rate, with that efficient gunner Colonel as President, his trial would be swift.

"No, Sir."

Then the Court was sworn in "to try the accused, without fear or favour." And while the solemn words of the oath rang in his ears, Lacy's eyes reabsorbed every detail of that lofty room, redolent as it was of that unique, selfless brotherhood which is a regimental mess. High on the green painted walls hung "stands" of tattered colours which had been carried proudly on many battlefields by dead-and-gone Rutlands. In the place of honour, on an ebony plinth between the two double doors of green sun-slats, crouched the big bronze Sphinx, ikon-in-chief, relic of the Rutlands' part in the conquest of Egypt, and since then, the regimental collar badge. Lacy recalled the story of its recovery from some border thieves on the North-West Frontier. Five officers had requested a month's private shooting leave. Two only had returned—but they brought the Sphinx, lashed to the back of an Afridi pony.

"What do you think of that, Lacy?" his present commanding officer had asked on his first night in mess, three months ago. "No honour and no glory. Those fellows just walked off in cold blood to get back that Sphinx, knowing they'd probably be scuppered."

His answer had been: "A waste of good lives, sir. Personally—I'd have gone to the bazaar and ordered the brassworkers to make me a new Sphinx." Stony silence at the Mess dining table.

His recollection of that incident was banished by the voice of the wigged Judge-Advocate, reading the charge sheet.

"The accused, Captain and Brevet-Major Richard Lacy, V.C., M.C., 1st battalion the Rutlandshire Regiment, an officer of the regular forces, is charged with—one—Disobeying in such a manner as to show wilful defiance of authority, a lawful command given by his superior officer in the execution of his office, in that he at 14.10 hours on the sixth of February 19—at the British Barracks, Khartoum, accepted and took military action on a telephone message, when personally ordered by his Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm Blundell Wishart, C.M.G., to refuse to accept the said message."

"Are you guilty or not guilty of the first charge you have heard read against you?" asked the Colonel-President.

"I am not denying the actual charges," Lacy declared. "But as I have a good answer, I plead 'Not guilty.'"

"Charge 2," went on the Judge-Advocate. "Neglect of duty and wilful disobedience of orders in that he, on the sixth of February 19—, was absent from duty in barracks without leave, between 15.00 hours and 19.00 hours, contrary to Regimental Orders of the Day, and after being specially warned by his Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm Blundell Wishart, C.M.G., to remain in barracks."

"Not guilty," Lacy repeated.

"Charge 3. Neglecting to

*"IN other words
he sacrificed
the good name of
his regiment . . .
for a woman"*

obey Garrison Orders, in that he, on the afternoon of the 6th February, 19—, marched an armed company of the Rutlandshire Regiment to the vicinity of the native village of El Arish, contrary to Garrison Order No. 256 of the 15th December, 19—, thereby imperilling the peace of the Soudan."

"Not guilty."

Then it was the turn of the Prosecutor. His address was stilted, but none the less effective, for, as all in that court knew, it was his difficult task to synchronise the protective inhibitions of King's Regulations with his punitive feelings as a senior officer of the regiment whose prestige Lacy was accused of defiling.

"As regards Charges 1 and 2," he read, "wilful disobedience of lawful commands is one of the most serious offences an officer can commit. In peace it subverts all discipline, in war it leads to confusion and defeat. Even in circumstances which seem to indicate that disobedience is desirable, there is seldom justification. Therefore, as regards the first two charges, it is only necessary to prove fact."

"But—as regards Charge 3, mere proof of fact is inadequate. The nature of the Garrison Order and the prevailing conditions of unrest have to be taken into account. The substance of this order, as is well known to the Court and every soldier in this garrison, is that no troops may pass certain clearly defined bounds. The object of this, also well known, is to avoid all risks of provoking conflict with local tribes who have for some time been in a state of religious unrest, and need little to touch off into open rebellion. Should such a situation arise, the position of the Garrison would be serious, in view of the doubtful loyalty of the Egyptian troops, which, with the exception of the Rutlands, compose the entire forces of Khartoum. This charge, therefore, is a serious one."

Here he paused, and, staring across the Court to Lacy, he launched with dramatic emphasis the crowning indictment, that for which everyone was waiting.

"But serious though this charge is, in itself it is mild by comparison with the motive; a motive contrary to that spirit of regiment which is the soul of service in His Majesty's Army. The evidence is that in neither charge was the offence due to an error of judgment or even negligence. The evidence is that the accused acted with intent, and for the motive of personal gain; that he deliberately sacrificed his duty and his obligations to his regiment for his own personal benefit. As first witness, I shall now call Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm Blundell Wishart, C.M.G., the accused's commanding officer."

A sudden clash of spurs, and the rattle of a sword scabbard, Colonel Wishart was advancing to the witness stand, his good-looking face grim and ruthless; the whole six feet of him personifying the traditions of that Mess, and the generations of officers who had selflessly upheld them.

"At two o'clock in the afternoon in

question," he said, "I came into this Mess to see if the Mess Sergeant had sent a picnic basket down to my boat at the Mess landing stage. Major Lacy intercepted me on the verandah as I was leaving, and told me the Egyptian War Office wanted me on the Mess telephone

points covering the village. I demanded from Major Lacy an explanation of this grave breach of a stringent Bounds Order.

He stated he was acting on the telephone order from the Egyptian War Office which I had ordered him to refuse. I asked him to produce the written confirmation necessary for such a serious move, and he said he had not received one, nor did he know the



to give me an official order. I ordered him to refuse the order. I told him to inform the caller that the only method of transmitting official orders to this battalion was in writing, by post or by messenger. At the same time I ordered Major Lacy to remain in barracks. I then left the Mess, embarked on my motor boat and proceeded down the Nile with the party I had waiting for me."

He paused a moment, as if to be sure he had the undivided attention of that engrossed court, and then went on:

"At five o'clock that same afternoon, I encountered Major Lacy in a palm grove on the Nile five miles from barracks, half a mile upstream of the native village of El Arish. With him were two N.C.O.'s and two men dressed in fighting 'order,' with rifles and signalling equipment. El Arish, I would remind the Court, is three miles beyond garrison bounds. Further, it is specially mentioned in the Bounds Order as a religious centre. Going to the edge of the palm grove knoll, I observed a company of Rutlands distributed in battle formation at tactical

"MEANWHILE I see that officer has been sentenced to dismissal from His Majesty's Service. And quite rightly too . . ."
"Father, you can't mean that!" broke in Helena.

name of the officer who gave the message.

"Pressing him, he then admitted that the blunders he had been making for some time at his work were deliberate; done for the purpose of securing a bad report, and thus qualifying for the 'Axe' under Army Order B179, by which redundant officers are being prematurely retired with a substantial cash gratuity.

"As the Court knows, that Order is being applied to officers who are the least efficient.

"Pressing him further on this point, he said he had been offered a business partnership in London, and that the 'Axe' gratuity was his one hope of securing it. I at once ordered him to 'fall in' his company, march them forth-with back to barracks, and consider himself under arrest."

"Did Major Lacy tell you what the telephone message was?" asked the Colonel-President.

"I refused to listen to it. My definite orders had been flatly disobeyed, and a stringent Bounds Order broken. By the side of that, the contents of an unconfirmed telephone message from an unknown source was unimportant."

"Did he give you the name of the

officer at the Egyptian War Office who gave him the message?"

"He said he did not know it."

"Has any official communication since been received by you or your orderly room confirming the said message?"

"None."

"No. Nor was I in uniform. I'd been fishing the Arish pools, and took my party ashore for tea in the shade—the ladies were feeling the heat."

"Who were the ladies?" asked the Judge-Advocate, and there was a ripple of movement in court.

"I object to dragging ladies' names in. They have nothing to do with the charges."

"So do I," broke in Lacy.

"The degree of the offences is considerably affected by the alleged motive, Colonel Wishart. That must be explored at the discretion of the Court, taking into account items of common knowledge."

"The objections are disallowed," the President ruled.

"Very well," said Wishart icily.

"The ladies were Miss Helena Staines, the Sirdar's daughter, and Lady Violet Staines, His Excellency's sister."

"Was the accused aware they were in your party?"

"I do not know."

The Judge-Advocate chewed on his penholder, and the President resumed:

"Did the accused know you were going to fish the Arish pools?"

"No. I did not decide until after leaving the Mess."

Another pause and then:

"Did you observe any disturbance in El Arish to suggest the need of a military demonstration?"

"The only disturbance I observed," said Colonel Wishart grimly, "was adequately explained by the presence of Major Lacy and his armed troops."

"Do you wish to ask this witness any questions?" said the President to Lacy.

"I'll say all I have to say in the witness box," Lacy replied.

Captain Amersham, a red-haired brother officer of Lacy's, who was acting as "Prisoner's friend," or "counsel," rose from a chair near the accused. Like Lacy, he was a war product from the Inns of Court O.T.C.—and had only recently been posted to the Rutlands from a disbanded Irish regiment.

In a soft brogue he opened:

"Before asking Colonel Wishart any questions on his evidence, I should like permission of the Court to read that disputed telephone message—if the Prosecutor has no objections and I am not breaking any Bounds Orders."

The President ruled: "I see no reason why we should not all know what we are talking about."

Amersham cleared his throat. "This," he said, "is an actual copy of the message written down in the accused's Service note-book now in possession of the Court. It reads: 'To the Commanding Officer of the 1st Rutlands. The White Mullah has secretly assembled all the outlying tribal chiefs at El Arish, plus a number of influential deserters from the Egyptian Army. An (Continued on page 122)

The President conferred for a moment with the Judge-Advocate, and then asked:

"Was there any special reason for Major Lacy to remain in barracks that afternoon? I mean it was the weekly regimental holiday that day, and ordinarily all officers—excepting the subaltern of the day—would be off duty."

"Major Lacy was detailed for duty the whole day—with a composite company on an intensive course of training."

"Then why your special order?"

"Because I had already had to reprimand him on various occasions for inattention to Regimental Orders."

"Had the accused been making blunders at his work?"

"Many."

"Were you in the palm grove yourself for any military purpose?"

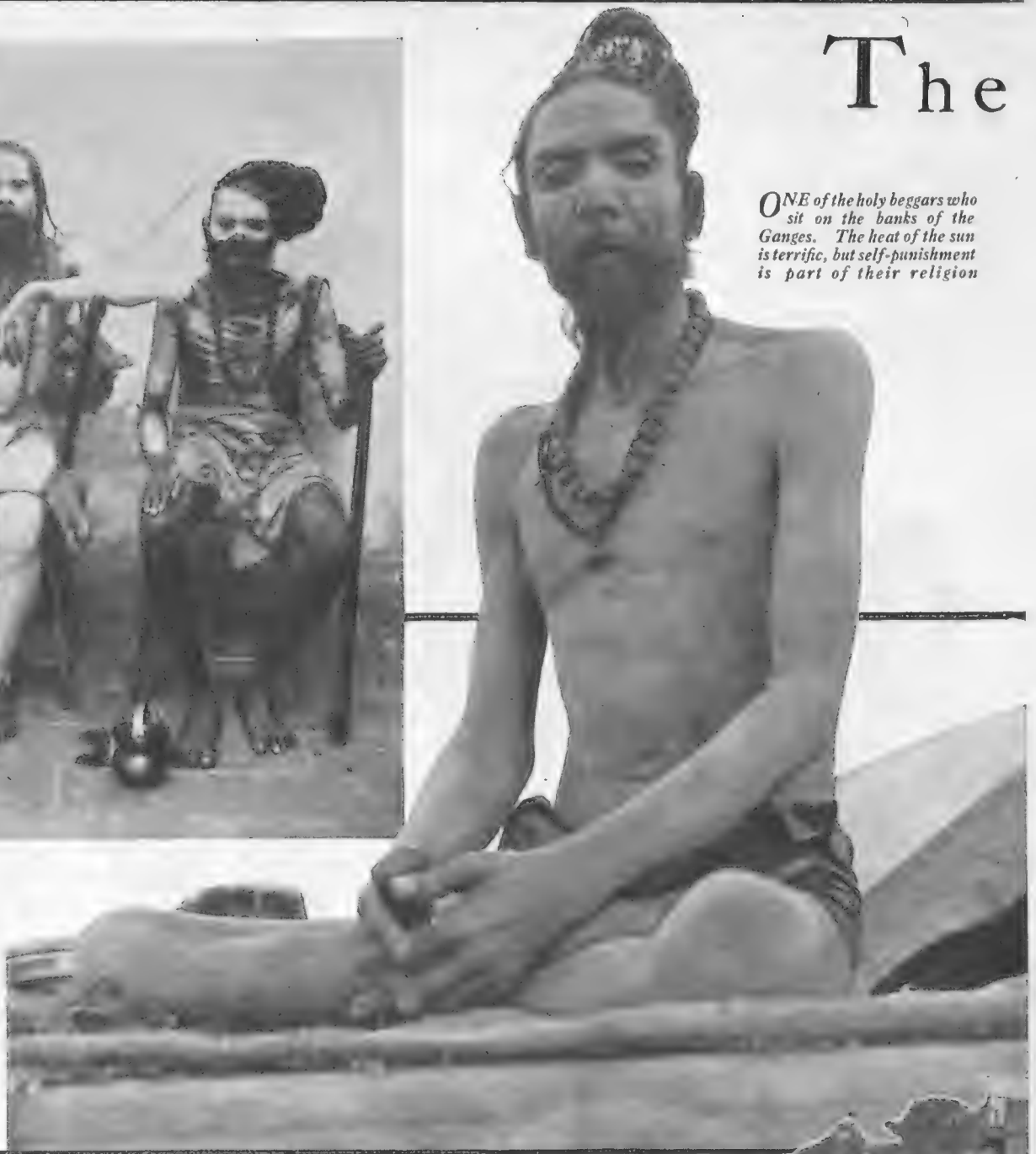


The

ONE of the holy beggars who sit on the banks of the Ganges. The heat of the sun is terrific, but self-punishment is part of their religion



HOLY beggars of India. The man on the left has whitened himself with chalk to signify inner purification



THE back garden of Allah casts a shadow across the fair land of Hindustan; and only the Devil calls for the dust-bins.

It has a population of no less than 20 million people, everyone of them a thief or a murderer. If assembled they would fill two towns each as large as London with not one honest soul among them. They rove about the land, their eyes ever on the quest for what can be picked up without the asking. They are nomads, gipsies, vagabonds, pseudo-prophets and priests. They have all been ticketed and registered by the supervisory government, but it is as impossible to reform them and to set their hands to an honest day's work as it is to fit our own gipsies into the everyday life of the community.

You who only see the gipsies on Derby day or selling lavender with their sweet haunting refrain in the London streets may imagine that these nomadic tribes of India are as dark-eyed, beringed and picturesque as our own gipsy folk. They are not. The gipsies of India do not dress like that. Indeed, they hardly wear any clothes at all. In the words of Kipling:

*"And the uniform 'e wore
Was nothing much before
And a little less than 'arf o' that be'ind."*

Their entire wardrobe consists of three or four inches of cloth; even the women wear no more. They wander naked, carrying a bow and arrow, a fish-hook or a spear. They break all the Ten Commandments. Some of them are cannibals;

most of them are head hunters. It is an achievement to bear a human skull as a trophy, but it is a triumph if the skull happens to be that of a woman or a child, for it proclaims the valour of the murderer, for has he not ventured into the heart of the community to secure one of their dear and protected?

Their diet consists of lizards and the pests of the hedges. In the evening they like to lie back and get drunk, and the rest of the time is devoted to a cunning that, if harnessed, would have brought abundant enough rewards from honest pursuits.

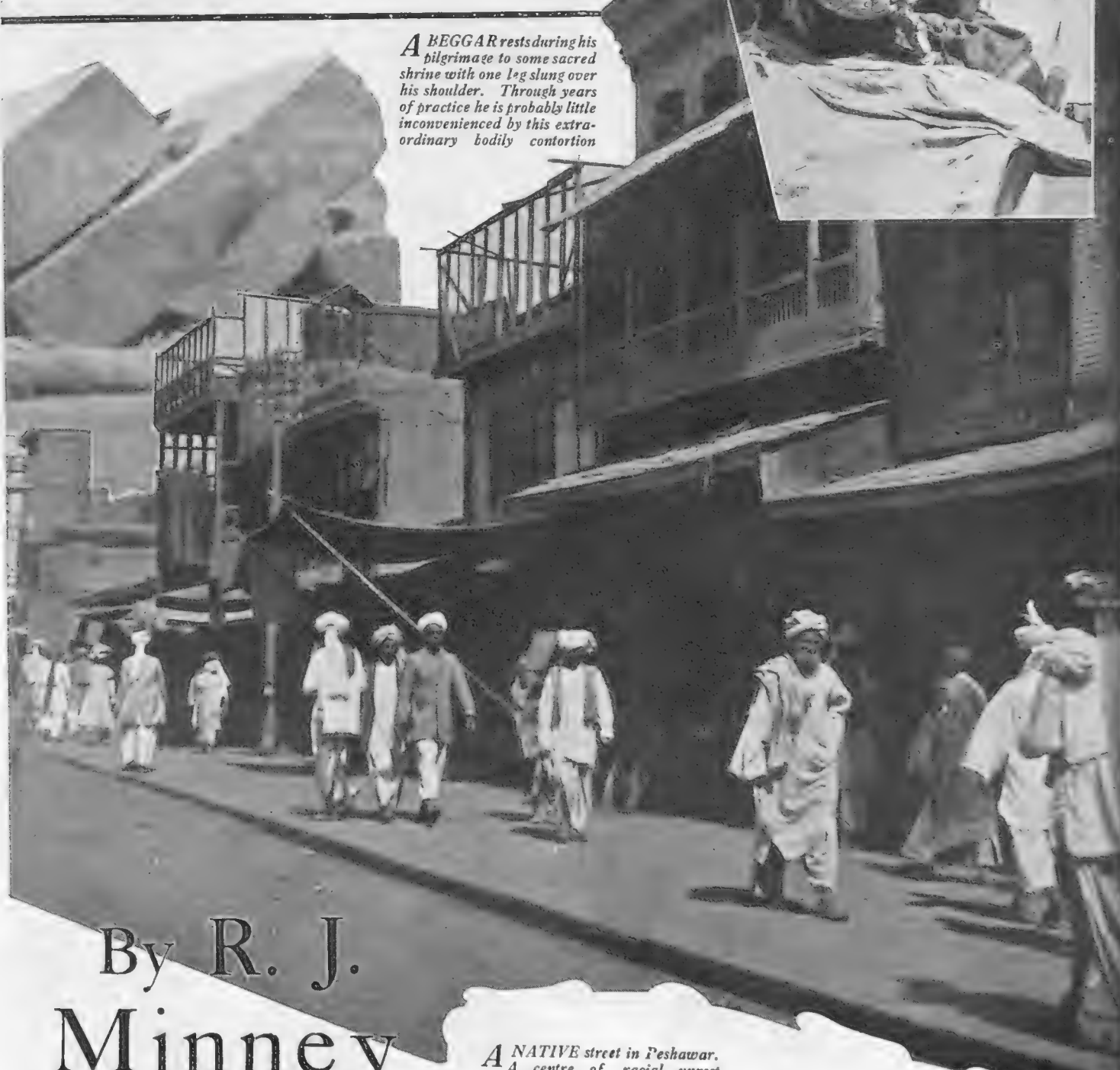
They are clever at disguises. They can assume as many rôles as a repertory actor. Those who indulge in cattle stealing go about as cowherds. They have with them five or six hundred heads of cattle, stolen from other parts of the country, and they drive through the village with so much confusion, getting into knots up every side lane, that when they emerge at last they not



BACK Garden of Allah

*India's Rogues, Vagabonds
and Bullying Beggars*

A BEGGAR rests during his pilgrimage to some sacred shrine with one leg slung over his shoulder. Through years of practice he is probably little inconvenienced by this extraordinary bodily contortion



By R. J.
Minney

A NATIVE street in Peshawar.
A centre of racial unrest

only have all their own cattle, but also most of the cattle of the unsuspecting villagers.

Others go about dressed as musicians, singing like troubadours from village to village. They can play well and sing well too. But that is not their purpose. They are out chiefly to spy the land and to inform the gang of what they have observed. Others travel the high road as snake-charmers, conjurers and bear dancers. They go from village to village, their wives and children with them. Wherever they halt they give a show. Everyone gathers round. There is a look of ecstasy on every face of the squatting village crowd, seated on their haunches on the earth.

The entertainment begins—and a very good entertainment it is too. It has to be, for the audience must be held enthralled. While the show is on the children of the entertainers are missing; but nobody notices that. Indeed, the children have been very carefully trained for their work, and at this moment are engaged in stealing everything their little fingers can clutch. The bolder even creep up to the women in the audience and lightly snip off some of their jewels, for the women of India, you must remember, are the savings banks of the people. No man knows what to do with his surplus wealth except to bury it underground or place it on his wife. They wear the actual coins of the realm—rupees strung together to form a necklace, row upon row of silver four-anna bits made into bracelets.

Some of these Indian gipsies wander into the bazaars bearing hideous human skulls. They sidle up to a startled trader and threaten to throw the skull amid his wares, thus polluting everything—for to the Hindu these are the Untouchables—unless the trader is prepared to buy them off with blackmail.

I KNOW one instance when three or four members of an Indian criminal tribe wandered into a bazaar and engaged in a fierce brawl. It was a trumped-

up quarrel which had been very carefully rehearsed. They argued and spat and waved their fists in each other's faces, and soon attracted a very large crowd. The onlookers joined in the squabble and presently the stall-keepers, their curiosity excited, hurried forward to see what was on. This was the precise moment for which other members of the gang had been waiting. They sneaked out of their lurking-places and stole all they could from the stalls, making a successful get-away long before the quarrel was over.

It was the women of these criminal communities who supplied the adage, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male"; for it is their custom, suitably clad, of course, with abundant flowing robes and a child in each arm, to enter a railway carriage and sit demurely among the unsuspecting passengers. When the train is well away the child at a given signal begins to howl and cry. Everything the mother does only succeeds in making things worse. Finally she settles down upon the floor of the carriage and begins to nurse her infant. But the hand that is free feels its way furtively under the seats of the carriages, which is where in India all the luggage is always lodged. Indian passengers have a way of bundling up their goods in sheets, which are tied at the top in a knot. Still fussing over the infant, the mother slyly snips open these bundles and removes all that may be worth removing.

There have been innumerable instances when some of these people have taken a poor, wretched leprous man in their train.

A HINDU beggar in Benares who stripes himself with vermillion to distinguish himself and court the offerings of the pilgrims to that city



LIFTING a child with the eyelid muscles. An astonishing act performed by an Indian fakir

This is no act of kindness or charity, for the leper has his appointed rôle in their nefarious scheme. When a big robbery has been planned and the goods prove too cumbersome to remove, the leper in their midst, by virtue of his highly contagious disease, scares off a prying crowd, sometimes even scares off the police.

On one occasion in Southern India six of these gangmen succeeded in stealing into a police station and getting away with some police uniforms. They then made a bee-line for a distant village, dressed as members of the force. They strode boldly into the *thana* and told the two constables in charge that they were under arrest on a disciplinary measure. The two bewildered men were instantly put into the lock-up and the six bogus policemen stamped through the village, into the huts of the terrified peasants, and seized all their wealth and their jewels.

Once three members of a criminal gang who had broken into a hut were discovered by the occupants, who instantly raised a hue and cry. Soon there was an angry mob of over a hundred villagers around the hut. The thieves climbed up to the roof and realised at a glance that it would be impossible to get away. They had in the folds of their dress quite a lot of money they had succeeded in stealing—and one of them suddenly had a brain-wave. He produced forty glittering silver rupees and scattered these in handfuls



among the crowd. While the crowd got down on its hands and knees to pick up what they could of the money, the thieves contrived to escape very successfully.

IT is a profession, in some cases even a religious duty, among these criminal tribes that they should carry on with their appointed tasks. It is something for which the good Lord has especially equipped them. In the rough and tumble of changing fortune in India in the course of the last four thousand years, two of these criminal tribesmen contrived to lift themselves to the lordly dignity of Rajah. Though rulers of States, to this day they feel it is their bounden duty to steal—and in order that they should not be damned

in the sight of their gods they go to each other's houses and steal from one another. They steal even from their own servants, who no doubt compensate themselves by overcharging their masters in the weekly accounts.

A HOLY beggar of India sitting on a bed of nails while reading prayers aloud to solicit alms



There is an even more daring type of criminal in India—men who go about armed with guns and will commit almost any desperate act. They engage in what is called a *dacoity*. They travel in larger gangs, numbering sometimes as many as fifty. Their first aim is to terrorise the neighbours so that none shall interfere. With this end in view, as soon as they arrive at the house selected for burglary, they shoot off a number of guns as a warning; then they break in. If they meet with any hostility inside they promptly kill one of the members of the household so that the others shall behave themselves in a proper manner.

I remember on one occasion some of these *dacoits* after breaking their way into a house through a hole near the floor, made their get-away in pre-

A HOLY weight carrier. A fakir who carries round, year in and year out, iron rings weighing over 225 lbs.



cisely the same manner. As the last of them was crawling through, the master of the house had a brain-wave. He stood between the open legs of the last of the *dacoits* and held them apart. The man was thus trapped. Without the use of his legs he could neither move forwards nor backwards.

The master signalled excitedly to his servants and told them to creep out of the house from another side and call in the police. They did. But when the police arrived they found nothing but a headless trunk. For the criminals were equal to the occasion. They did not intend to leave a terrified colleague to blab all he knew about them; and having killed him, they did not intend to leave an identifiable face. So they cut off his head and bore it away with them.

In these modern times the crooks of India are indulging in modern methods. There was a case when an entire family was summoned to the law courts. The affair was a trumped-up one—the summons itself had been faked. Terrified, they jogged along the dusty roads to the distant court house and presently found themselves ambushed by the thieves, who relieved the women of their jewels, while others were digging up the buried wealth from the home.

It has been truthfully said that in India one can easily arrange a murder case with corroborative evidence, complete with corpse, for the trifling sum of one rupee—which is eighteenpence at the present rate of exchange. This has been done on innumerable occasions in various parts of the country. But once the "corpse," who had been sent out of the village during the course of the case (the body used for the purpose was headless), returned out of sheer curiosity to see how things were going. So curious indeed was he that he even went to the court house and was present all the time somebody was being tried for his murder. Fortunately one of the relatives of the accused spotted him and the case ended in an uproar that soon became a riot.

Not members actually of any (Continued on page 106)



THIS beggar indulges in acts of self-destruction as a means of subduing his earth-bound instincts. The points of his fingers and his toes are already eaten away



JUSTIN had hired the ketch from a careless, drunken trader who didn't even ask his name . . .

IN the lagoon it was very quiet. Silence, hardly broken by the breathing of little waves, held the immense blue oval under spell. Fifty seconds had sufficed to take the ketch from the cruel breakers outside, into this strange sea-sanctuary, this magic lake of larkspur and opal colour, still as ice, with small green islets sparkling on the foamy edge of it like emeralds set in a giant silver ring. One large island plumed with coconuts lay in the centre of the lake. Outside the sea, still untamed, went grasping and mumbling along the edges; there seemed to be nothing to keep them back, but there they stayed, miraculously held. And all within the atoll was peace.

Sanctuary, sanctuary—that was the thought, alike, of Sue and of her man Justin Grey. Seven days had taken them, in a passenger steamer, from Sydney to the islands; an eloping pair, painfully keeping apart from one another, because Justin had said that it must be so, and Sue, not understanding, took it on faith, as she had taken everything else in that strange flight. Five tossing days and nights in an island ketch, captained and run by naked island men, had brought them from the little port to Manati Lagoon. Since they left Sydney, it seemed as if they had never been alone together, never a minute at peace.

Now, all of a sudden, it had ended. Down came the anchor with a tumbling noise, into shallow waters, amber-green. Out came the scanty cargo from the hold: cases of food, bundles of bed-

ding, a box or so of kitchen stuff. The dinghy was slung over, the island men pulled ashore. There was the house, standing up on a beach as white as cotton, a brown little bungalow, tangled over with the splendid blooms of allamanda, bougainvillea and jasmine. Palm trees grew behind it; through their long stems, that were so like the stems of flowers, springing and leaning, one could see

The Long Lagoon

A Very Romantic Adventure

By
Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



JACIE M.
HAWLACK

staring with dark eyes; the shadow of a sea-cow, ten feet long, showed moving under water among weeds. Unwanted, all this food, of use to nobody. In far-off cities, men went starving, women sold themselves for a crust. Manati cast her bread upon the waters, and cared not where it went.

No use, it was all no use. . . Surely, then, Sue and Justin might take refuge here, and as long as they wanted, safely rest.

The crew were getting ready to go; they had stayed overnight, loaded the ketch with coconuts and fruit for the homeward journey, and were getting up the anchor. Among themselves, they talked about Justin now, and laughed. They were not much interested, but they said, as they set

endless layers of blue water, empty and free. Three hundred miles from the nearest port, the nearest human being; two thousand miles from far-away, thronged Sydney. Nobody to know them; nobody to trouble them.

In the island port, Justin had hired the ketch from a careless, drunken trader who didn't even ask his name, who would have let the boat without question to Satan or Jack the Ripper, provided the hire was paid beforehand, and the crew his own. The natives had no more English than they had clothes; they could run a ship and take her back again, but passengers were to them less important, by a long way, than the fish they caught by trolling over the stern.

Nobody had wanted to know why Justin was heading for Manati; it had been no one's business that he knew the owner, absent in New Zealand, and that he had had careless permission to go and camp there if ever he wanted an island holiday. Manati was too small for profit nowadays; the proprietor, Pirie, was simply letting it go.

No one, therefore, would come; they had it to themselves. The island, the lagoon, the circling reef, were valueless. No use, the opal and the blue of it, the malachite-green shallows, the beaches, cotton-white, where red hibiscus flowers floated on the last edge of the tide-ripples, and fallen oranges sailed like fairy boats.

ALL that had been forgotten, on the first marvellous morning, when Sue and Justin saw the dawn together, over Manati Lagoon

Worthless, the bamboo-wattled cottage, with the brown thatch roof, and the yellow, pink and ivory blossoms rioting over; unwanted, the few acres of coconuts, the little spring in the hollow, the mangoes and the pineapples, the yams with trailing vines, in the deserted garden. Blue fish and parti-coloured fish, fishes gold and amber, flirted about in the lagoon; oysters clung to the seaward roots of mangrove; now and then the grave head of a turtle lifted itself out of water,

sails and headed for the passage in the reef, that the man must have run away from somewhere, from a plantation or a mine, and that the overseers would catch him in the end—overseers always did . . . Interpreting much they did not know, by the little that they did. They saw, perhaps, in this elopement more than their betters had seen.

He had stolen the woman, one of them opined, smacking his lips as he said it. That was a fine thing to do, but the

"I KNEW it would be you," Justin greeted him. "May I introduce Jack Pirie—My wife?"

For Sue, the bliss of Paradise was riven, now and then, by mutterings of the distant thunder that had pursued them all the way from Sydney. What it meant, she could not tell, yet thunder there was, and now and then a flash of lightning, far off, but terrifying. There was so much that she did not know. The secrecy of their hurried departure; the travelling under names, not their own;

the far side of the carriage, his hand beckoning to her, and at once she had known that she could not possibly go through with it. She had opened the door and jumped right out on the line; James had grasped at her dress, asking her if she was mad, and she had pulled away, and Justin had said: "Leave him to me; run, go to the other side." Under carriages she had dodged, round the



JACK M. FAULKS.

woman's owner would be very angry, because one could see that she was worth much, many pigs and armshells. She was thin, like so many white women, but she had a face as pink and white as a "wi-apple," and her hair when it flew loose in the wind, was like the red-gold feathers of a bird-of-paradise. And the white man himself, though he was not tall, small almost, had an eye to make you afraid, blue as the kingfisher's back, but hard, commanding. He could fight; the native captain, giving insolence, had been flogged by one blow of that white man's fist, and thenceforth had been his servant. A fine man he was, and they hoped the overseers would not catch him. These things they talked about among themselves, for a little, and then, with the lift and send of the ketch beneath their feet, and the big sea opening out before, they set themselves to the journey, and forgot.

But Sue and her man, safe at last, were finding, on this remote still island, Paradise.

the wedding at a port on the way, private, never mentioned to anyone on board—for all these things, she could see no reasons entirely adequate. It was true that she had thrown over, outrageously, another bridegroom; that he was a man of violent temper, whose crazy love for her had made her afraid of breaking with him, even after she had realised that Justin, small and poor and undistinguished, was the one man in the world for her. The whole thing was a mystery. She had actually married Harbuck—after waiting day and night during a terrible week for a letter from Justin that had never come. She had gone quietly away with Harbuck to the train; they were in their reserved compartment, waiting to start, when the white face of Justin had unbelievably appeared at

fronts of threatening engines, got to the down side of the platform, and there was Justin by and by, all out of breath, and the first thing he said was, "My letter—she put it in the waste-basket." Violently he had cursed somebody without name; but Sue understood; she knew his typist was in love with him. "So it was she," Sue thought, as they hurried to the taxi rank. And that was all; it was as simple as that.

But—she had not quite understood. Ready to fling her wedding-veil over the windmills for Justin, now that she knew at last, she did not know exactly why he had been in such a hurry, even to the point of pulling her on when a cry and a crash behind them told of some accident upon the line. "Never mind," he said. "It will be looked after." Sue would

have run to help the person hurt; but Justin would not stop.

Then—the wedding at a register office in a little seaport where no one ever came; where the ship stopped only an hour or two, for cargo. Justin assured her that the other ceremony did not hold; no, there was no question of bigamy; she might trust him; she was not Harbuck's wife, she was only his—now.

"What did James do?" Sue asked him. "Was there another wife—did he—what was it—?" "Little love," said Justin (she was as tall as he was; and as they walked away from the register office together, her shoulder, on a level, touched his), "you're better not knowing."

"Nonsense," said Sue, "I'm modern."

But he said, "Not modern enough for that," a trifle grimly, and Sue gave in. "I shall make him tell me," she thought, "by and by. Of course a married woman may know anything . . ." Then they went back to the ship, and were again as strangers.

All that had been forgotten on the first marvellous morning when Sue and Justin saw the dawn together, over Manati Lagoon. They stood in the door of the little bungalow, Justin's arm about her waist, and silently they watched the sun ride up among the naked stems of the palm trees, into a golden world. Sue was the first to speak; she said: "We'll never forget." And then came another flash of that strange lightning; another muttering of the distant thunder. For Justin, answering, quoted Austin Dobson's lines:

*"Queen, when the clay is my coverlet,
When I am dead, and when you are grey,
Vow, where the grass of my grave is wet,
I shall never forget till my dying day."*

She drew away from him. "How can you?" she cried, almost angrily. "Graves and clay and grass, and dead people—to-day! Of all the unlucky——"

His arms were round her at once. "I'm sorry. Forget it. I meant nothing."

"Of course you didn't," she said, sobbing. "What should you mean? But——" She was not appeased; not till his lips, close pressed on hers, silenced her.

So the sun came up on Manati, and "the evening and the morning were the first day."

SOUTH two thousand miles, in Sydney city, the "overseers" were consulting about the runaway. The senior partner and the junior partner of the firm of Lloyd and Windrum, owners of a considerable clutch of magazines, were standing together inside the glass tank where Justin Grey, in the midst of typewriter clacking from his own floor, and linotype clamour from the floors below, had been wont to edit two or three magazines and occasionally some one of the smaller papers left masterless by a man on holiday. Justin himself seldom took holidays; he seemed to have few amusements, and no vices, unless one could



count the writing of poetical drama a vice. It was known, as most things are known in a newspaper office, that he spent half his evenings working on a play that was to out-Shakespeare Shakespeare—if ever it got on the stage—and the other half boxing at a sporting club, where he was considered to be "hot stuff." If he had women friends, they were unknown, even to the staff. The fourth floor (where his glass cage was situated) maintained that Justin's typist, a plainish, sentimental young woman, was in love with him, and that he didn't even suspect it; couldn't have told you what colour her eyes were, or whether she wore her hair bobbed or long.

Miss Markham, if anyone had asked her—but no one did—might have told you that Justin was a poet and a dreamer,

that he could, nevertheless, knock the block off anybody his own weight, and off most men a good deal heavier (Miss Markham had sporting brothers), that he was terribly unpractical, and that Lloyd and Windrum made the most of that and got his services for half nothing.

Also, that any woman he really wanted would have "come crawling," but that he didn't want anyone.

This may have been true—until the day when Sue Lloyd, niece of a former partner now deceased, made an unexpected incursion into the fourth floor one spring day of November; when she fluttered her green skirts, and her bunch of red and amber Christmas-bells, and the knot of perfumed wattle flowers at her throat, past the door of Justin's glass tank, bringing with her a breath of open bushlands, a singing note of spring, that made the imprisoned poet look up, catch his breath, and say something to himself about nymphs in Arcady . . .



SHE came upon him in the little cabin, stood in the door, and told him flatly that she would not let him out until he had told her

Other men on the fourth floor saw her as she passed by; winked at one another, and said she was a bit of all-right; supposed she had come to speak to some of the bosses about her shares in the company, and then forgot about her. Only Justin did not forget.

From that time, with ant-like patience, he garnered every scrap of information obtainable about Sue Lloyd and her affairs. He learned that she was an orphan, lived with aunts and cousins. That her people gave her not much money and very little freedom. That she was just twenty-one, though; she looked no more than eighteen; that—news unwelcome!—she was engaged to be married. To a City stockbroker called James Harbuck; a fellow who was forty if a day. Justin had seen

him; he was a fattish, handsome man, queer tempered looking, heavy-eyed, supposed to be an amateur of feminine beauty. Easy to see why he wanted Sue; but not so easy to understand why that Primavera, that flower of southern spring, should have promised herself to him.

Until the first barriers were broken down, and he and Sue had met each other, secretly, in Sydney's lovers' Paradise, the Botanic Gardens. There, looking over the ribboned flowerbeds and the low walls and the bright harbour, he had said to her: "You're going to throw over that fellow." She had made difficulties at first, told him she didn't know (but of course she did), said that James Harbuck had a way with him; that everybody said he knew everything

about women.

"And I don't," Justin said humbly enough. "But there's one thing I do know that he doesn't."

She asked what that might be. She was not listening very much; womanlike, she was looking at Justin, thinking, as he talked, that the blue of his eyes was true sailor-blue, the colour that marks gipsies, adventurers, born wanderers; wondering if he would ever know adventure, he who lived his life in a glass tank and made up little magazines. Then she became suddenly awake to what he was saying.

"The one thing in life that matters for any woman is not to miss her dream. Whatever it is, whatever it costs, if only she can have it, she can live her whole life on the memory of it: magic bread,

it is, that'll keep her from dying of hunger even when it's all gone."

"What is her dream?" Sue asked, low-voiced, hypnotised, staring at him. She knew the answer, of course; but how did Justin—any man—know so much? James Harbuck was always loading her with presents, telling her that her lightest wish should be his when they were married, promising her trips to England, motors, diamonds. He seemed to think that these things were a woman's dream. Well, so they were; but there were dreams and dreams, and James had never penetrated to the heart of hers.

Justin was answering: "The love that she wants most."

There was a moment's silence. Down the harbour, a liner going out boomed goodbye. Children, running along the flowerbeds, laughed.

Justin said, "If it's me you want, say so. If it's Harbuck——"

"But it's not," she said, and then a park-keeper came up and told them, sympathetically enough, that couples using the Gardens were not supposed to kiss in public.

They met again after that, always in secret, because Sue was afraid of her family—afraid, too, of Harbuck. "He's frightfully hot-tempered," she told Justin. "There'll be an awful row when he knows." The wedding day, long since fixed, was allowed to approach; presents began to come in. This, reaching Justin's ears, made him desperate. In his office, one Saturday afternoon, he wrote a long letter to Sue, beseeching her to break off everything at once. He would wait, he said, three days for her answer; he would not see her till she had replied.

She did not reply.

Justin, after five days, wrote one brief, angry line of farewell. To that Sue sent an answer, by telegram (telephones had never helped the two; Justin could not use his office telephone, and there was none in Sue's home). "As you wish," the answer said.

On the day of the wedding, Justin, unexpectedly entering his office during the lunch hour (for he could not eat that day) found his typist coolly looking over the private letters in his basket, opening, with a heated penknife, an envelope that seemed to attract her interest.

Instantly he knew. And Miss Markham, with morbid delight, felt herself seized by the back of the neck and shaken. Justin was noticing her at last. . . .

He shook the truth out of her. She acknowledged that, staying late ten days before, she had found his letter to Sue, read it, and destroyed instead of posting it. Yes, she knew she was wicked. No, she did not care, because she was going to go and jump over the Harbour Bridge that very afternoon, and then . . .

She found herself alone; Justin was gone.

You are not to see Miss Markham jump over the Harbour Bridge, that glory and pride of Sydney, so soon to be known as the Bridge of Sighs. You are to see her, instead, jump out of the story, saying as she goes, "Well, if I can't, she won't—and that's that."

But with Justin, that was not always that. Too late for the church, he caught up with Sue at the station and carried her off. Now the last stage of the wild journey was over, the last refuge reached. Now, there was no need of concealment any more; the winds and the seas might know that they were married; the screaming parrots circle, seeing them; the dugongs, with dark eyes, look up from sunset waters, watching their caresses. This was the island of which every Australian dreams (for Sydney always loves, desires the islands, and Sydney is Australia), and here, eating the magic bread that should never fail her, Sue knew that her own dream was found.

IN the Lloyd and Windrum offices, in Justin's vacant glass cage, the partners were aggrievedly discussing the loss of Grey, their willing and favourite slave. Nothing had been heard of him for weeks. Simply he had walked out, without warning. They could not fill his place; they were left with a broken contract and an empty cage. "Disgraceful," Windrum said, and Lloyd said, "Outrageous. I shouldn't have thought he had it in him to do such a thing." Lloyd said, "You

never know, with these poet chaps. I always did think him rather incalculable."

"Looked a bit like Lawrence of Arabia, didn't he?" Windrum said fancifully. Windrum had charge of the illustrating department, he remembered faces . . .

"Oh," said Lloyd, contemptuously, biting a cigar. "I've no use for the Lawrence type of man; they only look quiet; they'd do anything, anything at all, when the fit's on them, and I ask you, what does it all amount to?"

"That's right," the other agreed. "They never make good; not one of them knows the look of an income super-tax form."

"Well, it's a nuisance about that Harbuck wedding business. Sensation of the day, and not a decent write-up man left to handle it. Jones made a mess when——"

"Yes. Grey would have done it justice. Sort of mad thing he'd sympathise with. I don't know but what we're as well rid of him after all."

Windrum kept silence for a minute. Then he said, "I'm not quite satisfied."

"What, about the report?"

"No. About him. And mark me, neither are some other people, if I don't miss my guess."

"What! You don't think——"

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't. But in or out of print, keep the brake on, Lloyd. We can't afford——"

"No, no, of course not. Where are you going to lunch?" The glass door swung behind.

IN Manati Lagoon, the clock of Time had stopped. Neither Sue nor Justin knew what day it was—whether it was the tenth or the fourteenth or the eighth of the month; whether it was Sunday, Wednesday, or Friday. Among the islands, the far-out islands where no steamers go, you even now may recover the ancient leisures of a timeless world. There are no dates to meet, no engagements to keep; nothing that needs must be done at a set time. "May" takes the place of all the "musts" and "shalls." Plant you may; reap you may; fish, canoe and swim you may, eat, sleep, make love, when and as you choose. Time, whom you served and worshipped; Time, who had you fast by the neck, has let you go, and in the going, you have found yourself.

Almost perfect, this illusion was, for Justin and Sue, the perfect loves, together savouring their magic bread. Almost . . .

It was a little strange, to Sue, that her lover should spend so many hours at work upon his drama; typing away busily in the small hours of dawn; bringing his papers down to the shelter of the flowering *clao-phyllums* on the beach, when sun was high, and Sue could do nothing but lie on the shaded sand and sleep. Hurry, surely, was alien to everything within this enchanted coral ring of Manati, yet one could almost have thought that Justin was working against time, running a race—with what?

Sue asked no questions. She was learning her man.

There came a day—one of those rare days known only to the tropics, when all that is not gold is silver, and all that is not silver is sardius, (Continued on page 108)



AND there, blackening the heavens with the rack of her squat funnel, went the Government boat

AMONG the HASHISH SMUG

I WALKED on the floor of the hashish exchange at Alexandria. It is here that the current prices, the deliveries and general sales of hashish are discussed. It is the rendezvous of the hashish dealer.

But it is not a pretentious exchange. On the contrary, it is merely a coffee-house owned by a Greek. A few marble-topped tables, two listless Egyptian waiters, a miserable pock-faced boy trying to sell lottery tickets, and a little counter on which stands a telephone—such is the hashish exchange.

The Greek—let us call him Mavrodulos—might easily be recognised by his blue moustaches. He is old, fat and full of vanity. That is why he insists upon dyeing his drooping moustaches a blue colour. Mavrodulos has made a fortune from this hashish exchange, disguised as a dirty little coffee-shop.

An Egyptian friend introduced me. He did more: he vouched for me when the Greek eyed me askance. One of the listless waiters flopped two cups of Turkish coffee before us, wafted a cloud of flies away with one whisk of a filthy cloth, and then returned to his lounging by the little counter.

"Smoke a cigarette . . . say nothing!" advised my friend.

Soon I was aware that the Egyptians and Arabs at the little tables were haggling over their cups of coffee. Prices were quoted. One fat Egyptian, his fez stuck at the back of his bald head, waddled over to the telephone and asked for a number. Soon a torrent of Arabic was being spat into the mouthpiece. He waved a free, podgy hand in despairing gestures.

"He is giving orders that a hashish caravan making for Alexandria should be diverted in the direction of Cairo," murmured my Egyptian friend.

"But doesn't he fear the police?"

The Egyptian smiled.

"He has his secret service agents. They report to him the actual position of the patrols in the desert. If you care to go behind the counter into a little room at the back you will find a large-scale map of Egypt and Sinai in which the position of police patrols is marked with little pin-flags. Very useful to these hashish merchants."

I spent many hours and drank innumerable cups of coffee in that dismal little hashish exchange. I saw men hurry in, telephone, haggle with their hands and tongue, and disappear in the streets again. I never saw a grain of hashish displayed. But I soon realised that over those marble-topped tables and amidst the swarm of flies, thousands of pounds' worth of hashish was bought and sold.

All the stories of the smugglers in the desert and on sea were told in this coffee-house. I met the spies, men who worked for both sides. Police spies know this hashish exchange and often patronise it. I have heard them call out to each other across the coffee cups: "Ya, Mukhbar!" (Hello, secret agent!) One bold, smiling ruffian actually handed me, with a bow, his visiting card. It was beautifully inscribed in gold characters:

MOHAMMED HUSSEIN
Secret Agent.

A KEEPER of law and order in the desert. A camel patrol of the Transjordan Frontier Force, whose hazardous task it is of policing the desert



GLERS

No intelligence service works more openly than that of the hashish trade and the Government spy. Their only difficulty is to discover on which side they are engaged. Sometimes they are frank enough to confess that they work for both.

Originally the hashish plant was chiefly cultivated in India. But it is now grown extensively in Greece and Anatolia, and it is from these fields that the supplies reaching Egypt are chiefly derived. There is still, however, a preference for the Indian hemp. It is more powerful in its effects, due principally to the alkaloid called trigonelline.

The huge profits to be made in the hashish trade by smuggling attracts men of marked intelligence. The Egyptian coastguards and the desert patrols have no easy task in circumventing these smugglers. At the same time, those

engaged in the work of preventing the smuggling of hashish will assure you that it is the finest sport in the world. It may lead them on long, fruitless journeys across the desert. It often happens they are led astray by rumours deliberately circulated by secret service men who are planning a hashish caravan by a different route. But occasionally a capture is made by the police, and this makes the game worth while. Moreover, it is profitable to the police. On every pound of hashish captured the reward is 6s. If the smuggler himself is captured and fined £100, the police share 90 per cent. as reward.

But, in turn, the hashish smugglers are well paid and well armed. They always carry the latest pattern rifles, and will not hesitate to fire upon the police patrol that shows signs of searching them. Egyptian regulations forbid police

ADVENTUROUS and cunning are the hashish smugglers who work by sea. A fleet of dhows, which is a favourite vessel used by these enterprising individuals



Mystery Camels of the Desert and Strange Steamers of the Mediterranean

By **William J. Makin**
Novelist and Traveller



A STREET in the native quarter of Cairo

patrols to fire upon smugglers unless the smugglers have fired first. These men who patrol the wide deserts of Egypt have no easy task.

Engaged in the hashish business are the owners, the agents, and the contraband runners. The procedure is often full of Greek complexity. The owner buys the hashish from a merchant in Syria or Anatolia. He instructs the merchant to hand it to an agent. It is the agent who arranges to run it across Egypt. It is shipped to the coast and landed either— (Continued on page 116)

Circumstances

"TO Sarah, wife of Thomas Smith, Top Floor Back, Grime Buildings, Despair Street, the gift of a son."

"There," says Nurse, "there we are, mother. I'll look in again to-morrow, and Mrs. O'Sullivan has promised to come in and give a hand, hasn't she? And on my way back I'll find your old man."

It is what is called "cleared up"—the abominable room with the stench that never departs. The newspapers collected for weeks beforehand to make a sheet on which this baby could be delivered, single-handed, by the Nurse—who looks no more than a girl—have been replaced by fresh—or fairly fresh—ones. Mother has had a cup of tea. It was a jolly good job that it all happened while the other children—four of them, all of whom sleep in this room—were at school, though soon they will be back, aghast and aware of the claims of this new mouth.

"If only it'd been born dead," thinks the wife of Thomas Smith. She is weary to death; her head is at once light, confused, empty; and full of an aching weight. Life is far, far too much for her. Her face turned to the wall, she whispers: "Thank you kindly, Nurse."

In the horrible street is Nurse's bicycle, the only bicycle that could have been left there safely. This bicycle is too sacred to be stolen. On it Nurse pedals away to the public house at the corner of the next street. She looks into the taproom; there they are, the dirty, seedy workless; the hopeless; the damned; the degenerates; the toughs. . . . But the minute Nurse puts her head round the door they are all alert: "Want anything, Nurse?" "Run a errand for you, Nurse?" "Want anybody fetched, Nurse?"

"I want Thomas Smith."



He comes. He was playing darts or shove-ha'penny or something.

"You go home and look after your wife. It's all nicely over again. A boy."

"Live, I s'pose, Nurse?"

"Course it's alive. All my babies are."

"The last free wasn't."

"They weren't mine," she says gaily. She must be gay.

"Oh, God!" he grumbles.

"Now get along with you."

OPEN your newspapers this morning. You are likely to read that a murder and suicide have taken place; elderly couple; gas-filled kitchen.

Or there is a *crime passionel*: a young gardener employed in a London square had fallen in love with a housemaid in one of the houses opposite. He was a working boy, poor, chained by his work to this spot. He was obsessed by the girl. They walked out a little, but she told him fairly and squarely that she did not want him. He had this one great light and longing in his life: he couldn't forget it in travelling, in interesting companionship, in racing a car, dining and dancing at places where the sight of a hundred lovely women lulled his sense of frustration and loss. He had one road, and one only. One star shone, and one only. The poor have become, from necessity, single minded. He killed her and himself.

You will read, maybe, that the wife of a respectable country lawyer, let us say—or a commercial man in the

provinces, let us say—has died under suspicious circumstances. Inquest. Post-mortem. Poison. A hanging.

You may still, in 1933, read that a servant girl killed her baby; or even that a married mother killed her baby, being too poor and too distracted with an already large family to balance her mind and her purse and her wretched body.

You will read that a trusted clerk embezzled money. He was being blackmailed. His small villa, his wife, his family, his garden, watching the football on Saturdays—these were the pride, the pleasure, the very limits of his life and efforts. They were threatened; all that he had worked for would smash mightily. Only money could save them for him. . . .

Or you can read of a girl dying of abortion in a back street, and if the illegal practitioner can be found, very rightly that practitioner is punished.

Now these—the common stuff of daily news—are what I call natural crimes. That is to say, they are not freakish; nor pathological. *They are crimes of which, in similar circumstances, any one of us might find himself guilty.*

Examining such records as are at

of the Crime...



May Edginton

*points a moving
Finger of Pity and
Condemnation at
Poverty . . . for
“there is no Crime
among the Rich...”*

my disposal, I find no such crimes among the rich.

In fact, apart from some rare pathological case—I cannot think even of one such, though it might conceivably arise—or crimes of high finance, *there is no crime among the rich.*

Poverty is about the only root reason I can find for what I here call natural crimes.

Intervening come hate, spite, rage, greed and selfishness, but behind the manifestation of these is poverty, or a certain poverty.

IT is a fair, though hackneyed, question to ask: do you really, in this fine free country, declare that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich?

The answer is: “Yes.”

In all countries, even the bravest and the best, there is the unwritten law of circumstance.

The law of circumstance discriminates between the rich and the poor.

It is a law made by no constitution; no body of politicians would pass it; yet it is there and immutable.

When the poor man comes into the limelight it is usually in some epic drama of squalor, terror, rage and despair. Don't think that he always murders easily; thieves easily. Behind him is that darkness from which he has come, in which he did his deed; and often that darkness must seem so thick and

impenetrable that the court of justice into which he emerges may represent for him a temple of serenity and light.

Justice!

There are many of these men who feel that the first time in their lives that they ever had justice is at the hands of judge and jury.

Let us think a little while about our brothers and sisters.

First of all we have, unarguably and in correct phrasing, “the lowest of the low”; “the unredeemable”; “the incorrigible”; “the brute”—result of bad breeding, mixed breeding, herding, dirt, squalor, unmanageable disease, ugly-

ness, mental unfitness, physical unfitness, unhappiness, cruelty.

These are the human rats breeding human rats unwanted but unchecked.

Reformers are fools who would deal with such material in any way but the hardest; in fact, reformers should leave such stuff alone for the ultimate condemnation.

Reformers should get down to the roots, and when they are there at rock-bottom they will find that my word “poverty” covers all fairly completely.

Let us, for purposes of discussion, examine those few of the “natural crimes” I have mentioned.

Take the wife poisoner. He is a horrible creature and should be hanged. There is not one of us who would spare him. True, she was unattractive, tiresome, a burden and a nagger. These, or

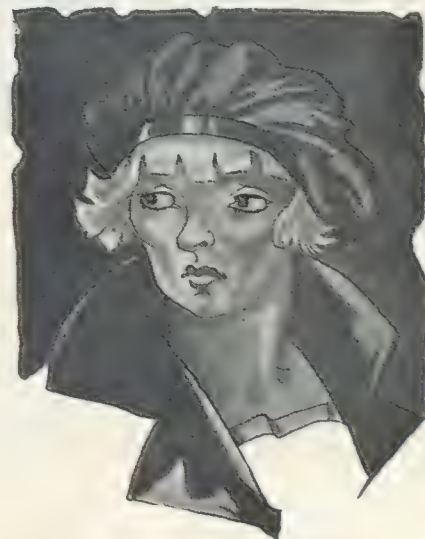
some, or more, of such faults will undoubtedly have been proved to be present in her. Yet he should hang.

But it is the mind of the man at which I want to look, repugnant as must be the mind of the poisoner.

Why did he destroy this woman? He was not—we have read—the poorest of the poor. In the circumstances we have imagined, he had a house, a maidservant, perhaps a motor-car, enough food, a game of tennis or cricket, or a bit of rough shooting for his leisure.

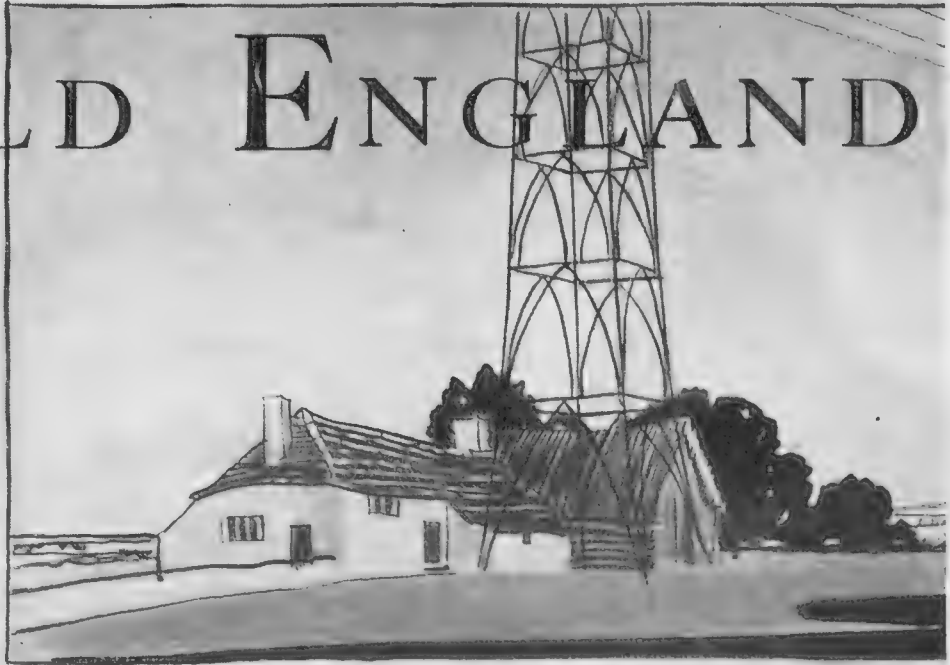
Well, then?

Could he have left the woman, and kept all these things, he would doubtless have done so. But he could not. The god of his respectability rides him. His respectability is necessary to his living. And his wife will (Continued on page 112)



The OLD ENGLAND

By
Shaw
Desmond



country still quite distinguishable ; with gipsy " minxes " (Romany for the real gipsy) and with minxes of the other kind ; with cotton-operatives who haven't operated cotton for donkeys' years ; with " hikers " of all sizes and sexes ; with riveters who wouldn't know a " pneumatic " if they saw it again ; with Cambridge and—*O tempora ! O mores !*—even with Oxford undergraduates who have taken, not to drink, like their august fathers, but " to the roads."

I pushed out into the unknown, my eyes alight with hope and faith.

AFTER taking exactly one and three-quarter hours to get clear of London I came upon him at the cross-roads—hard-bitten, blue-eyed, red-cheeked.

I was a trifle dishevelled after certain efforts to extricate myself from two ducks, and especially from their owner, whom I met just after I had cleared the last house on the Wembley road. But the moment I saw " him," my spirits went up one hundred per cent.

" Look a bit knocked about, sir. But don't let that worry you ! You should only see what we ' A.A. ' men have to go through every twenty-four hours of our lives." (Looking dejectedly at my bonnet) " You should join us. Never know when you'll want us. Show you the road to Scotland ? Why, of course I will ! "

There in this 40-year-old man is the unchanging England. He stands as a Pillar of Hercules in a countryside which, as he says, " is changing so fast that it makes a chap dizzy."

He said right.

Mile after mile I lay behind me on my battered chariot, with a battered eye (the aftermath of the duck-man) staring over the steering wheel, to find in my first fifty miles exactly one man only at work in the spring fields—a sower.

The farms I pass seem denuded of humans.

Where is " the teeming countryside " of which I used to read ?

But there is plenty of the *genus homo* and even of his wife on the roads. Hundreds and hundreds.

Tramps !

Tramps that were short and tramps that were tall. Tramps that " had known better days"—very much better. Tramps that had never known anything at all.

A tramp in a pair of trousers that wriggled over his feet, with the owner wriggling above, but with a swell Melton overcoat with a velvet collar. A powerful buxom woman-tramp, with a black eye to match my own, and a consort with ditto. Two girl-tramps looking curiously refined—but obviously down and out.

Ten years ago, and those vagabonds would have, one and all, asked me for anything I had, from a pair of boots to a penny. Not so the tramp of 1933.

Not once was I asked for anything at all, except a lift.

The modern tramp of either sex wants " a lift " more than he or she wants meat or drink or money. Why, God knows !

Here are two young tramps standing side by side like wooden soldiers with right arm

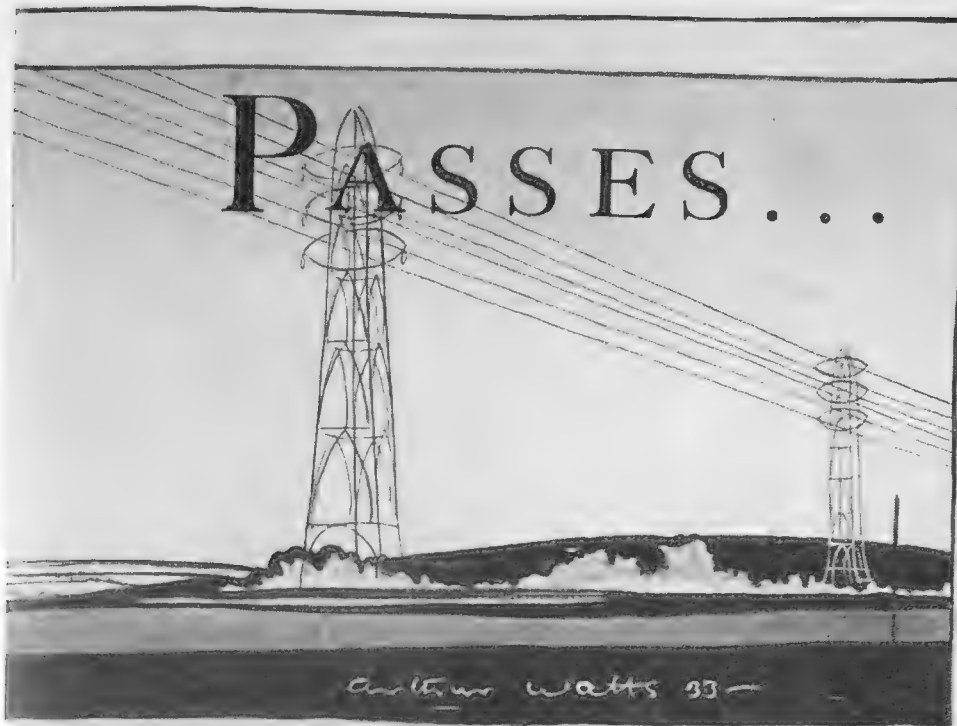
THE Old England is passing . . .
Once Britannia ruled the waves.
To-day, the waves—" permanent " waves—rule England.

A few weeks ago I took my precarious, third-hand car, stepped on the gas, and let myself loose over two thousand miles of England and of Caledonia (which I was to find at times both " stern and wild"). I did so in order to find out what England was thinking—if, indeed, she was thinking at all ! Of Scotland I had no doubt.

I consorted with police and criminals—in this



PASSES...



A Kaleidoscopic View of many New Facets of Life in Town and Country

extended across chest and pointing to the road ahead, their eyes seeking mine in a sort of dumb but prideful appeal, as I rush past at my "flivver's" wild thirty.

That happens repeatedly along my next forty miles or so. *Why* do they want a lift? What can it matter when they get anywhere?

Then one of them, a tall, pale, broken figure, hobbling along on a stick, a very old, filthy and black-faced man behind him, tells me.

They want work!

England is sprayed with tramps who have not yet taken the last plunge into the Nirvana of trampdom—the casual ward. Men in whom hope is not yet quenched. For them, "there's always work waiting in the next town."

But those scarecrows, their thin arms moving in unison as they point dumbly ahead, make one wonder about the future.

AS my little car, standing up to it, rushes through town after town as we come to the outskirts of the Midlands, there are certain facts which keep on repeating themselves.

The chief of these facts is the cinema theatre with its eternal queue.

It doesn't matter whether that town be one which depends upon coal or lace-making or pottery or things now non-existent, the cinema everywhere is booming.

The more sordid the town, the brighter beam the beamy eyes of Hollywood bathing belles, calling to the giddy shop-assistant, the factory worker, or the yokel in town for the day.

A B.A. of one of the universities, leaning across an empty bar and reading Nietzsche in the raw, oblivious to the infrequent customer, tells me that in all the towns about they go into the cinema about 6 p.m., stay there till 8.30, "and then go home to supper, wireless and bed."

Which brings me to my next "fact."

The England of to-day is a teetotal England. "Totally teetotal!" my educated publican says ruefully. And I met dozens of educated men who "have been called to the bar."

In all my two thousand miles of journeying I did not meet one drunken man or woman, though I admit I didn't visit the famous Cowcaddens district when I went to Glasgow.

In all the "Good Pull-ups for Transport Drivers" which I visited, I found only tea or alleged coffee drunk, with an occasional bottle of ginger-pop to give "devil."

The most frantically festive bar of my acquaintance north of the Tweed, and in Glasgow itself, a city once with a fine tooth for good liquor, I found shut up for keeps.

Before I had traversed half a thousand miles of road, I felt sorry for Mr. G. K. Chesterton! Shade of ye Olde English Inn!

Whether all this will mean a better, finer race of Englishmen and



Decorations

by

Arthur Watts

Scots I leave to my readers. My own impression is that with the substitution of vilely strong tea for good beer and straight whisky, the human stomach may not have benefited so much as the Band of Hope might have thought—certainly not the human soul. For with the coming of TEA, the focus of British social life has changed.

That focus is now, first the Cinema; secondly, the street corner; and, thirdly, the Labour Exchange, which in our day has become the gay and giddy vortex of everyday society.

I leave my chariot near by and line up at the Exchange with the rest.

(Continued on page 119)



Strange Chapters in HISTORY

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

No. 12. *Phryne, The Most Famous Model in the World*

THE sun was shining on the little town of Thespieae, where the Temples of the Muses shone so dazzling white that human eyes could scarcely stand the glare. Here the cult of the Muses was practically the sole activity of life. Pilgrims used to come and go at all seasons to the seat of the verdant Mount Helicon, which seemed to have been set there by an artist as a fitting background for that group of beautiful monuments whose candour of marble and brilliance of colouring, characteristic of all classic Greek architecture, inspired an indescribable impression of something at once festive and peaceful.

There are three things which, when assembled, produce the miracle of inspiring in man the most poignant and serene sensation of happiness: the sunshine, silence, and the murmur of flies.

Every now and then the voice of a girl could be heard from the caper shrubs. Hundreds of these maidens were scattered about the plantation, gathering the little buds into baskets, a very humble work, as humbly recompensed. Poverty made them all equal, and no one would have guessed that little Mnesareta, the poorest of the caper gatherers, then but barely past the age of puberty, was predestined to the glory of immortality.

Doubtless her astounding beauty must have been noticed by the folk of her class, but the voice of the poor is ever unheeded; and nothing of importance happened to her until one day in Eleusis, during the festivities of Poseidon, she took what proved to be the first step in her amazing life.

From Athens, from Phalerum, from the Island of Salamis, people had flocked to Eleusis and were crowding on the beach. On a sudden a commotion attracted the public attention to a group of girls. Some of them were shouting "What are you doing, Mnesareta? Has the sun turned you mad?" For, from this little knot of fragrant femininity one ran forth, laughing and leaving in the hands of her friends some of her garments. She ran to the edge of the water, let her tunic fall to her feet, pulled the pins from her hair, tossed her head, and, before anyone could stay her, plunged down, down into the waves.

While the onlookers were commenting on this, a lonely man had not for one



second lost sight of that little gleaming poll which was appearing and disappearing, splashing in the water. He was the first one who waited for her when she returned. He pushed back the crowd with such an air of authority that they began to ask each other who he was. Soon a name ran in a whisper from many mouths to many ears, but he remained apart, while the girl in all the glory of her beauty emerged slowly from the sea.

Her attention, too, was arrested by the man who had been thus respectfully isolated. He bade her stay for a moment where she was. She stood not knowing why, mesmerised in some strange fashion

by the compelling glance of the great Apelles, who was already limning in his brain those lines which no artist could ever improve.

A little later, Mnesareta became the object of the keenest interest to the many friends of Apelles. Philosophers were extremely pleased to have long talks with her; poets read their compositions to her; historians related to her the exploits of the heroes of the half-divine legends of Greece.

Mnesareta never tired of hearing. She absorbed all the treasury of their knowledge with the eagerness typical of those natures born with an inherent passion for the fine, and with an instinctive tendency to soar ever upward through the gamut of life.

Apelles had already started his immortal painting of Aphrodite rising from the sea. The episode on the beach at Eleusis, seemingly insignificant, had proved to be the divine inspiration that makes of a man a god.

There are two categories of artists in the world: one conceives the work of art in his mind almost independent of the exterior impression, and then searches for the model who can fit his ideas to the best advantage; for such the model is a material tool, liable to be discarded if something better comes along. A slave to his conception, he is alone in the execution of his work, because in reality nothing and no one other than himself has any part in it. The other category is in diametric opposition: the artist's creative work is at the mercy of exterior impressions, for it is only from his physical vision that, in the lightning flash of Inspiratory Zeus, he conceives the work of art, sprung full armed, his Pallas, from his brain.

It is the model who unconsciously dictates the first word that opens his mind and sets in motion his creative power, the model who acts quite naturally without having the slightest idea of the marvel that she is accomplishing—a miracle that no one will ever be able to explain.

For such artists, the person who has inspired the work is the only model possible: there are no adaptations, no substitutes; the model becomes something more than sacred—her presence is a necessity not only during the time of actual work, but during every waking instant throughout the travail of creation. She becomes essential above all else,



SHE ran to the edge of the water, let her tunic fall at her feet, pulled the pins from her hair, tossed her head, and, before anyone could stop her, plunged down, down with the waves

every minute of whose contemplation brings an indescribable joy to his man's and artist's heart.

There exists no higher altar on which a man of genius can set a woman; to make her his partner, to acknowledge the rôle she has played to be almost supreme. This is the supreme tribute which can be paid even to supreme beauty. Gradually she becomes conscious of it; the feminine sensitivity misses none of those unspoken thoughts in the mind of the artist; and, while she sits immobile, she feels, almost as a physical caress on her rippling skin, the eyes of the artist fixed on her. She knows that something of herself is being translated on to the canvas.

Who can ever put into words clear enough to convey to the lay throng of work-a-day workers and players how total is the isolation from the rest of the

world during those moments of super-human communion between artist and model?

This was the state of things in Apelles's studio, and these were the relations between Apelles and Mnesareta, who was now called Phryne—a name, derived from the word Phrunus or Phrane, a species of frog which lives invariably behind fences, given to her by her intellectual friends on account of the fact that her skin had that ivory whiteness peculiar to the bleached pallor of the whiteness which never has any tendency to flush even on the cheeks.

Pliny, who has given us an exact list and description of the principal works of Apelles, asserts that this picture was his masterpiece. Phryne did not fail to reap her part of the glory. Wealth was thrown at her feet from every side. Her

association with the greatest men of the time had refined her personality with every form of intellectual distinction and attraction.

Another immortal exponent of Grecian art was struck by the same golden arrow that had pierced Apelles's heart. The gods had chosen her again to sow another divine seed, this time in the fertile mind of so titanic a figure as Praxiteles.

It seemed that Phryne belonged by right to the creators of those proofs which have offered to God the utmost degree of human gratitude for, and human comprehension of, those masterpieces of the flesh with which He has jewelled the earth.

The day came when the great sculptor was in his studio, gazing at a huge block of marble, beside which, on a movable platform, in all the purity of her nakedness,

stood the ivory-like Phryne. His eyes were constantly passing from one to the other, and, as in a spectrum, he saw another Phryne repeated in the senseless stone.

The more he gazed, the more distinctly he saw her image in the marble; the creation of the statue resolved itself merely into a question of chiselling away the superfluous stone. Day after day went by and Phryne became accustomed to the incessant, metallic, tap-tap-tap of the chisel—that miraculous chisel which seemed to hold in itself all the wisdom, all the prudence, and all the audacity of a sentient entity.

One stream of perfect communication ran electrically between marble block, the steel chisel, the model, and the strong, tireless arms of the sculptor.

Splinters of marble flew everywhere, and gradually the divine shape became apparent. Praxiteles worked under the spell of the religious conviction that Venus herself had sent from High Olympus her worthiest human understudy to sit for her statue.

After several months he had brought his work to such a point that no tools were delicate enough to smooth the surface of the Parian marble. It was the general opinion that Praxiteles had surpassed himself, and history tells us that, far from being content to rest after such a colossal achievement, he was yet unwilling to part with his precious model.

Another block of marble was brought in the studio, and in the course of time another Venus was created, very similar to the first one, but this one was half-draped.

The former statue became the most celebrated, however, and one exemplar of the masterpiece was cast in gold. So, in the course of time, the nude Venus became a favourite subject for all those who followed. Praxiteles's *Aphrodite*, consciously and unconsciously, became the very type of the Goddess of Love.

Not even the difficult political situation could distract the public attention from these masterpieces. Alexander the Great had established his iron fist in Thebes, and the capitulation of this noble city rankled in the heart of many patriots. At the unconfirmed news that the war-god lay dead in Macedonia, Thebes took the opportunity to shake off the Alexandrine yoke—a rash step which brought the most fatal consequences in its wake, for it provoked the most terrifying revenge. Not only was Alexander alive, but, on hearing of what had happened, he covered with amazing speed the considerable number of parasangs to appear before the town, while the inhabitants were still unaware of his approach. Thebes was razed to the ground and its citizens slaughtered, regardless of age or sex.

This terrible example of his ruthlessness successfully quietened the ambitious spirits of other Hellenic towns and, the attention of the conqueror being directed solely on Persia, Greece tried to resume her normal life and to organise the reconstruction of Thebes. The task was a huge one, the expenses of which were to be borne by the richest people of the country.

It was at this point that Phryne again came to the fore. She had accumulated so much money that she offered to rebuild Thebes at her own expense. She imposed



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this condition—that an inscription should proclaim that while Alexander destroyed Thebes, Phryne reconstructed it.

This exhibition of vanity caused her offer to be refused, as being incompatible with the dignity of a major city-state of Greece.

Her vanity was to the fore again in the following incident. One day she was invited to a dinner, at which many of her women friends were also to be present. Nothing could be more pleasant for a man, but for a woman to be in Phryne's company and not to be completely in the shade was a very difficult task.

Every resource of the Grecian maquillage was put in practice in an effort to level the unfair competition. In many cases, a skilful application of cosmetics partially made up for the lack of generosity on the part of Nature.

It was a jolly gathering and a game was suggested which was unanimously accepted. The game was very similar to a modern one called "The Mirror," each player in turn did whatever he or she pleased and the others were compelled to repeat the same thing.

When Phryne's turn came, she went straight to a marble bowl that stood in the middle of the room, put her hands in the water and twice laved her face.

The consternation and dismay can easily be imagined! One by one the ladies had to go to the bowl. In vain they tried to escape with a superficial dip, the noisy crowd compelled them to do it twice exactly as Phryne had done. The hilarity was an added torture, and while the pale Phryne, whose beauty owed nothing to cosmetics, as it could not be increased by artifice, scored a new victory, the water of the bowl soon lost its limpidity and acquired the chromatic hues of the rainbow, from henna and kohl and the thousand and one unguents of the Mediterranean civilisation.

But even for Phryne life was not altogether free from anxiety. The envy of which she was the inevitable object, coupled with the blind recklessness of those who have with ease attained a high position, caused her to be involved in very serious trouble. She found herself in conflict with the rigidity of the religious law, and accused of what was considered a capital offence.

The struggle started at daybreak. The streets surrounding the courts of justice were thronged with a seething and excited crowd.

A strict rigour was invariably maintained in every case at a trial concerning an infringement of the mysteries of Eleusis, the crime of which Phryne was accused. Only the initiated were allowed within the precincts of the court, but there were so many of these that serious tumults were taking place at the door.

Every time a well-known person had to make his way into court he was pushed and helped by soldiers, whose patience was heavily taxed by the obstinacy of the crowd. They were perspiring under their heavy helmets, pushing and working hard so that a gangway should be left free.

Phryne was to be judged and, owing to the secrecy of the nature of the accusation, each one thought he, and he alone, knew the true charge, no matter how diverse the rumours.



BEHOLD! *He caught Phryne to her feet, caught with both hands the extremity of the "peplum," rent it in twain to the waist, and cried again, "Behold! who can condemn this body?"*

Ugly women described Phryne as the most diabolical monster ever misbegotten of dæmon spawn, while, on the contrary, every man had a lenient word to say in her defence.

There was a roaring demonstration as the great orator, Hyperides, passed through the crowd and disappeared in the doorway.

Every now and then came a stir, and another glorious name was passed from mouth to mouth—Lycurgus, Demosthenes. All the cleverest brains of Greece, all were there that day.

The sumptuous hall of the court was pervaded with that indefinable atmosphere present when something momentous is about to happen. The judges were obviously preparing themselves for a great fight. All the principal people were already there and the space allotted to the initiated public filled to the utmost of its capacity.

Hyperides, who defended, though apparently smiling, felt the full weight of the responsibility that lay upon him.

Then, from the open window, came a confused murmur like the far-off echo of a storm. As the minutes passed and the thin stream of sand was silently dropping in the classidra, the noise came nearer and nearer, a crescendo of thousands of voices, shouting unintelligible words.

The main door of the court opened just enough to allow the head of a soldier to appear and address a word to the door-keeper, who made a sign towards the judges, and everyone took his proper seat.

The court fell silent as a temple; outside the roaring grew to a deafening strength. As the door opened, soldiers lined themselves on either side, the tumult became more audible, and some voices rising above the rest shouted: "Good fortune go with thee, O Phryne."

It was a moment of suspense. Slaves, servants, and officers were trying to clear a way, and in so doing were obstructing it themselves. Then, from a disorderly mass, the familiar goddess-like figure appeared. She seemed paler than usual, wearing on that day only a few jewels

beside her long ear-rings. She advanced, the personification of dignity, stopped for a second in front of Hyperides, then she took her seat on the marble stool of the accused.

The prosecution lasted longer than anyone had anticipated. Many little trifles were represented under frightful shapes, and when any remark was passed about Phryne's character, nothing was omitted that could cast ill light on the accused.

Many innuendoes, apparently impersonal, but clearly identifiable, were flung at Phryne's protectors, the majority of whom were in court, and who, at certain passages, nudged each other significantly. During many technical discussions between the judges and the *mystæ*, Hyperides was silently bursting with impatience. There was a murmur in the court when he rose, for it was known all over the Hellenic world that to hear Hyperides speak was one of the deepest joys vouchsafed to the intellect.

He spoke with his customary elegance of style, never violent but

astoundingly penetrating. Every new point of view that he put in evidence was a new tapestry of words.

At every stroke of genius in his rhetoric, Demosthenes in his austerity nodded acceptance with a slight movement of his head.

The oration lasted a long time, and when he thought that he had saturated the atmosphere and overcome any hostility, Hyperides ended.

Phryne was not the only one who wiped tears from her eyes, but the attitude of the judges soon revealed itself. They were discussing the penalty. Someone said that financial fines would be of no account to a woman who sells a kiss for a kingdom.

Hyperides looked round and saw despair depicted on the faces of his friends.

The case was lost.

Was that possible?

He covered his eyes with his hands and in a moment of agony sent his prayer winging to all the Gods of the Olympus to vouchsafe him an inspiration on the instant. For once they replied.

In two steps he reached the middle of the court and with all the power of his lungs he shouted: "No! not yet! I have not finished. Full well I know that Isocrates and Plato had an unworthy pupil in myself. Full well I know that I do not possess the overpowering strength of our great Demosthenes; but there is another point to be regarded in

this case, which no man in this or any other civilisation could oppose.

"Phryne is a masterpiece of nature. Phryne has been the inspiration which has caused Praxiteles to fill our temple with works of art that are immortal"—he flung a hand towards the great sculptor leaning against a pillar—"Phryne has been the source not only of the divine paintings of Apelles, but of the writings of poets, of beauty, of greatness, of all that shall live when we are dead and dust.

"There is something which is above human law: something which holds concentrated into one body all the graces of the Gods: something that the whole force of the civilised world *must* protect from the desecration even of the Law." Into his peroration he infused all the strength of his soul. "Something which has not its equal in the world. Behold!"

He caught Phryne to her feet, caught with both hands the extremity of the *peplum*, rent it in twain to the waist, and cried again: "Behold! who can condemn this body?"

In a flash of the life-giving lightning of Zeus Pitar, the scene and all in it changed. From every chest welled a burst of reaction and enthusiasm. The judges were overpowered by the fingers pointed at them from the highest authorities of Greece. Acquittal was not demanded, but commanded. Before the stormy sensation abated, the first judge

gave way, and each in his turn followed suit.

The applause was such as almost to split the walls. Everyone was shouting on his feet. Pandemonium reigned supreme. In the midst of it all Phryne was sobbing and laughing at the same time on the shoulders of Hyperides.

Someone shouted "To the temple of Venus! Aye, take to the Goddess the one who is most dear to her. Let us tell Venus that Hyperides has saved Phryne."

A few moments later Phryne appeared to the public outside. Surrounded by the heads of those whom posterity has crowned with laurels, she was seated on a chair elevated above the mass. Shielding her breast from view with the rent *peplum*, she smiled at the tumultuous crowd, from which every sign of hostility had vanished.

It was a triumphal procession, and when it reached the Temple of Venus a dense crowd occupied every space.

The priestess had thrown flowers on the steps, in front of the entrance door leading to the dark interior, heavy with incense.

Up they went and before the huge door the improvised throne was set to the ground. Phryne tried to stand, but, finding she could not, she set her hands on the shoulders of two priestesses, the torn *peplum* fell again, and the pale Phryne disappeared in the Temple, her breasts bared, in beauty to rival the Goddess of Beauty whose altar she approached to adore.



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FI-FI the Dancer

A SULPHUR-CRESTED cockatoo, perched on the roof of Arkanel's roemamakan, flapped its white wings and shrieked, raucous with malice. The huge blue and crimson macaw tethered to a metal stand in the garden cursed back at it, hoarse with fury. The dense tapestry of the mango trees, with their crimson and gold fruit, seemed to be split with noise: monkeys tearing and shaking at the boughs; tearing at the ripe pulp, cramming it into the pockets of their mouths, pelting the dogs or the gravel beneath them with the stones.

It was always like this. This was how the day ended, in the deafening shrieking noise of a bright silken curtain, split from hem to hem: letting the crimson and gold, the blazing heat of the cruel sun loose, dropping it into the sea. One could almost hear it fizzle as it touched the water.

The waves on the high broken reef were louder than they had been all day, raging at it. Men, sodden with their afternoon sleep, appeared in the verandahs, stretching and yawning, shouting to their boys to make ready their baths. Dark-faced sluts of women opened a crack in their jalousies and peered out. The dogs drew themselves up out of the dust of the road, yawned and scratched, looped off anywhere—nowhere, like the men.

The insufferable day was at last over: silence fell upon the island. The last tatter of gold and crimson was shredded away from the clear blue green of the night sky; a sickle moon, a single star.

Rathdown's wife sat on the edge of the wide untidy bed in an upper room of Arkanel's annexe. The fair hair hanging either side of her face was fine and misty as a child's. Her lips, however, were tight with pain, her cheeks hollow, showing the faint glaze of tears. Very pale, her chest sunken and drawn together, she was at once a child and an old, old woman—twenty-five and without hope—married to Rathdown. . .

It was still intensely hot. There were fine drops of sweat on the back of the transparent hands, busied over a small cardboard box, a series of minute flat white packages.

Pressing her knees together, stretching her frayed blue silk kimona tight over them, she laid out the packages, counting them—fifteen—sixteen. Intensely occupied, she divided them into two groups—eight in each: divided them again, ten in one and six in the other. Yes, that was better; ten in one and



"YER a damn sight too fond o' that
If it takes the kick out of you, I'll larn it

A Drama of Pity, Terror and—Release

six in the other. Eight might not be enough: if ten were not enough, there still remained the six.

With intense care not to spill so much as a grain of the fine white powder—her lips so tightly drawn together they might have been sewn: puckered up with a tight thread twisted round them—Rathdown's wife emptied the powder out of the ten packages into one: folded down the ends, slipping a fine elastic band about it. Hesitating a moment, wishing to mark

Illustrated by
Geo. D. Alexander

By Elinor Mordaunt



it in some way or other, she set her small teeth in the corner of the packet, denting it. This done, she laid it aside in the box, folded the remaining six into another packet, screwed up the waste scraps of loose paper and threw them under the bed.

Just in time, too, for Rathdown's lumping step sounded on the stairs. Setting his shoulder against the door, he pushed it open. And this was his way, characteristic of him: both hands in his pockets, he turned sideways against a door and pushed. If the handle stuck he pushed it with his knee, his hands still in his pockets.

His wife had risen, was putting the box back in the washstand drawer, limp and indifferent. There was only one thing Rathdown asked of her—and that was to make money for him. For the rest she might damn well do as she pleased—within limits, or without limits, supposing it paid him.

"Yer a damn sight too fond o' that there sleepin' stuff," he said now. "If it takes the kick out of you, I'll larn it back—hell but I will—hear me, eh? Lam-baste it back on you."

"I've got to sleep. I can't go on dancing if I don't sleep." Her voice was sullen. Allowing her kimona to drop to the floor, she slipped her arms from her chemise, poured water into the basin and started to wash—more than half naked, there in the grey untidy room, the room with the grey sheets, the mark of Rathdown's boots upon them; the torn grey curtains, the tanging mosquitoes, the lamp hung round with insects.

It was nothing for her to be naked, there with Rathdown. Not because he was her husband, but because he treated her like a dog—a bitch: made nothing of her so that she was nothing to herself. "Fi-fi" he called her—Fi-fi—Fi-fi. God, what a name!

There were some that trained animals, some that were trained by them. Rathdown, the brute, had trained her, brought her to heel with whips and curses, kept her skipping—"Dance, you fool! dance, I tell you—skip it—high—higher, nippy or I'll cut the liver out of you!" he'd cry.

For a week in Java they

*there sleepin' stuff," he said now.
back—hell but I will—hear me, eh?"*

had travelled with a troupe of performing dogs and their trainer. That was two years back. All the same—there had been one thin-skinned white terrier bitch which she often thought of, even now, feeling herself like it; trembling and forever humiliated, humiliated out of all shame.

As for sleep, of course she had to sleep if she was to continue her dancing, keep anything like looks. Rathdown himself realised this. The doctor in Sourabaya who had first given her the powders told him so. If she didn't sleep she'd die or go crazy, and how awful this would be, that after all his trouble in training her, Rathdown should be driven to work, find himself in bed and board, above all, drink!

SHE was thin now, far too thin for the taste of the men in those parts. "I won't have no one making free with Mrs. Rathdown, not while I'm here to protect her," Rathdown would say in his pompous fashion. All the same, what he really meant was "Come on and try it, pay for it too—" And, after all, a dancer was worth next to nothing without what he called "the seduction of the sex." Not that he would actually sell his wife. There was a better game than that—blackmail, and what he thought of as keeping 'em hoping.

"You've damned well got to get a bit more flesh on your bones, stop moping round like a sick monkey, or I'll lick it into you—that there sex appeal," he growled now; reaching out, taking one thin arm in his great hand, and flinging her round—careful not to bruise her, careful of his own property—poking at the hollow beneath her fragile shoulder bones, with the utmost disgust.

"Look at that—look at that, now! God, one 'ud think I starved you!"

Fi-fi was a greyish white in that light, grey white from head to foot. There was no hint of rosiness, no sort of colour about her. Apart from her hair standing out in a corn-coloured fluff from her head, her eyes a clear vivid blue like chicory blossom, she was drab, just drab.

There was a knock at the door, and shouting to her to cover herself—"Shameless slut, you!"—Rathdown himself opened it, admitting a native boy with a tray. Fi-fi's dinner—the dog's dinner. "Feed her well and she'll dance" sort of thing.

Drawing a whisky bottle out from the end of the bed, Rathdown took off his shirt, lit a cigar and, lying down with a glass in one hand, his cheek propped on the other, he watched her eat: drove her on to eat. "Eat—eat, I tell you—damn it all, eat, you bitch you!"

Beefsteak and bread, cheese and biscuit, no soup, no vegetables,— "windy muck" he called it.

Once, as she faltered, her hand to her pulsing throat,

he raised himself, leant forward his stout body—at one time so fine and athletic—picked up a cutting whip from the lurking place of the bottle and shook it at her in a paroxysm of fury. "Eat, you little devil, eat," he whispered hoarsely, "or I'll cut the heart out of you!" As if he had not done that already!

He did not hurry her—she must have time for her victuals; all the same, there must be no humbug or starving. If Fi-fi's muscles gave out, where would he be then?

All the while that she was eating he drank raw whisky in deep, greedy gulps. His grey hair, cut short, stuck up like a brush over his head: his face was heavy and purple, covered with strange knobs, the back of his neck purple, seamed with deep lines. All the same, eight years ago when she had given herself, her money, all she had, into his brutal hands, she had looked on the circus ring-master with his whip as the most wonderful, the noblest, best-looking man on earth.

Never, never so long as she lived could she forget her first real sight of his mouth when he shaved off his heavy moustache—talk of the gates of hell!

She had been taking a dress out of a cupboard, and turning round, backed into it when he entered the room, pressing the back of one hand against her eyes, crying out "No! Oh, no; no, no!"

That had been in America, in New England, which she had loved so—shut away from her own home, her own people, as she was.

It was after this that they had really begun to move—across to California, to the Dutch Indies and Malay States; over to Africa and up through the Transvaal; to Djibouti and Algiers and Tangiers; back again across the Indian Ocean to the Dutch Islands.

Continually Rathdown, who played cards so well, so much better than most people, was moved on by some controller or other, and Fi-fi went with him—a little white dog at his heel.

She did not mean to go on any longer now, however; she was at the end of it all.

Rathdown got up from the bed, grunting; shaved and dressed himself: clean shirt with one shining stud; frock coat drawn into tight lines across the back and under the arms; low-cut waistcoat and white tie, ready for his dinner at the hotel. After dinner he would go into the combined bar and smoking-lounge and men would say to him: "What about a bit of a dance to-night, eh, old chap?"



For a long while he would hesitate, waiting until there was a fair crowd of men there, for the most part drunk; then, with seeming reluctance, he would send for Fi-fi:

"My compliments to Mrs. Rathdown and ask her if she will be kind enough to come over and amuse these gentlemen with a little dance," he would say to the

django, who went across the garden to fetch her. For the bedrooms were separate from the rest of the house, run up in small, two-storied blocks about the garden.

To Fi-fi that long wait was more trying than anything else. She had no idea how long it might be before her master sent for her, cracking his whip. She was forever frightened, all on edge, dead tired.

She would dress and make up very slowly, very carefully. In the end, the heat would streak the paint on her face and about her eyes, and she would wipe it off: begin all over again in a mad panic lest she might, after all, be late.

To-night, however, she was unhurried, mistress of her fate. She would dance this once: and after that the white powders, all ten of them, and time to rest, really rest. She had thought of it before. There had been one evening when she knew that she had failed in the appeal of her dancing: run round and round like a small terrified animal at the sound of Rathdown's heavy stumbling footsteps, mounting the stairs to join her in the

shillings and pence—guilder or centen—so much and so much lost.

SHE went out into the verandah, and stood there wondering that she was no longer afraid of anything. The young moon had gone, the sky was dark with clouds: a very few people passed and repassed on the dust-thick road, for the most part padding along on bare feet. Then came the firmer tread of a white man's foot, a blur of white, the scent of a cigar mingled with the heavy sweetness of trumpet-flowers. Captain MacAlistair of the "Rose Marie." It was odd that Fi-fi should know the step, for she had never seemed to notice the man himself, one face more in the piled-up ring of faces watching her dance in the smoke-hung bar room; ugly, greedy faces—men—men—men! This one alone not so bad. A fair, honest face, though what in the name of God was he doing among this muck if he was—well, if he was really like that, fair and honest?

She gave a queer, strangled cry of disgust, beating her clenched hands against the rail of the verandah, and MacAlistair

and sweet like the peel of a russet apple.

"Nothing—nothing—yet——" Rathdown's wife drew back into the shadows. She was scared to death, her heart beating up into her throat. Supposing Rathdown — Rathdown — Rathdown — She was obsessed by Rathdown; for years he had blocked the world out from her, himself the world—a brutal world—the world, the flesh and the devil—cracking his whip around her feet to make her dance the quicker. Though not in public. Worse than all was his flamboyant courtesy in public.

Anyhow, what on earth had she meant by "yet"?—there was no "yet." "Yet" meant a future, and there was no future for her. At the end of two, at the most three hours, the ten white powders would take her away to a place with no past, no future, no anything. Not even—never, never again that great stinking carcass of Rathdown, grunting and snoring at her side; her own small, straight body glued rigidly along the hard wooden edge of the bed, balanced there from the force of habit and endurance, never altogether falling out.

Would she fall out to-night—fall out on the floor and lie there, with the cockroaches walking over her?

No, no, she would go out. The self that was really herself would ride out proudly, free of Rathdown, free for ever; ride out like a ship, with the tide, the face of the strange sea captain a flag at her mast.

The django was knocking at her door calling her. Would the gracious lady be pleased to come and dance? "The gracious lady!" The white bitch whistled to Rathdown's heel, trembling at a look.

She raised the lamp in one hand, gave one more glance at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were enormous, a brilliant blue—blue fire. She saw them herself for the first time—the curve of the cheek, the mist of fair hair: the reddened lips, fuller than usual—with something new about them, proud and contemptuous.

He'd be sorry; yes, he'd be sorry—this brute, this brute beast Rathdown — before the night was out. Sorrier still, day after day, week after week, driven to work for his own living—poor, delicate little Rathdown!

She picked up her blue cloak and flung it round her with a gesture. She was all gestures to-night, sure of herself, scornful and intolerant. What a fool she had been, all these years of broken-down, hopeless misery; all these years of feeling that she possessed nothing in the world of her own, even her own body! When all the while she possessed this, the most precious gift of all—a whipping to the bone for Rathdown, feeding her on half-raw meat (Continued on page 98)

"UNHAND my wife!" cried Rathdown, even then not altogether sure of himself, for there was a gleam like steel in the level stare of MacAlistair's eyes



sordid bedroom. For all bedrooms were alike with Rathdown in them. Now, however, she was decided, quite decided.

She had a new dress of cheap white tulle, trimmed with pink calico camellias. She tied a silver ribband round her hair, across her forehead, and made up her face very carefully, placing the rouge so as to draw the eye away from her hollow cheeks, intensifying the curve of her mouth, shadowing her eyes until they blazed. At the back of all her tragedy lay a childish notion that the better she looked this last night, the more completely it would pay out her tyrant—pounds,

looked up. The light hanging below her was full on his face. For the first time she really saw him—a fair, freckled face, deep-set eyes with straight brows, a square jaw. She never really saw anyone when Rathdown was there; that was it, watching Rathdown's fierce bulging eyes, silly with fear. If she died to-night—when she died to-night—she would remember this face and not Rathdown's—take it over with her—thank God for that!

The sea captain had stopped, stood looking up at her. "Did you call me? Is there anything I can do for you?" he enquired, his Scotch voice roughened

By J. S.

THIS uncrushable Rodier material is made entirely of cotton, although it does not look as if it were. It has a raised crêpe thread woven in diagonal lines

PURE Irish flax makes this linen material from Robinson and Cleaver, which would look delightful in pale green patterned in white for a summer evening gown

THE important difference between cotton, linen, wool and silk is that the first two are vegetable fibres, while the second two are of animal origin. Animal fibres are much more easily damaged by heat and other agencies than are vegetable fibres, and in addition wool and silk contain respectively a natural grease and gum which it is desirable should be retained in the fabric. The use of boiling water and of soda or strong soaps on woollens and silks is, therefore, definitely harmful.

The shrinking of wool is not due to the removal of the natural grease or oil, but to the interlocking of the numerous small scales with which the individual fibres are covered, and the saw-like edges of which can easily be seen if the wool is examined under quite a small-power magnifying glass. This shrinking or "felting" action only takes place if the wool fibres are rubbed together while they are wet, and to prevent it woollen articles should always be washed by gentle kneading and squeezing only, no rubbing being employed.

Silks do not shrink as do woollen garments, but they harden and turn yellow if

subjected to too drastic a treatment. It may also be added that artificial silks of all kinds should be treated as if they were real silk. Artificial silks are hard-wearing, do not shrink and do not turn yellow, but they possess the peculiar property of losing much of their strength when wet, and in this state they are easily damaged. This loss is temporary and the strength is almost, but not quite fully, recovered on drying.

The Wool Industries Research Association has recently discovered a method whereby the "yellowing" of wool fabrics by laundering or dry-cleaning may be

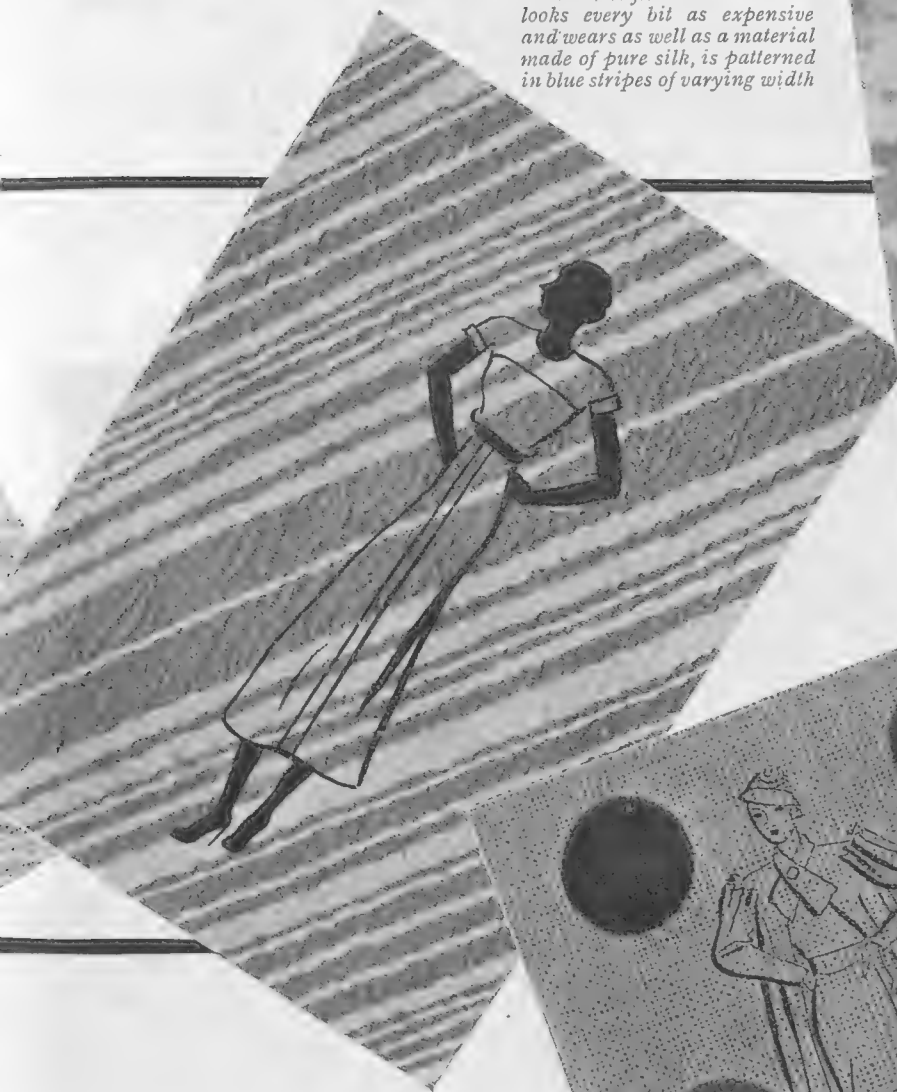
prevented, and wool fabrics produced which remain permanently white. The new bleaching process, it is stated, is now established commercially under mill conditions, and woollen fabrics of the old type will, perhaps, soon be unknown except as "museum pieces."

Union materials, if they are a mixture of an animal and a vegetable fibre, such as many cheap stockinettes (wool-cotton mixtures), should always be laundered as if they consisted only of the more sensitive animal fibre, and a good deal of discretion must be exercised even with some fabrics which consist wholly of cotton or linen. For example, flannelette consists entirely of cotton, and as such may be boiled or rubbed quite vigorously without any damage being caused. The edges of the fibres which form the fluffy surface are smooth and unbroken, and cannot lock together like the saw-edged fibres of a woollen

Do you Know
your
FABRICS?

Bainbridge

CELANESE crêpe, that is an artificial silk which looks every bit as expensive and wears as well as a material made of pure silk, is patterned in blue stripes of varying width



CELANESE satin with a pastel coloured ground patterned in shades of mauve, yellow and green would make an attractive dressing gown

garment, but a cooler iron should be used when ironing flannelette than is usual with cotton fabrics, or the fluffy surface may be scorched.

OTHER examples of union materials are sateen, which has a silk warp and a cotton weft; bombazines, crepolines, poplins, repps, taffetas and similar materials, which have a silk warp and a wool or worsted weft; linsey and linsey-woolsey, which consist of a cotton warp and a worsted or wool weft; and materials composed of threads containing wool and silk spun together.

All fabrics are made by weaving together two sets of threads, one of which (the warp threads) runs lengthwise and the other of which (the weft threads) runs crosswise through the material. The two extreme edges in the width are strengthened by the insertion of extra threads, and are known as the selvages. The weft threads, therefore, run from selvedge to selvedge. It is not easy to say which is the warp or weft direction in a fabric if all the selvedge has been removed, but, as will be seen from the examples of union materials given, the warp threads are usually stronger and of better material than the weft threads.

IN the process of weaving the warp threads are also alternatively raised and



THE coarsely woven Rodier material shown here is composed of 30% linen and 70% ramie; the latter admixture helps to render it less crushable than if it were all of pure linen thread

lowered to allow the shuttles carrying the weft threads to be shot through from one side to the other, as a result of which the warp threads in the finished fabric have a more pronounced crimp or wrinkle than the weft threads.

One side of the fabric almost invariably has a better or smarter "finish" than the other, and this better-finished side is described variously as the "face" or "right" side, etc. With materials such as sateens it is quite easy to decide which is the face and which the under

or wrong side. It is sometimes important (e.g., in ironing) to know which is the right and which is the wrong side of a material.

Linen is, of course, the oldest known fabric. It has always been considered an excellent material for curtains and furniture upholstery, but the difficulty of dyeing it satisfactorily in fast colours and its comparative "harshness" have, until recently, rather operated against its adoption as a general furnishing fabric.

Now, however, a wide range of coloured furnishing linens is available in which the design is woven in the material in such a way that a really reversible fabric has been produced, or in which it has been found possible satisfactorily to print the fabrics with absolutely fast colours. Probably no linen will ever be as soft as silk and other fabrics, of course, but some of these newer linens are certainly much softer than the older types, and, since they will withstand the severest washing, are ideal for

(Continued on page 112)



RUFFLES

MISS DOROTHY HYSON, the charming daughter of a charming mother, wears a dress from Geene Glenny which is all white organdie ruffles from head to foot. It is a delightful example of a fashion eminently suitable to the very young and to summer evenings. A short white organdie cape also composed of similar ruffles would be a picturesque addition. Spotted muslin and organza are other materials in which frills are fashionable, and spotted net is a new-old medium for evening gowns which is unexpectedly effective. One model carried out in this material was cut on Andalusian lines—i.e., a tight-fitting skirt to the knees, and then a series of flounces to the ankles extending into a short train at the back

Cannons of Hollywood

A
NOTE
OF THE
MONTH



A SUMMER DRESS of BRITISH MATERIAL and DESIGN



THIS dress of heavy white crêpe patterned in broken lines of deep blue is made in what was once upon a time called "artificial silk." In reality it is a new Celanese material, whose charm is well illustrated by this model which was specially designed for "Britannia and Eve" by Nikolas of Berkeley Square. Miss Gladys Sammut, who wears it, also particularly liked the striped crêpe shown on page 51, and suggests a three-quarter length coat of white crash to accompany either gown. These Celanese crêpes wash and wear perfectly and have the added advantage of creasing very little. They are to be obtained in several designs and in a wide range of lovely colours. Photographs by Scaloni Studios

London Fash

A Varied Selection



IT is only to be expected that the interest centred recently on our shoulders should spread down our arms, and the coat sketched above is an excellent example of this newest development in our silhouette. The model comes from Marshall and is carried out in nigger brown cloth with red foxes running down the length of either arm. The cutting of the back yoke is interesting, and in front this continues into a round yoke tied on one side by a bow of the material. The neck itself is collarless—a feature missing on many of our summer models. A dress which really does not crease is essential in these days of hurried week-ends, and the one on the right is carried out in a jersey silk which is guaranteed not to be spoilt by the most cursory packing. This is patterned with a faint zigzag design in greys and browns, and is a Vionnet model which may be obtained from Richard Sands. Next to it is a charming summer ensemble from Harvey Nichols which has a brief coatee of a contrasting colour to its dress. The latter has an original neckline consisting of fitted bands of the material through which a patterned tie is threaded. The lower right-hand figure shows a costume which also comes from Harvey Nichols and illustrates the prevalent fashion for plaids. Here a plaid silk blouse with a draped neckline accompanies a natural colour coat and skirt; the former is three-quarter length and the latter has a front yoke finished with two large buttons to match those which trim the flat pockets of the coat



A VIONNET mode. In grey and brown patterned silk jersey comes from Richard Sands: the dress and coatee next to it are from Harvey Nichols, and so is the attractive three-piece sketched on the right.

hions . . .

from the Shops

HERE are two contrasting styles in evening wear: a tailored white cloqué coat worn with a black skirt and a purple velvet waistbelt from Marshall and Snelgrove, and a graceful gown of patterned romain from Richard Sands



NAVY blue and white is a combination which always looks smart and of which one never tires. It is also one with which it is easy to obtain matching accessories without too great an expenditure. The seated figure in the sketch above is wearing an organdie dress of white checked with navy blue in half-inch squares, which comes from Corot and may be obtained on their famous deferred payment plan. It is made on becoming lines with a fitted bodice cut on the cross and full sleeves gathered into tight cuffs. The standing figure also wears a Corot gown, this time of crêpe de Chine with a gaily coloured flower design on a black ground. White frills around the short puff sleeves and a white bow perched on one shoulder add to its attractions. A very becoming dress for the older women is sketched on the left. It comes from Richard Sands and is carried out in figured romain in shades of hydrangea blue, red, yellow, pink and green. The cut-out flowers of the pattern outline the shoulder cape and make the single shoulder strap at the back and with this is worn a short wrap of the same material. A very different type of ensemble is shown on the extreme left, where a short jacket of white cloqué accompanies a skirt of heavy black crêpe. Around the waistline and showing beneath the coat is a sash of purple velvet, and a bunch of violets is worn in the buttonhole. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

From my Scrap Book



A CHARMING version of the backless frock is carried out in natural colour with red spotted straps twisted at the back. The waist-length coat is made of the spotted material, which also trims the pocket. From Harvey Nichols



A WHITE bathing suit with the newest backless line is so well cut that it adequately supports the figure and the shoulder straps do not slip off. The rubber cap and belt are of white decorated in two shades of green. From Harvey Nichols



THIS bathing wrap is cut on such smart lines that it could almost, but for its exotic colour, be an afternoon coat. It is carried out in a crêpe cotton material in vivid shades of tangerine and white and comes from Harvey Nichols



WHITE linen with plaid taffeta is a novel combination for afternoon summer wear. Capes and short jackets of plaid taffeta are also seen for evening wear and nearly always accompany dresses of plain organza



WHITE flecked with beige in an almost uncrushable cotton material makes this attractive blouse with short cape sleeves and a bow at the neck which comes from Marshall and Snelgrove



Left:

GLOVES of patterned cotton material in bright shades of yellow, green or red have white palms and broad gauntlets piped with white. They are to be found amongst a number of novelties at Harvey Nichols

What I *have* Bought this Month

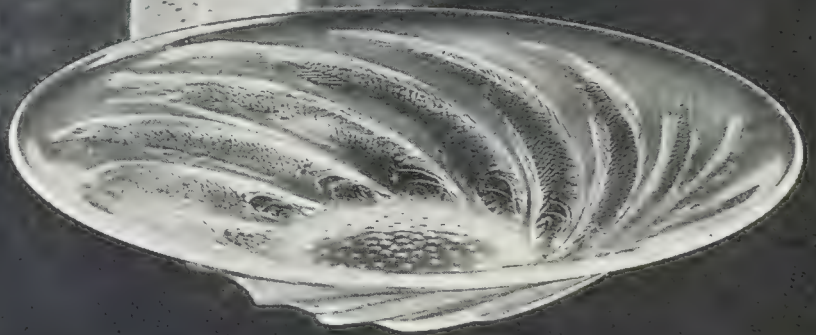


HAND-HAMMERED English pewter of excellent workmanship makes this attractive tea-set, price 25/-. The tray to match costs 12/6. These goods will be sent on approval against cash with the order, and an illustrated catalogue will be sent on request



A ZIP-FASTENED flexible leather case contains three silver-topped bottles, guaranteed not to leak. This useful travelling companion costs £2 10s.

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply



AN unusual design of fishes adorns this beautiful Lalique dish, which is equally useful for flowers or fruit. It measures 11½ inches across and costs 1 guinea

THE famous Lenci porcelain is becoming as popular in this country as it is in its native Italy. This exquisite little piece, useful as an ashtray, costs 31/6

A SOLETTE sunshade, i.e. one made of a transparent material which intercepts the sun's burning rays, but does not obscure one's vision, is a fashionable novelty this season. Price 10/6



OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE for the HOME DRESSMAKER



No. 373 This simple washing frock would look equally well in a check gingham or in a plain colour. It has a square neck and sleeves which may be left to flare like little capes over the shoulders or can be gathered into an elastic. The skirt is moderately full and a sash or belt of a contrasting colour is an attractive addition. $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36" material are required

No. 373 Here is the same dress made in pale blue zephyr with a navy blue belt and collar. It would also look most effective in white piqué with a scarlet collar and belt, or in yellow with white accessories. Harvey Nichols have a good range of these cotton materials at very reasonable prices. Five-eighths of a yard is required for the extra collar and cuffs

How to Buy

THE patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



No. 374 A red and white striped material from Harvey Nichols at 2/11 a yard, which does not crease and which is thick enough not to show one's underwear unduly, would be an excellent material in which to carry out this design. The diagonal stripes of the bodice are kind to full figures and the collar and cuffs would look well in white piqué. 4 yards of 36" material are required

No. 374 The same pattern but made in white piqué with navy blue revers would look extremely smart. The skirt is cut on a wrap-over design but is flared enough to give complete freedom of movement. Three-quarters of a yard of extra material in a contrasting colour is required for the revers, cuffs and belt. Bright yellow and dark brown is an unusual colour combination.



A Gallery of WOMEN

Contemporary

TURN the pages of the illustrated weekly and yawn over the pictures of bored women on shooting sticks. I saw them in this same journal seven days ago, on these same shooting sticks, wearing the same bored expressions. But then they were at Lingfield, now they are at Plumpton. Who would know that it was Plumpton? Who would care? A handful of people, perhaps. The bored women themselves; the photographers who have wives and children to keep; the printers of the periodical; the men who run the newspaper clipping agencies and are paid by many of the bored women to spy out every printed mention of them in the press of the land.

I get away from the shooting sticks and the bored women with their men friends, who never seem to be their husbands. I come to pages sprinkled with debutantes who look like film actresses and film actresses who look like death. The same familiar faces. The same names. A different hat from the week before, a different frock. But the same smile or the same languor. Has nothing changed since a week ago?

... and (left) is Miss Jeanne Stourton, who, of course, is always regarded as Margaret Whigham's double. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton.

Another page slips between my thumb and forefinger, a page gay with groups of women and a few men who might be mistaken for women.

... (centre) is Miss Jeanne Stourton at the cocktail party in connection with the "Come and be Filmed" dance. ...

I pick up another illustrated weekly. It scarcely differs from the issue of the week before or the one I have just dropped on the floor. Time stands still in this small world which seems only to eat and drink, dance and golf, sit on shooting sticks and hunters.

... Miss Jeanne Stourton (right) was another of the Society girls who acted as programme girls at the French Picture Matinée.

... Miss Jeanne Stourton, who is a niece of Viscount Southwell, caught by the camera at the special charity performance of "Helen." ...

There are a pile of these weeklies at my feet. I have gathered them together for just this purpose, and I open them at random.

... picture shows another group at the Café de Paris—Miss Jeanne Stourton with Mr. John Henderson and Mr. John Hanbury. ...

... supper time at Monseigneur. Seen above are Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mr. Jocelyn Beauchamp. ...

... in the crowded ballroom. Mr. Baring and Miss Jeanne Stourton seen in the foreground. ...

IT is eight o'clock in the evening and the telephone is ringing in a tiny flat in a mews tucked away somewhere behind Baker Street. The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney speaks into the mouthpiece, puts the instrument back on its bracket and turns to us.

To me she says: "Jeanne Stourton's going to be late."

And to her husband: "Jimmy, let's start."

He glances at the clock.

"What time does the play begin?"

I tell him "half-past eight," and he says "Right!" and makes for the champagne. Francis Rodney and I proceed to open four



dozen oysters and set them on the small table. There is scarcely space in this little room for four people and four dozen uneaten oysters, and the problem is solved in the only possible way to the only possible kind of conversation for such a meal. The minutes tick themselves pleasantly away while we gossip, and I

am just telling them of my difficulty—or my taxi-driver's difficulty—in locating their obscure mews flat, when the door opens, Miss Jeanne Stourton is announced, and Miss Jeanne Stourton comes into the room, lifts the words from my lips and ends the story of our mutual trials almost as part of her greeting.

"Am I a saint or am I not?" she demands, and waits for no answer. "All the best children in your neighbourhood have been playing hide-and-seek with my taxi-driver for the last ten minutes. He kept going this way and that, but could he find your place? *Could* he? What with opening his door to whisper intimate little confidences to me, and bawling at people on the street corners, we've had a grand time. We must have been in every mews in London. You ought to have little maps for your friends. A new game for winter evenings. Find the Rodneys."

She does not smile when we smile. She continues to talk

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

Portraits: No. 3, Jeanne Stourton



in her quiet, soothing voice with the curious crisp bite in it. She makes her points in short staccato phrases, and she knows—like every good dog owner—that when you speak softly you have to be listened to. We listen.

Jeanne Stourton at this moment is the tiniest bit "up-stage." She has built up her entrance very effectively, and she stands looking at us now, an extremely decorative bit of work in a lovely evening frock of silver lamé with white organdie puff sleeves. Like all good artists, she can stay outside herself and measure the quality of the picture. She is conscious always of the effect she is producing, and nothing is farther from conceit.

Every wise woman knows that the first business of woman is to make herself attractive; only the vain ones think otherwise. Jeanne Stourton is wise in a wise generation of girls who can gaze into their mirrors and put out their tongues at what they see; and who can also, fifteen minutes later, blow an affectionate kiss to the same, so-different mirrored face. I imagine that she spent not a minute more on her preparations for this evening of ours than she would for lunch with a girl friend, but she has used her time and her talents well, and she is having her artist's moment of silent applause.

She is a white swan in this small room. A rather plump little swan, it is true, but still a swan; very straight, very sure of herself. Her dark head is still and proud on the graceful neck, and her black eyes are proud and secretly laughing as they look at you. They seem to be very black against the whiteness of her flawless skin. Her eyelids have been creamed or vaselined, and are softly moist in the glow of the electric light. Her lips are moist too, moist and startlingly red. The same red gleams on her finger nails against her white frock. Very, very decorative. A foam of white swan, a dark proud head; a bow of bright red mouth, darting points of red as her hands move. Where are the photographers?

She sits down. She will not have champagne; Jeanne Stourton drinks only water. But she smokes. She fits a cigarette into her holder now, and it sticks out at an absurdly assured

(Continued on page 96)



SHE knelt down and faced her problem—a child.

There were many such problems in London—children with unknown fathers, children with missing fathers, children with drunken fathers, children with dead fathers.

Always, at the time, it was a problem for the mother, and for years after, and then, later, a problem for the child.

All around were houses, thousands of them, large mansions, crowded tenements, rows and rows of houses, miles and miles of streets.

And in every street there was a problem like hers.

Children came—thousands and thousands of them. The world had no room for them. No one cared. No one seemed to want to help.

The picture of the child seated in a field of buttercups, with its arms stretched out to the blue heavens, looked just a lie—the adoration of children a myth, a fable.

At least, that was what the unwilling mother thought.

It was all very well for those with money to hand them over to nurses. It was easy for those living in nice suburban villas to wash them in the morning, and send them off to school, and smile when they returned.

But here, in a cot beside her, was a calamity.

"What do mothers do with all these children?" she wondered.

There were workhouses, now politely called "institutions." There were adoption homes, and societies. But oh, how she dreaded the formality of all that, and the questioning!

Motherhood once was sacred, a thing which poets had exalted, and about which the novelists had written down thousands and thousands of words.

Now, they wrote statistics instead.

And the Machine Age grew nearer and nearer, an age in which children, more and more, would become unwelcome.

She thought of the Labour Exchange queues and the streams of workless.

And then she did what thousands of other women have done before in extremity. She prayed. . . .

Clergymen did not want her kind, she had thought, passing a church door. She was only another of those "problems," alas, now too many for solution even by the men of God!

She had kept the first commandment, "Increase and multiply and replenish the earth." But the increasing seemed multiplied too much, and the replenishment had become overstocked.

She felt a criminal. Women would pull their skirts on one side as they passed, if they only knew. A policeman might have something to say.

The landlady, herself a victim of economic necessity, threatened to turn mother and child into the street.

If there were no baby, there might, by some lucky chance, be work. But there could not be both.

And so she prayed. . . .

She had heard of "ministering angels" and she had read "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the earth." And there was the phrase "The everlasting arms" that came to her mind.

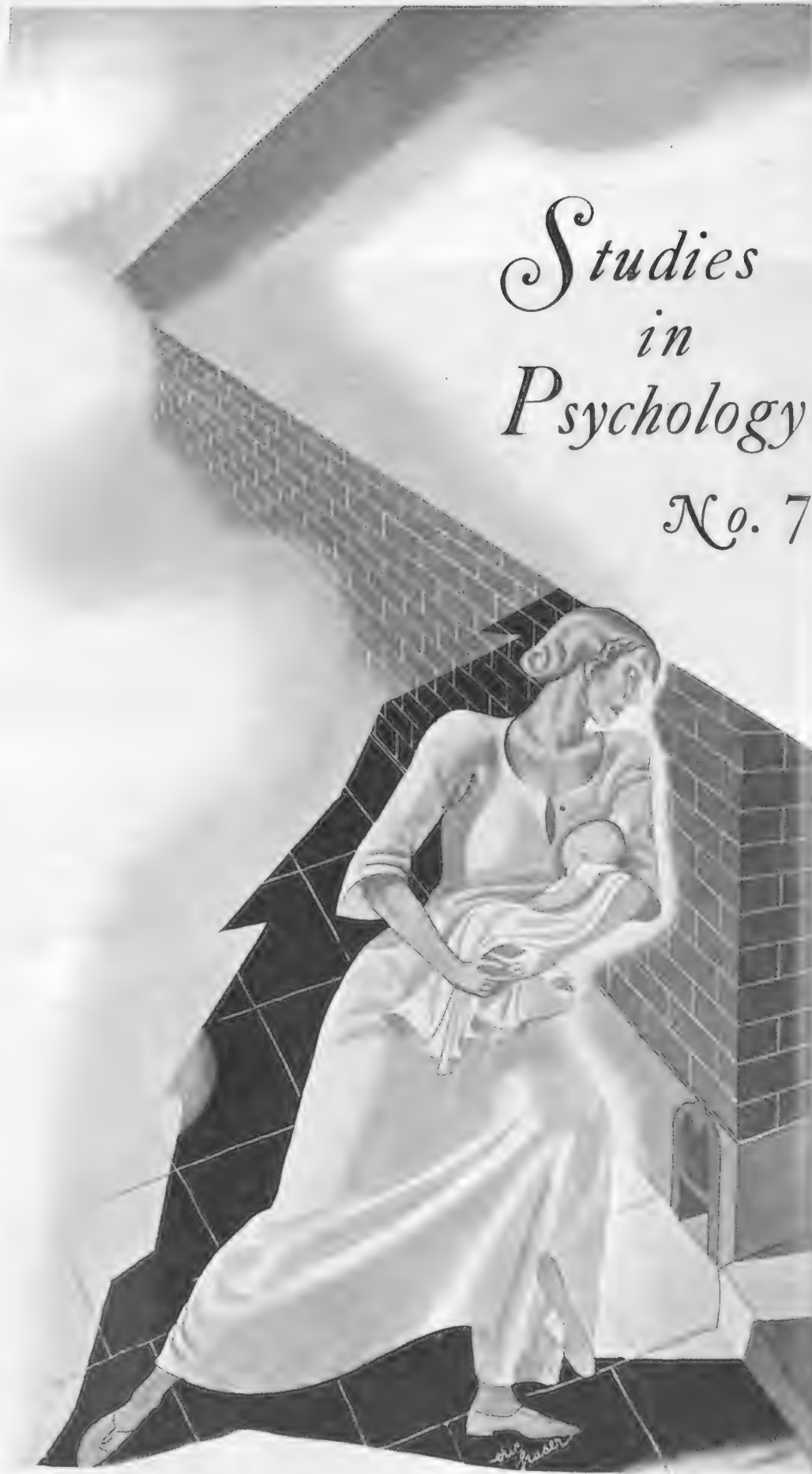
Were they just beautiful phrases, rhythmic words, all built on a delusion? Or was there something behind it all?

And so she prayed. . . .

Then there came what seemed to be a way out. She would

Studies in Psychology

No. 7



lose her child and leave it to the "everlasting arms." She would entrust it to the "ministering angels."

She had knelt down despairingly. She arose determinedly.

She clutched her child. She went to the door. She walked out into the night.

OUTSIDE, a thick fog had fallen. It blotted out all London. Strange shapes went by which none could recognise.

By
Hannen Swaffer

"The Everlasting Arms . . ."

*In every Street there was a Problem
just like hers. Children came—
thousands and thousands
The world had no*

*of them.
room . .*

Then, for another hour, she walked. "I have left my past behind," she said. "I can start afresh."

But, determined that her old life should be so far behind that she and it would be for all time separate, she still walked on, to lose in the fog all knowledge of where, on a doorstep, in the night, her child waited for someone to foster it.

And, as she walked, blundering on, she still prayed. "Mother of God," she said, "look after my child. Give it the best home that any child can find. Find for it a perfect mother. Ensure its future. And bathe us both in your love."

And, still, on into the night she wandered. . . .

Then, after what seemed hours, she asked her way. She sought her own address where, with a new courage, a new independence and a new hope, she could face life afresh.

The fog began to lift. As quickly as it had come, it disappeared.

London was not a place of mystery then, but the old London with its thousand dramas, and its myriad of comedies and its pushful, restless life—its lights and shadows, its gaieties and its gloom.

She saw the corner of her own street and, then, the house in which she lodged. With streaming eyes, she reached the door. And there, on the step—miracle of miracles!—was her child.

With an ecstasy of wonder, she knelt and gathered it to her breast. The "ministering angels" had been at work. The "everlasting arms" had sheltered her and her baby.

It was her job, this child, she knew, now. It was a problem that she alone could solve. It was not a waif for someone else to nurture, but the flesh of her own flesh and the blood of her own blood, for her to care for and to love. It was a responsibility that she could not shirk.

And as she opened the door, with her burden stirring in her arms, she seemed to hear inside her, "Lo, I am with you always." . . . Then she knew that the "ends of the earth" were something that not even the fog could wipe out, but that love pervaded everything and was the universal law.

It was the same problem that she faced—the problem which had taken her out into the night.

But *she* was different. She knew that she was not alone—that around her, in her trials, were everlasting arms that had neither shape nor substance, but which encircled all human miseries and encompassed all human fears.

She had led herself into temptation—and been delivered from evil.

And the fog that had enveloped London had gone, too, from her mind. She could see a future that patience could endure.

The child smiled in her arms. . . .

you blunder on. It all seems like some dark, dank underworld. The tooting of horns and the ringing of bells make raucous the night. But, otherwise, it is just blackness. . . .

On and on she walked, it seemed for miles. Now she turned to the right, and then, far on, to the left again. Sense of direction had long since gone.

Clutching her child, she walked for miles. Did something touch her then?

It seemed that there was a friendliness surrounding her. Once, when she nearly fell, it seemed to hold her up. It seemed to be guiding, leading somewhere. . . .

She walked right on. She went by houses that she could not see. She blundered, now and then, through traffic dimly feeling its way. It all moved so slowly. But, apart from the hooting and the bells, London was silent and still.

And all the time, inside her being, there was echoing a prayer. She did not want to see her child again. Nor did she want to know what had become of it.

She merely asked that it should find a home where it would be safe.

And on and on she walked, hoping that the fog would blot out all her knowledge of that night and its persistent pilgrimage. Even the fog seemed an answer to her prayer. It promised oblivion—a new beginning.

Then something seemed to stop her. And a voice whispered. "Here," it said.

She felt her way to a door—and on the step she laid the child. She kissed it once and said "Good-bye" and left it on the step. Then, with tear-stained cheeks, she blundered on again—alone.

Then, for another hour, she walked. "I have left my past behind," she said. "I can start afresh."

But, determined that her old life should be so far behind that she and it would be for all time separate, she still walked on, to lose in the fog all knowledge of where, on a doorstep, in the night, her child waited for someone to foster it.

And, as she walked, blundering on, she still prayed. "Mother of God," she said, "look after my child. Give it the best home that any child can find. Find for it a perfect mother. Ensure its future. And bathe us both in your love."

And, still, on into the night she wandered. . . .

Then, after what seemed hours, she asked her way. She sought her own address where, with a new courage, a new independence and a new hope, she could face life afresh.

The fog began to lift. As quickly as it had come, it disappeared.

London was not a place of mystery then, but the old London with its thousand dramas, and its myriad of comedies and its pushful, restless life—its lights and shadows, its gaieties and its gloom.

She saw the corner of her own street and, then, the house in which she lodged. With streaming eyes, she reached the door. And there, on the step—miracle of miracles!—was her child.

With an ecstasy of wonder, she knelt and gathered it to her breast. The "ministering angels" had been at work. The "everlasting arms" had sheltered her and her baby.

It was her job, this child, she knew, now. It was a problem that she alone could solve. It was not a waif for someone else to nurture, but the flesh of her own flesh and the blood of her own blood, for her to care for and to love. It was a responsibility that she could not shirk.

And as she opened the door, with her burden stirring in her arms, she seemed to hear inside her, "Lo, I am with you always." . . . Then she knew that the "ends of the earth" were something that not even the fog could wipe out, but that love pervaded everything and was the universal law.

It was the same problem that she faced—the problem which had taken her out into the night.

But *she* was different. She knew that she was not alone—that around her, in her trials, were everlasting arms that had neither shape nor substance, but which encircled all human miseries and encompassed all human fears.

She had led herself into temptation—and been delivered from evil.

And the fog that had enveloped London had gone, too, from her mind. She could see a future that patience could endure.

The child smiled in her arms. . . .

Now and then, a light just managed to peer through the all-concealing fog. When she had walked a few yards, and turned a corner or two, her whereabouts were hidden, even from herself.

Have you ever been out in one of those fogs which, once a year perhaps, envelop London? They seem to blanket even the sound of traffic. You see a railing now and then, or the shape of a door. But, otherwise, you might be sightless, as

See how it

When *the* time *for*
house arrives, here
which *may*



WHERE the need for an extra room cannot be reconciled with the space available in immediate proximity to the house, a garden room is a novel and delightful solution if space permits. The illustration shows a room of brick and timber foundation, weather boarded outside in oak (or, alternatively, elm), and a roof of hand-made sand-faced tiles. Where space and funds allow this might be a room of practical utility and decorative effect

IN building a house, there are several good reasons for the omission of certain luxuries which, after a few years' residence, resolve themselves into sheer necessities. Foremost among these, perhaps, is the need for economy during the costly undertaking of erecting a house. Few of us can afford at such time to look ahead and to provide on the spot for the needs of a nebulous future; neither do we, in these times, acquire at one fell swoop the amenities of house and garden which we hope ultimately to attain.

At the same time, it is a wise purchaser who chooses his property with some thought for possible additions when necessity and funds arise. A house that can be "developed" is at once an economy and a sound investment, since the expenses of a change of residence due to the expansion of a household are saved, while each addition to the property enhances its value if the development is constructionally and artistically sound.

There are innumerable ways of enlarging and developing a house, some elaborate and costly, others less so. But whatever changes are to be attempted there is no doubt that a sufficiency of space for expansion around the house is of the greatest use in carrying the venture to a successful finish. For this reason, the purchase at the time of building of more land than would, perhaps, seem to be compatible with economy and immediate needs will later prove to be an investment of infinite importance.

I have in mind an excellent example of such forethought which proved to be a substantial economy in the end. The house in question was of the cottage type



AGAIN a garden room. This time of timber and thatch with sliding glass windows overlooking a tennis court. A perfect summer dining-room or bedroom for sleeping out of doors

with originally, I believe, six rooms only—three up and three down. The fruits of a rather drastic economy of space in the house itself were spent upon the purchase of a spacious piece of land upon which to erect it. The result was a small but charming house in a large garden which lent itself to purposes of expansion as funds permitted.

THE arrival in the first few years of two sons taxed the accommodation of this house to such an extent that it was thought advisable to begin expanding and, accordingly, a reshuffle of rooms was organised. A new kitchen was first built into a space at the side of the house, the original kitchen being converted to a dining-room and the old dining-room reappearing as a delightful nursery.

Though not a very ambitious undertaking, yet it solved the problem of comfortably accommodating the newcomers

whilst adding substantially to the value and importance of the property.

Later on, a further addition to the family of two more children revived the problem. This time a bedroom was built on over the recently acquired kitchen, and such was the skill with which the new materials were matched that the newer portion of the house is hardly detectable from the old.

Even then, however, in view of the increasing needs of a growing family and the inevitable additions to the domestic staff that were entailed the problem of accommodation remained still partly unsolved.

Further additions to the house itself were, for the time being, impracticable, so that the proposition of an entirely separate structure was mooted and found, upon investigation, to be a practicable solution. Here, of course, is where the advantages of such a large

By
Winifred
Lewis

GROWS

improving *your*
are suggestions
assist you



PART of a one-storey structure, again detached from the house, is here shown. It comprises a garage, a servant's bed-sitting-room, and a study for the owner remote from the interruptions of the household. This timber-and-tile structure is a pleasant feature of the garden scheme and an economical solution of a difficult problem of expansion

EXTENDING an existing entrance hall to include a sun-porch is an expedient worth contemplating both for its character and for the extra space it provides. The porch addition to the house sketched is of British Columbia Pine, painted and glazed with "Vita" glass. The flat roof is of lead or asphalt, and stone or brick would be used for the steps

AN ingenious and practical addition was made to this house with the projecting gable, which increased existing accommodation by two rooms, whilst adding, not inconsiderably, to the architectural effect of the whole. Architects : Walker and Harwood, F.R.I.B.A.

piece of land began to make itself felt. Whilst erecting such a place, it was found possible and economical to serve several purposes, so there finally arose at one end of the garden a long, one-storey structure, of attractive design in weathered timber and tile, which comprised a garage, a servant's bed-sitting-room, and a study for the man of the house triumphantly remote from the disturbances of a very young household !

Far from being an irrelevant feature, the "Bungalow," as it is called, fits pleasantly into the garden ensemble and serves its purpose satisfactorily when further structural additions to the house are inadvisable. Moreover, this expedient has proved to be less costly than might have been the case had these people changed their residence with their changing requirements, with all the risk of depreciation incurred, to say nothing of the incalculable expense of equipping a new house on the lines of the old. This, incidentally, at a time when a young family is springing up, with demands of every conceivable kind upon the purse.

Apart from the more urgent needs of expansion, the time comes in every house-owner's experience when certain improvements are desirable from a point of view of comfort as well as of improvement to the property.

Minor undertakings, such as the conversion of a dark room into a sunny one or an awkwardly-shaped room into one of more amenable proportions, are much less costly than is generally supposed if the attempt is made in a simple and economical way.

In the case of a small room, much actual "elbow-room" can be acquired by enlarging and building out a window, while the impression

SMALL rooms can be enlarged at moderate cost by the addition of a large window through which light and cheerfulness are admitted as effectively as "elbow-room." The lower portion of the window sketched is of brick or brick rendered in cement, the upper part of painted deal or oak, with leaded lights in casement windows. The flat roof could be enriched with growing plants



of space and cheerfulness is in this way enormously enhanced. An illustration on these pages shows how the addition of a large bay window adds to the charm and importance of a small room by increasing the floor space and bringing the interior into closer relationship with the garden. The addition of fresh win-

dows may, in fact, be considered a major step in the improvement of most houses by adding to their lightness from within as much as to their apparent "roominess" from without.

The loggia and its uses is something we have yet to comprehend in this country. True, one sees an occasional

of the discomforts of the garden itself, especially if enclosed with "Vita" glass and fitted with sliding windows which enable the room to be thrown open on warmer days.

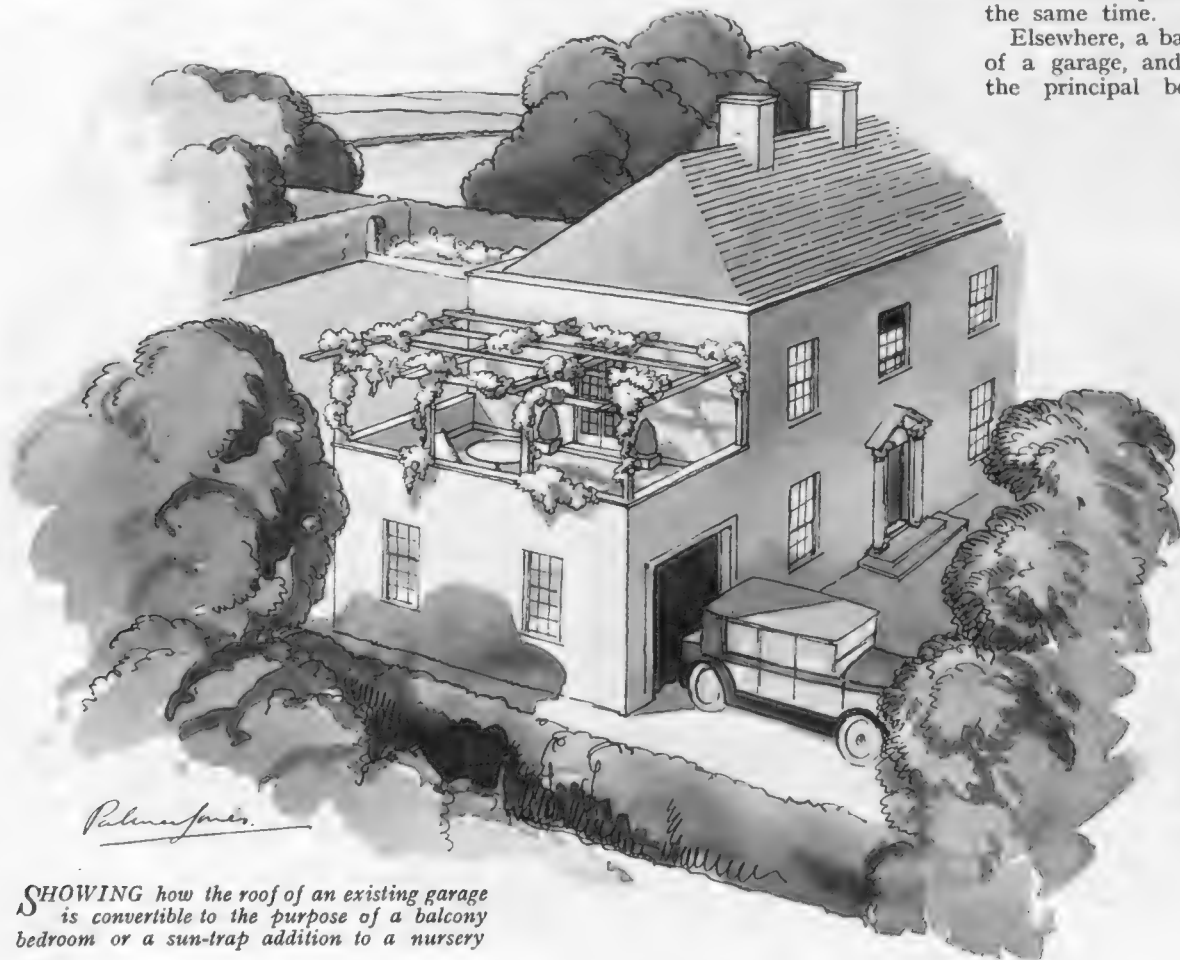
In one of the sketches which accompany this article our artist shows with what advantage to the appearance of the house, as well as to its comfort, a sun-room can be added to the front. In this case, the addition is an expedient adopted to extend a rather small entrance-hall, and succeeds in killing *three* birds with the proverbial stone by becoming an imposing entrance, whilst extending the hall and providing a sun-parlour at the same time.

Elsewhere, a balcony built on the roof of a garage, and opening from one of the principal bedrooms, is sketched.

This is another extension which has its decorative advantages no less than those of comfort and practicality.

Opening from a nursery, such a balcony as the one sketched would be healthy and safe as a playground for the little ones if adequate protection were provided in the way of railings at the sides. As an extension to a bedroom, it has its obvious uses as a place for sleeping out of doors within comfortable reach of one's possessions, while the seclusion offered by the pagoda posts and screening plants adds in more ways than one to the charm of the place.

Improvements of a strictly practical



Palmer Jones.

SHOWING how the roof of an existing garage is convertible to the purpose of a balcony bedroom or a sun-trap addition to a nursery



AN extra bedroom over the garage becomes a practical proposition if a covered way is provided between the garage and the house. In the example shown, existing walls are carried up in 9-in. brickwork, and hung with vertical tiling of red or brown hand-made, sand-faced tiles. The deal casement windows are painted and an inside staircase gives access to the upper room.

nature are, on the whole, likely to come in for early attention when the question of expansion comes up for review. It is safe also to assume that most women will wish to begin operations with additions and improvements to the kitchen.

In the case of such houses as have a scullery separate from the kitchen, an extra room can be acquired, with comparatively little reorganisation, by the enlargement of the scullery and its conversion into a combined kitchen and scullery, while the old kitchen is "rehashed" as a sitting-room.

Once again, an improvement to the kitchen, which can be of the utmost service in a household where domestic help is limited, is the addition of a dining-recess. The habit of dining in the kitchen—so popular in the States—is gaining ground over here, and our kitchens are fast improving in appearance because of it.

In order that the kitchen should present a less work-a-day appearance than most, adequate concealment of its more practical features must be provided by the use of cupboards and drawers. The addition of built-in cupboards or an efficient kitchen cabinet will solve this problem, after which comes the time to build a dining-recess.

A large, square bay-window is ideal for this purpose, and, if fitted with a trestle-table and pew seats, provides light and comfortable accommodation for informal meals within arm's reach of their preparation. The complaint of eating among cooking smells does not arise if, when these improvements are made, proper facilities for ventilation are installed and cooking apparatus of reasonably modern efficiency is substituted for older means.

The advantages of small additions to a house are out of all proportion to their cost, and should not be overlooked. A new and scientifically - designed pantry, for instance, is very little to attempt, though the satisfaction and pleasure of its service are immense. An existing pantry can be lightened by the addition or enlargement of windows, and made hygienic by proper ventilation and tiled shelves.

Better store - cupboards, again, cost comparatively little to build, though their influence on the management of a house is great. I have heard of an attic room being successfully utilised as a storeroom for winter clothes and bed-linen, as well as other items which present their problems of accommo-

dation when not actually in use. A cedar-wood lining for the walls successfully disposed of the moth problem, whilst enclosed shelves and adequate hanging devices assured the clothes of protection from dust and the crushed appearance which invariably stamps things brought from winter storage.

These things, moreover, add to one's pride and interest in a property, whilst providing, in these very needful times, employment of a sound and profitable kind.



THAT the smaller additions are as important as larger ones is illustrated by these photographs of a small house before and after the addition of an arched brick gateway at one side





Zena Dare at Home

MISS ZENA DARE, who is much beloved of playgoers, is not seen as often as her admirers would wish, but she is now appearing in Ivor Novello's new play, "Proscenium"



THE long, low drawing-room has walls painted primrose yellow and curtains of red brocade. Fine tapestries hang on the walls and a bay window contains a piano



THE house contains many interesting treasures, both old and new, and the bust of Napoleon, seen standing on the desk between Miss Dare and her daughter, comes from the famous Wallace Collection



MISS ANGELA BRETT has inherited a fair share of her mother's good looks. She is devoted to this dark and furry friend

*"Chilston," Winkfield,
near Windsor, is the
country house of this
popular actress, who
in private life is the
wife of Colonel the
Hon. Maurice Brett*



**MISS ANGELA
BRETT** helps her
father with the work
of typing and collecting
Lord Esher's diary and
letters, on which he
is at present engaged

PALE biscuit-colour
walls contrast ad-
mirably with the dark
oak panelling of the hall,
which has a huge open
fireplace on which great
logs are burnt. Pewter
plates are arranged along
a shelf on one wall

*Photographed exclusively
for "Britannia and Eve"
by "Sasha"*

(Left)

PALE green and dark green
combine to make a har-
monious colour-scheme in the
dining-room, where the brocade
curtains are of the latter shade
and the panelled walls painted
in the former. Silver candle-
sconces on the walls are
an unusual lighting feature

(Right)

COLONEL BRETT'S study is one of the
oldest rooms in the house, and the
oak beams are particularly noteworthy.
There is an open fireplace, a comfortable sofa
and chairs upholstered in red, many books,
and some fine old prints. The walls are
distempered a pale shade of biscuit colour



Your Very Good Health

ON the right
are seen
Isobel Jeans's
beautiful eyes



BELOW, to
right and to
left, are studies
of Gladys
Cooper's eyes



Eyes



Of all the *Senses* Sight
is *the* most important
and irreplaceable. Care
of *the* Eyes has a
psychological as well as
physiological importance

MODERN conditions make more assaults on the eyes than is generally recognised. The increased use of glasses is not only due to the fact that more people realise their defects—even the demands of the motor licensing authorities have emphasised the importance of good sight—but it must be acknowledged that modern conditions are "hard" on the eyes. The ever-increasing street traffic, microbe-laden dust and smoke, the vitiated atmosphere of cinemas and theatres, reading by artificial light, all tend to attack the delicate membranes of the eyes.

Curiously enough, people who sensibly safeguard and develop other parts of their body with prophylactics and exercise often neglect their eyes—the most sensitive and essential, as well as one of the most beautiful, parts of their bodies.

Often it is not till they become conscious, through some accident or infection or age, that their eyes are in danger that average people give any attention to the precious possession of sight, and, even then, they are content to consult an oculist or optician, obtain a prescription for glasses and go on, with obviously deteriorating sight, taking no steps to avert catastrophe.

This is through ignorance. Much can be done to keep the eyes healthy and strong, counteract the evil effects of contingent conditions and avert the weaknesses which lead to faulty, gradually failing sight.

As in the care of every other part of the body, it is infinitely important that the eyes should be kept absolutely and hygienically clean; at the same time a tonic and antiseptic is invaluable.

People with normal sight should safeguard it by bathing the eyes, at least once a day, with an eye-wash which will



JEANNE DE CASALIS has large
and unusually expressive eyes

negative any possible infection and leave the eyes refreshed, strengthened and antiseptically cleansed. Those with delicate eyes have even more need of care. Styes, conjunctivitis, and kindred evils can be averted and cured by simple, logical, and hygienic means, and the sight is actually improved and deterioration averted by keeping the eyes clean and healthy.

AMONG the modern scientific discoveries is a solution invaluable as a preventive and curative medicine for the eyes. A daily eye-bath will prevent any infection and strengthen the eyes, and even in cases of disease the same solution has proved curative. This eye lotion is called "Optrex." It is extraordinarily efficacious in the treatment of tired eyes, and for conjunctivitis,

styes, blefaritis, and the watering and inflamed conditions which accompany hay fever, asthma, and colds, "Optrex" is at once soothing, tonic, and antiseptic.

So many optic affections are due to microbes, the membranes of the eyes being peculiarly sensitive, that an eye-wash which is prophylactic—that is, germ-killing—as well as tonic, is invaluable. Incidentally, a special eye-bath is given with this eye lotion, which necessitates certain movements of the eye-balls, thereby exercising the muscles of the eye and creating a form of eye massage as well as ensuring a thorough cleansing, which increases the efficacy of the lotion.

THE cinema is the new art form to which the majority respond. Unfortunately it makes tremendous calls on the sight, not only of the film fans, but of the actors and actresses called upon to spend hours under the strong lights of the studio. To all who value their eyes—not only "the windows of the soul," but the periscopes of the mind—an eye lotion which will strengthen, clear, and refresh their sight is invaluable, and for this reason one welcomes a scientific, standardized product such as "Optrex."

It may truly be said that what one sees one feels, and what one feels one knows. One's "outlook on life" is physical, as well as mental and moral. There are definite psychological connections between eye-sight and nervous stability, well known to oculists and neurologists, apart from the terrible anxiety inevitably aroused by a threat of eye-trouble. It is, therefore, of the first importance that the *habit* of taking care of the eyes should be formed, and that everything possible should be done to strengthen and safeguard the sight and the beauty of clear and healthy eyes.

New Altars

to

Aphrodite

Beauty Culture

The Modern Cult of Beauty is Based on the Creation and Preservation of Native Beauty . . . even Cosmetics are Realistic and Complement and Emphasize Natural Colouring and the Glow of Health

By
"Chrysis"

"**T**HAT'S an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase," wrote Shakespeare, and how right he was if "beautified" is taken to mean the falsification of the coin of real beauty—the useless efforts, by means of make-up, to disguise age, bad skins and faulty features. There is another phrase even more vile, to my thinking: "Beauty is only skin deep"—a thought which is as superficial as the shallow prettiness to which it refers. Frank Harris, a lesser genius, but more brilliant journalist and commentator than he knew, wrote of the susceptibility of the English to "mere physical beauty." "They rate it in all animals higher than any other race and study it more intimately; shorthorn bull or Berkshire sow, bulldog or greyhound; racehorse or hunter, all are admired for their perfect conformity to type which argues a most passionate and imaginative understanding of what type should be."

All of which means that the standard of beauty is higher in England than in any other country in the world. Climatic conditions and athletic freedom contribute to the achievement of this beauty to which we are so devoted.

The English have always been the most valuable supporters of foreign "Spas" and "Bads"—admittedly because their indulgences at the table made such treatments, periodically, necessary—but Aphrodite has triumphed over Dionysus. We are more temperate because the ideal of health and beauty is paramount.

When I first started the study of beauty culture—or, rather, its commercial manifestations, for I had always worshipped beauty in all its forms—I discovered that all the beauty specialists worthy of the name urgently stressed the importance of health; which is to say, *natural* beauty. All the systems worthy of the name of beauty culture have as a basic principle the actual improvement and preservation of the skin, and include cleansing, tonic and refining treatments before the question of cosmetics arises at all.

But with the progress of beauty culture, which has been so marked in the last ten years and which manifests itself so gratifyingly in the higher general standard of beauty in women of all ages and all classes, the art of make-up and the scientific production of cosmetics has advanced rapidly.

That "make-up" is bad for the complexion is an exploded myth, as long as the right preparations are used; in fact, some of the loveliest skins belong to women and girls who do not disdain to enhance their charms with cosmetics. But there is, to-day, a marked tendency towards natural effects in make-up, which should be complementary, not contradictory. This is, I think, particularly the case in the summer time, when outdoor pastimes, simple frocks, and the fact that we have to face the searching light of sunny noons make a detectably heavy make-up inappropriate.

The perfect rouge for lips or cheeks partakes of the very tone of the blood and blends with natural colouring. This property is what makes Tangee preparations so invaluable. The really surprising thing about Tangee rouge and lip-stick is that they are equally appropriate to all tones and types of complexion.

By some secret and unique process their composition is such that, after application, they change and appropriate to themselves "nature's own hue," whether it is the rosy tone which has earned for English blondes the "milk and roses" appellation, the dusky glow of the brunette or the more orange shades that belong to the complexions of some ash blondes and red-haired women. In fact, these modern cosmetics are a perfect aide-de-camp to really natural beauty.



Helan Macgregor

Madam, do you Know . . . ?

These useful hints for everyday occasions



A FEW stones placed in the bottom of a vase will enable you to arrange your flowers exactly as you would wish



A SIMPLE home-made recipe for rough and chapped hands can be made of equal parts of pure glycerine and lemon juice

THAT stones at the bottom of a flower vase will hold up the flowers and will at the same time look attractive. Both large and small stones should be used for this purpose.

THAT equal parts glycerine and lemon juice mixed together and poured into a bottle will keep your hands soft and white. Put the mixture on before the hands are absolutely dry. Rub in well, and give a final drying with a soft towel.

THAT a pinch of bicarbonate of soda put in the fresh milk will prevent it turning sour. It does not make the milk taste.

THAT jellies, moulds, and creams can be removed without any of the contents sticking if the mould or shape is wrapped round with a hot cloth first.

THAT a piece of lemon rubbed on fish knives and forks will take away the unpleasant odour of fish. That the knife used for peeling onions will not smell if it is held under a running cold tap. Fingers will respond to the same treatment.

THAT hair brushes, clothes brushes, and any brush for the dressing-table with a wooden back

should be well polished with a reliable furniture cream every month. Cover with and hold a cloth over the bristles when the polishing is in progress.

THAT leather shoes should be washed once a month in fine weather and twice in muddy weather. Wash in warm water, and use a hard brush to take off every atom of mud, grease, or dirt. Dry in the air, and polish in the usual way, using a cream rather than a paste.

THAT safety razor blades are excellent for trimming lamp wicks. Hold the blade absolutely flat, and only remove the loose surface. The metal surround should be rubbed with the blade, too; this takes away any deposit that has collected thereon.

THAT a neat rotundity may be kept in a poached egg if it is placed in warm and not boiling water. That it should be held for a second over the flame after it has been removed on the slice. A wet poached egg is not worth eating.

THAT cheese will keep moist if two lumps of sugar are placed on it before replacing it in greaseproof paper. Never keep it in a cheese-dish.

A PRACTICAL mayonnaise mixer has a tap on its funnel which allows the liquids to flow drop by drop, and a lid which prevents splashing

MILK may be preserved during the hot weather by adding to it a pinch of bicarbonate of soda; this does not give it any unpleasant taste



For the Sands

A sun-bathing suit for the very young

Material used

Paton and Baldwin's crochet wool ("Azalea") in blue and white.

THIS abbreviated little suit is designed for quite a tiny child—the baby photographed was only one! It has cross-over straps at the back, and is worked all in plain knitting (garter stitch).

To make it you will need about 2½ oz. of Paton and Baldwin's "Azalea" crochet wool in a pretty shade of blue and an ounce of white for the stripes. You will also need a pair of No. 12 Stratnoid knitting needles.

The Back

Cast on 80 stitches, and



SMART stripes adorn this small person's new beach suit

Lenore



CROSSED straps keep the suit in place, but allow the maximum of exposure

work a row into the backs of the stitches, then 16 rows of ribbing (one plain, one purl). Change to plain knitting and work 4 rows blue, 4 white, 8 blue, 4 white, 30 blue.

Next Row

Knit 2 together. Knit across row,

knitting last 2 together. Repeat this row until you have 28 stitches left on the needle, using blue all the time. Work on these 28 stitches for 18 rows (blue), then increase at each end of the work by knitting into the first and last stitch twice (front and back of the needle) in every row until you have regained the original number of stitches (all blue), then work up the front of the body to match the back, reversing the colour

stripes (30 rows blue, 4 white, 8 blue, 4 white, 4 blue, and 16 rows of ribbing). Cast off.

The Front

Cast on 56 stitches, and work a row into the backs of the stitches (blue). Work 6 rows. Join white and work 4

rows, change to blue (don't break off blue when working white stripes, but the white will have to be broken off and threaded in neatly) and work 8 rows, join white and work 4 rows, change to blue and work 20 rows, 4 white, 8 blue, 4 white, 8 blue.

Next Row

Knit across 12 stitches, cast off 32, knit 12. Work on one set of 12 stitches for 106 rows (about 9 inches), cast off, then work up the second strap in the same way, on the other set of 12 stitches.

Stretch out the lower edge of the front piece and stitch it to the top of the ribbing at the front of the knicker part, making it fit across. Cross the straps over and sew them to the top of the ribbing at the back. It is a good plan to put the little suit on to ascertain the position for them. The straps can, of course, be made longer or shorter to fit, and if desired be finished off with buttons and loops for fastening. Fold the knicker part over at the narrow leg piece, and sew up the side seams neatly. Press under a warm iron, using a damp cloth.

R.S.V.P. . . .

To Meet American *Film Stars* in English Studios

By Sydney TREMAYNE



VICTOR McLAGLEN, who has autographed this portrait specially for "Britannia & Eve" readers



SALLY EILERS with Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels and Baby Daniels



THELMA TODD, who is in England playing in a British film

"WHEN is a film star not a film star?" Assuredly when he or she is being interviewed by the Press *en masse*. Bebe Daniels arrived in England with husband and baby: Marlene Dietrich disembarked in France with husband and trousers: the French, 'a cynical people, not nearly so subject to publicists as other nations, laughed aloud. Sally Eilers reached England with a bright, hard smile on her attractive face and no other visible appendage. The husband in this case, Hoot Gibson, stetson-hatted, check-shirted hero of a hundred "Westerns," had been left behind. Victor McLaglen, also minus marital accessories, was "received" redundantly. American star, by virtue of the success won in the United States. American Citizen because of naturalisation papers taken out to protect his investments and property, but "hundred per cent." Englishman at heart, surrounded by stalwart brothers, he said his piece to the more travelled journalists who met him at Southampton and it was in print in the evening papers by the time he was repeating it with admirably simulated spontaneity to those gathered together, regaled with cocktails and sandwiches at the Dorchester a few hours later.

"Come on, Victor. Do your stuff," and he was torn from an adulatory group of lady writers with bright eyes and sharply pointed pencils to say it all over again for the keen, bespectacled young men representing lesser journals.

"I don't box so much. But I've got a gymnasium at my house. . . . Turkish baths, electric baths . . . all the apparatus . . . £80,000 invested in America. . . . The English and the Americans should be friends. . . . I'm proud to be English."

The most interesting bit of journalese about McLaglen was purely imaginative. It was clear, from the errors about his destination and so on, that the writer was one of the few film critics who had abstained from meeting the prodigal and had not heard about the gymnasium or the investments and he had an excellent and original story about the big brothers meeting in silent sorrow to mourn the loss of the one who was not there—a strong line in sobstuff.

The publicity value of the prepared story is questionable: it is doubtful if the star scintillates any more brightly for the readers of the Daily This or the Daily That, the Evening Here and the Evening There because they have denied a rumour no one ever heard about their engagement to a prince or their impending divorce. The only time that a film star is more interesting than on the screen is in the studio: then you get a glimpse of the real personality and perhaps that mysterious something which has brought them out of the crowd and made stars of them.

ENGLISH directors and English actors would do well to study the imported stars and directors at work—and British studios are full of them. We have the raw material but we have to export it and re-import it when it is made up. Think how many English stars must be stamped "Made in America"—Herbert Marshall, Charles Laughton, Victor McLaglen, Karloff, Diana Wynyard, and even lovely Evelyn Laye.

What could we learn by watching famous stars at work away from their husbands and babies and Press agents? At Elstree alone there are five pictures "on the floor" and big names on the call-



MONTE BANKS with Maria Gamberelli, the famous dancer



MARLENE DIETRICH as she appeared in the Paris Streets



BORIS KARLOFF, who is now in England working on a film, "The Ghoul," with his wife Mme. Karloff



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS with her fiancé, Mr. Benn Levy. Miss Cummings is starring in the British film "Channel Crossing"

ward. Traversing several miles of passage way and several acres of studio, stepping gingerly between coils of electric cable and sets in process of building or demolition, one is suddenly in a blaze of light facing an exotic bedroom set down apparently at hazard in the corner of a great hangar and bounded by mammoth cameras, lamps and cranes. A vast bed, raised on a dais, hung with frilled chiffon curtains, sheets and coverlets of green satin, pillows covered with flesh-coloured satin, a crystal chandelier and the appointments on the dressing-table make it apparent that this is no ordinary bedroom. It is in fact the room in which Bebe Daniels is intriguing to capture the heart of Victor Varconi in "She Wanted Her Man."

There is the usual crowd of operatives, cameramen, mechanics, "art directors," script girls, etc.: and some anonymous spectators—friends of the players, members of the Press.

On the set a slim, Cleopatra-profiled girl, with red-brown curls tied with an Alice-in-Wonderland ribbon of shell pink, wearing an orange peignoir is in close and confidential consultation with a short, broad man wearing a loose, light suit and stetson hat—Bebe Daniels and her director, Paul Stein, entirely oblivious of the shouts of the men testing lights

and moving cameras, of the coming and going of carpenters and electricians, and of the spectators, they go through certain movements and gestures together over and over again. The displacement of pillows and sheets; the placing of empty glasses at each side of the bed, for in the scene to be shot Bebe Daniels is to delude the man she wants into thinking that someone else has occupied her bedroom with her. The director himself superintends every detail. The colour of a telephone wire is wrong and must be changed, a cushion must be mended. . . . And the star shows no sign of impatience at delays or repetition, no "temperament." She listens attentively, follows Stein's instructions, has her own suggestions to make and even in these rehearsals plays her role expressively. It is obvious that she takes her work intensely seriously.

IN the next studio a wedding reception is in progress. Monte Banks, coatless and somewhat dishevelled is directing a difficult scene with Thelma Todd and Stanley Lupino as principals—difficult because there are a lot of people to handle. Each group is carefully arranged, their positions marked on the studio floor, the very angles of their heads and bodies prearranged. Time after time the scene,

which will occupy only a few feet of film, is rehearsed. Thelma Todd, almost incredibly pretty, in riding clothes, comes down the staircase, wedding guests stare and cross the set chattering—"those passing under the microphone must not speak" . . . "the lady in white two inches to the right." . . . "Move nearer to Miss Todd, Stanley" . . . "Delighted, I'm sure," murmurs Mr. Lupino casting down his eyes. All over again, because the recording man, whose voice comes strangely through the telephone, is not satisfied, "Technical 'itch,'" he explains. Again, because the murmur of the guests died down. And still Stanley Lupino is making his little jokes and Miss Todd once more confronts her "father" (James Carew), who is shocked by her unbridal attire, with arch defiance.

"She's a sweet girl," says someone. "So considerate and nice to everyone." Then comes a story of how she coached a minor member of the cast whom, in her role of spitfire, she had to throw into a bath, telling her how to fall so that the other actress should not be hurt.

The keynote of the work of these famous stars is patience, application and kindness and all the stories of temperamental display and tantrums are not true; these may be left to the lesser lights. And how these stars work! Both (Continued on page 115)

Love *comes* To-morrow

HE stood in the open doorway to Zurka's dressing-room and kept back the excited crowd. Glancing over his shoulder he saw Zurka, half dressed, hysterical, demanding to know what had happened



ZURKA had given a great performance. When the doors of the theatre opened and the crowd poured out to lose itself in the Paris night, Zurka's name was carried enthusiastically to dancings and bars, to quiet homes out in Auteuil or Passy, to hotel rooms and apartments, to newspaper offices where, for once, the jaded critics could roll up their sleeves and let themselves go. Their words went off like firecrackers. Yes, Zurka was a sensation!

But there was a bigger sensation in store for the public—it did not concern the great Zurka so much as it did the author of the play, M. Jacques Marklay.

For that evening, an hour after the curtain was rung down on the last act of *L'Illusion*, M. Jacques Marklay put a bullet through his head just outside Zurka's dressing-room.

It was Bernstein who heard the shot first, and since it required only a moment for him to run to the dressing-room door and throw it open, he was the first to see M. Jacques Marklay, Officer of the Academy, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc., lying in an ignoble, bloody heap. His head, with its marcelled grey hair, was only a foot away from the threshold, and his lips were twisted in a bitter, in a disillusioned, smile. Anyhow, that was what the newspapers said in the morning. They said also that M. Jacques Marklay lay there, not ignobly, but dramatically, like a tragic character in one of his own plays. They said a good many other

things, too. They said that M. Jacques Marklay had shot himself because of his hopeless infatuation for the great Zurka.

As he stood in the open doorway to Zurka's dressing-room and kept back the excited crowd, Bernstein knew only too well what the newspapers would say. Glancing over his shoulder he saw Zurka, half dressed, hysterical, demanding to know what had happened. He remembered a similar tragedy in Constantinople; another tragedy in Berlin; the sensational case of Prince Constantine Diogenidis who having followed Zurka to Vienna was poisoned there by his beau-

tiful Greek wife. With his mind's eye, Bernstein saw a trail of tragedies that Zurka had left from one end of Europe to the other.

"No, no," he said, again and again, "Madame Zurka can't see anybody. Madame Zurka has nothing to say. No, Madame Zurka knows absolutely nothing about this. To-morrow Madame Zurka will make a statement. Until then——"

It was impossible, with Bernstein holding the door, to get at Zurka. Bernstein wasn't the sort of man you could push to one side; he was too fat, for one thing, and he had too much dignity to be disposed of so lightly. Then, too, his

Illustrated by
W. S. Hutton



How it took by surprise —Zurka, Great Actress and “Femme Fatale”

By Arndt Giusti

words commanded attention. He had the fluency of those who have said the same thing over and over again. He never hesitated for a word. And not even the most cynical could for a moment doubt his sincerity. That is to say, his sincerity in all matters pertaining to the great Zurka.

For Henri Bernstein was the perfect manager. He was utterly devoted to Zurka. He had been that ever since the night—could he ever forget it?—when he discovered her, under another name to be sure, in a tingel-tangel in Constantinople. He had taken her, changed her, educated her, advertised her—he had made her into what she was to-day. The world's greatest dramatic actress! Bernstein loved Zurka, but not as Jacques Marklay, not as a hundred other men,

had loved her; he loved her without physical passion, he loved her as a father loves his adopted child, or, if you like, as a violinist loves his fiddle. When Zurka was ill he suffered with her, when she was disappointed he consoled her, when she was happy he also was happy, and when Zurka was hysterical he, and he alone, knew how to handle her.

He did so now when at last he had managed to close and lock the dressing-room door on the crowd outside. He held her in his arms and spoke to her soothingly.

“I know it's terrible. But it isn't your fault. Please don't cry, Nina.”

“Oh, why did he do it? Is it my fault that I didn't love him? What if he wrote *L'illusion* for me? Oh, my God! I swear if I'd known this would

happen I'd never have played in it.”

“You were wonderful!” Bernstein told her.

“I don't care. If I hadn't been maybe he wouldn't have killed himself. I'll never play in it again—I couldn't! To-morrow you must break my contract—to-morrow! Do you hear me?”

“Try to pull yourself together, dear. You're not yourself. You don't know what you're saying.”

“The papers to-morrow,” moaned Zurka. “It will be even worse than it was in Berlin. Oh, it is too much. I can't stand it any more!”

“My poor Nina—how cruel the world is to you!”

MEN, Bernstein reflected, were imbeciles. It was only natural that they should fall in love with Zurka, but why in the name of heaven must they kill themselves? It was a great pity, of course, that Marklay should have been such a fool. *L'illusion* was a great play, worthy of Zurka. If he had to kill himself, Bernstein asked himself, why couldn't Jacques Marklay have gone home to bed and quietly taken an overdose of veronal? Why all this publicity? It was an outrage!

But the police had arrived and were knocking at the door.

“I'll have to talk to them,” said Bernstein, with a sigh. “Get dressed, Nina. I'll do my best to keep them away from you.”

“There's nothing you can do. Nothing anybody can do.”

“Whatever happens,” admonished Bernstein, “let me do the talking.”

“Talk, talk, talk,” cried Zurka hysterically. “The world will hold me to blame for this. And all you do is talk——”

“Please get dressed,” said Bernstein gently.

And in the end he had his way. Zurka got dressed, and he opened the door and let in the police. The reporters were there, too. Bernstein faced them blandly; his manner was perfect.

“No, gentlemen. Madame Zurka knows nothing at all about this. Very sad, is it not? M. Marklay came in after the performance to offer his congratulations. I was present myself. He seemed perfectly calm. He remained here perhaps half an hour. What was the conversation about? Oh, this and that, gentlemen. Nothing of any consequence——”

“Isn't it true,” asked someone, “that he was madly in love with Madame Zurka?”

“Absurd. Perfectly absurd!”

Bernstein shrugged his shoulders, shook his head a little, and his rather magnificent moustache bristled with indignation.

“What about Prince Constantine Diogenidis?” asked somebody else.

Bernstein shrugged again. His manner was so perfect that he made the young man from the *Petit Parisien* who had asked the question feel ashamed. But only for a moment. An elderly gentleman in evening clothes, who had been walking past the theatre and had come in with the police, made an expressive gesture and added:

"Ah, the Zurka—what a woman! A *femme fatale*, gentlemen. A *femme fatale*!"

THAT was what the newspapers called her next day—the fatal woman!

Of course they brought up again the sensational affair of Prince Constantine Diogenidis; the tragic death of Ali ben Mehdy who—just as the world was forgetting about Prince Constantine—offered his broken heart on the altar of publicity by cutting his throat in the foyer of the theatre where Zurka was playing in the *Jewess of Toledo*; they recalled in detail the sad end of the Baron von Hundelshausen and the even sadder end of Lady Hodges, the erotic Englishwoman who threw herself from a cliff into the Lago di Como, leaving behind her a will that bequeathed to Zurka a fortune of some fifty thousand pounds. Lady Hodges' family contested the will, and Zurka got nothing. As a matter of fact, she had never in her life met Lady Hodges. There were people who believed that, and others who did not and hinted that there must be an unsavoury, and unprintable, explanation. Anyhow, it all added to the mystery—the papers insisted on making a mystery of it—and was a change from the publicity that had helped to make Zurka famous.

And now there was the suicide of Jacques Marklay.

Every newspaper in Paris had his picture on its front page, and next to it a picture of Zurka, and underneath in big black letters the story of his tragic death. There were long articles giving an account of his distinguished career, there were pictures of various members of his family, there were appreciations and reminiscences. Everyone agreed that *L'Illusion* was his greatest play. Everyone agreed that Zurka had inspired him to write it. Nearly everybody agreed that Zurka was responsible for his death. A bishop, a cabinet minister, a prize-fighter and the daughter of an American millionaire were asked to give their opinions. Needless to say, they gave them. One of the American newspapers published in Paris discovered a chef at a small restaurant just off the Avenue de l'Opéra who had for years featured a "Zurka gulasch." The whole affair, as was bound to happen, degenerated into rather a nasty mess. A gulasch, in truth, flavoured with a great deal of doubtful

taste, the paprika of gossip, a few truths and here and there a bit of charming sentiment. By the time the newspapers of Germany and England and America had got hold of it, the gulasch was anything but an appetising dish. But the public gobbled it up.

It added to Zurka's reputation. There could be no doubt now that she was every bit as dangerous as the newspapers had made her out to be. A *femme fatale*!

Bernstein did not have to break her contract. The theatre did that for him, and Zurka's part in *L'Illusion* was given to a French actress whose lack of talent was made up for by an unblemished reputation. Bernstein had arranged for a season in London, and that was cancelled also, though for the benefit of the public he used the word "postponed."

He sent a telegram to Berlin and another to Vienna, but the answers were most unsatisfactory. He could no longer hide the truth—it was staring him in the face. For the first time in years, Zurka was without an engagement.

"SOMETHING will have to be done," said Bernstein thoughtfully.

From the living-room of Zurka's apartment he could look down on the Champs Elysées. There were swarms of people and endless lines of motor-cars; buses lumbered by; a hundred different noises blended into one, the honk and screech and whir and rattle of the traffic, the hum of the ever-shifting crowd. It was a fine spring day, and in the springtime there is an atmosphere of festive conspiracy in the streets of Paris that excites the senses and stimulates the sluggish mind.

But there was a troubled frown on Bernstein's face, as he lighted a fine Havana cigar and stood at the open



window sending little puffs of smoke out into the sunlight.

"The public is crazy," he mused. "But you can't help that. The public plays the tune and you've got to dance to it, whether you like it or not."

He turned and glanced at Zurka, who was sitting on the sofa idly smoking a cigarette. She had on a new gown that Lanvin had created especially for her. It was of black *crêpe de Chine*, and she wore it as only Zurka could wear a gown.

"The imbeciles!" Bernstein told himself bitterly. "A woman in a million. A great actress. And as good as she is beautiful."

Yes, the world's injustice was weighing heavily on his shoulders.

"Something will have to be done," he repeated slowly.

"I'm afraid so," agreed Zurka

"I haven't quite figured it out. But we'll have to convince the public, somehow, that you're not the dangerous, the wicked, woman they think you are."

Zurka threw back her lovely head and laughed her famous laugh. But it didn't ring quite true.

"I'm worried," went on Bernstein. "There's no use pretending I'm not. As things are now, it looks as though you might not get another engagement for months, maybe years. People are afraid of you."

Zurka did not laugh again. She tossed away the fag-end of her cigarette and lighted a fresh one.

"I tell you, Nina, times have changed. A reputation such as you have used to be worth millions. But to-day—well, you can see for yourself."

And suddenly an idea came to life in Bernstein's mind; slowly it took form. Zurka took several quick pulls at her cigarette.

Bernstein cleared his throat. "I have it, Nina. Don't laugh at me. I'm quite serious. The thing for you to do is to get married."

Zurka gave a gasp of surprise, but

"Well, I won't do it."

"Don't be a fool! You've got to."

It was seldom that Bernstein spoke to her in such a tone, but when he did he always got what he wanted.

"After all," he pointed out, "the thing is done every day. Just a business arrangement. We'll find some nice young man who will marry you and give you a new reputation; in short, make a good woman of you, and in return you will pay him a certain sum every month. He'll never bother you. You'll hardly know you're married. There's nothing to it. I can see already the publicity you'll get."

"I don't suppose any of my admirers would do," suggested Zurka wickedly. "I still have a few left. What about Godinez?"

"Don't try to make a joke of it, Nina. It's a serious matter."

"If you don't like Godinez, there's Johnny Potts. He's nearly always drunk. I dare say he wouldn't know what he was doing. Or the baron—whatever his name is?"

"No, they won't do at all. We want someone—someone different."

"Must he be in love with me?"

"I don't see that it makes much difference," Bernstein pointed out. "Now, let me think—"

Just then the telephone rang, and he picked up the receiver.

"Hello! Who? M. Igor Golowin—" Turning to Zurka he asked: "Who's Igor Golowin? Do you know him?"

Zurka lay back on the sofa and yawned a little.

"I don't know. He may be just what you're looking for."

SHE recognised Igor Golowin the moment he came into the room. She had known him in Berlin, casually. He had been, as you might say, one of her more unimportant admirers. He was a good-looking young Russian, with charming

manners and a frank, boyish face. Bernstein noticed the fervour with which he kissed Zurka's hand.

"Whatever brought you to Paris?" she asked.

She remembered how night after night he had come to the theatre where she was playing. He had made rather a nuisance of himself!

"An uncle of mine is living here," Igor explained. "He thought I'd better come and live with him. I was so excited when I knew you were going to play in *L'Illusion*. You were marvellous!"

Zurka glanced at Bernstein, and then she got up said:

"You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?"

Bernstein, smiling blandly, gave Igor one of his fine Havana cigars, and, over an *apéritif*, they had a pleasant little chat. Deftly, with a skill that a police inspector could not but have admired, Bernstein questioned him.

"Heaven must (Continued on page 102)

SO Zurka and her husband went to the Lago di Como, where the camera sought them out in a dozen different poses. . . .



Bernstein went on quickly: "I can give you a dozen examples. Believe me. Almost any of the great actresses to-day."

Zurka looked at him for a moment, and then she burst out laughing, honestly this time.

"I was never more serious in my life," Bernstein told her. "It's the only thing for you to do."

"And whom am I going to marry?" asked Zurka.

"That won't be difficult," said Bernstein, with a smile.

BOOKS

Reviewed by

ARNOLD
PALMER

The Traveller Returns
—Real News versus
the News Reel



EVELYN CHEESMAN, Author of
"Backwaters of the Savage South Seas"

THERE is—as somebody must surely have observed before now—no place like home. This explains why there are people who cannot bring themselves to leave it, and also why there are others who cannot stand it for long. We are all familiar with those men and women who, wearying even of Glasgow, Manchester, and the Cromwell Road, must be for ever seeking the discomforts of deserts or ice floes, the dangers of brigands, plagues, and foreign baggages. We are familiar with them because they all write books; and from the continuance of their literature we may infer that, in spite of national appeals to buy British and see England first, certain restless souls have managed to get away. But of books written by foreigners about England there is still a comparative scarcity. What is the matter with our island? Can it be that revolution and terrorism, not to mention rapine, lack of sanitation, voodoo and cannibalism, have attractions of which no native ever tires? Are we, can we be, dull?

Leaving this disquieting speculation, let us give a hand trustfully to some of the guides who are always anxious to show us new corners of the shrinking world. I am sorry that the world is shrinking. Years ago somebody—I think it was Mr. Chesterton—remarked that the world looked a much bigger place to the man who had never strayed beyond his own street than to the explorer. The cinema has proved the truth of this assertion. Before the film palaces were built, we credited the remote corners of the globe with unimaginable scenery. Nowadays we all know just what Africa, South America, and the Islands are like, and we are all disappointed to find that when they aren't the same as Surrey they are the same as Yorkshire. Earth, it seems, cannot be more than earth, nor trees anything but trees. Some mountains are higher than others, but then there have always been views of Switzerland, even before the cinema came.

We have the Zoo, and Kew Gardens, and black men outside the pubs of Seven Dials. We can eat French food, and Chinese and Russian and German and Italian and Spanish and Indian food. What inducement is there to travel, to miss Wimbledon and the Gentlemen and Players?

Fortunately for me, I don't have to provide an answer to this question. It is already provided by something which runs in Anglo-Saxon veins. When Miss Evelyn Cheesman, the entomologist, went to the Pacific Islands, the resident cannibal chiefs may have been surprised, though I suspect them of exploiting cannibalism in much the same way as the Montmartrois exploits night life. But none of her friends will have seen anything odd in her journey. All English ladies, especially if they are unmarried, travel, and most of them travel far and travel well. Miss Cheesman's book, *Backwaters of the Savage South Seas* (Jarrolds, 16s.), is typical of the best of its kind. That is to say, it is written quietly and—in spite of its rather clumsy title—neatly. One never disbelieves her for a moment; in fact, she clearly underrates her own courage and endurance. The natives reproduced in her photographs are notably ugly and awe-inspiring. But Miss Cheesman was genuinely interested in them, so interested that she was not frightened of them; and what she tells us about them re-

creates that innocent and fearful wonder which we used to feel before the news reel showed us, twice a week, its polite and posturing negroes.

CAMERA men, no doubt, have penetrated into the interior of Brazil. But, thanks to its naked savages and its thirty-foot snakes, not all of them will have returned; and, thanks to the untamed jungle, there are vast tracts where no aeroplane can land. In *The Amazing Amazon* (Lincoln Williams, 15s.) Mr. F. McDermott carries on Miss Cheesman's good work, and gives us the authentic thrill, and by means of the same quiet



HELEN HULL

MOST of the novels mentioned above are by experienced novelists, but not all the writers run true to form. Mr. Evans, of course, continues his life-long attack on the character of the Welsh; and Mr. Beresford, concluding his trilogy on the Hillington family, is as sound and readable as ever. But Mr. Phillpotts has departed from his accustomed path. He still writes about Devonshire, but Devonshire, for once, doesn't matter. This admirable detective story might have any county, or none, as its background.

Fiction

- "Wasps": by Caradoc Evans (Rich & Cowan, 7s. 6d.)
- "The Young People": by J. D. Beresford (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
- "The Captain's Curio": by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)
- "The Astonishing Island": by Winifred Holtby (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.)
- "Overture to Fortune": by Marjorie Booth (Murray, 7s. 6d.)
- "Hardy Perennial": by Helen Hull (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.)
- "Sailing, Sailing Swiftly": by Jack B. Yeats (Putnam, 6s.)

And Miss Holtby, aided by the illustrations of the excellent Batt, has given us a modern Gulliver, with nothing oblique about her aim. This is an amusing book, especially in small doses.

Miss Marjorie Booth has fulfilled the promise of *Caps Over the Mill* in another quiet, genuine story of the life of a typical woman of to-day. In the case of Miss Helen Hull, it is tempting to say that she has chosen a suitable title—tempting, but not quite fair. She has written, from the feminine angle, a story of the kind of man who is master in his own house. Not a strikingly original book, but well written, at once conscientious and entertaining. The plum has been kept for the last of the list. Those who remember Mr. Yeats's *Sligo* will be prepared for an utterly original and charming story, and they will not be disappointed... unless they didn't like *Sligo*. When a writer is as completely himself as Mr. Yeats, one must realise that, however improbable it may seem, there will be readers who do not care for him. For-

Biography



ERIC LINKLATER

AMONG recent volumes of biography, the most unusual and not the least interesting is *Immortals at First Hand* (Desmond Harmsworth, 12s. 6d.), wherein Mr. Cecil Harmsworth has collected contemporary descriptions of nearly 80 celebrities of the past. We are given Wellington's description of Nelson, Charlotte Brontë's impression of Matthew Arnold, Johnson on Boswell, as well as Boswell on Johnson. A large proportion of these extracts deal with physical attributes, and the general effect is extremely vivid. Of the more conventional biographies, Mr. Eric Linklater's *Mary, Queen of Scots* (Peter Davies, 5s.), sounds more exciting than it actually is. Mr. Linklater is a novelist, and the historical method is apparently quite beyond him. In his hands Mary becomes the heroine of an historical novel, and not a very convincing one at that. From the White Owl Press comes a little story by Mr. Linklater called *The Crusader's Key* (3s. 6d.). Although not a great work, it shows that Mr. Linklater's true medium is fiction; and that being so, he can compose a better picture of the past as a novelist than as an historian.

Jix, Viscount Brentford, by H. A. Taylor (Stanley Paul, 21s.), is a readable, straightforward account of a man who by honesty, industry, and shrewdness rose from the position of articled clerk in a solicitors' office to the rank of Home Secretary. Men of greater ability have occupied that post, but none more liked and respected. A photograph of young William Hicks, taken in 1894, does all that is necessary to explain his popularity; it shows an open, lively face of rare and engaging candour. Lord Brentford was a man of deep convictions, but as his beliefs were those which are held by the more solid elements of his fellow-countrymen, he was able to be a Minister of the Crown, to be an honest man, and to avoid running counter to national feeling on most of the major issues of the day. Mr. Taylor has written the sort of biography best suited to his subject. It is a pity that his book is so extravagantly priced.

Historical Novels

"The Stalking-Horse": by *Rafael Sabatini* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

"The Gun": by *C. S. Forester* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

"God-Intoxicated Man": by *E. G. Kolbenhayer* (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.)

RUMOUR says that Mr. Sabatini's sales are immense. If they are, the public is to be congratulated on its good taste. The author is very well read in history, he has excellent powers of invention, and he knows how to tell a story; but beyond taking pride in his work he does nothing to flatter his readers. On the contrary, he sees his characters, both real and imaginary, with a detached and unromantic eye, and while he does justice to the picturesque element, he is never deceived. His new story deals with Jacobite plotters in the reign of Dutch William. It is very exciting and, for an historical yarn, incredibly sensible.

Just as good and just as dependable is Mr. Forester. His method is perhaps getting a little stereotyped—the million to one chance, the forlorn hope, carefully protected and maintained against organised authority—three times, at least, he has played with this idea, and dressed it up and painted anew the background. This time it is not a man, but a solitary cannon which threatens to make obsolete our history books; the enemy is still, as in his last novel, the French Army, and the war the

Peninsular War. But one can have quite a lot of a good thing before one has too much, and as long as Mr. Forester can write novels like *The Gun* we shall not be too inquisitive about the freshness of his formula. The third of the novels named above is a translation (from the Dutch, presumably, but the publisher overrates our knowledge of the author); the scene is laid in Holland, the days are the days of Rembrandt and Spinoza. The industry and thoroughness of the author are beyond praise, and it is a pity that so much labour, which might have produced good biography, should have been wasted on a rather heavy-footed novel.



RAFAEL SABATINI

for All

fortunately, they need not long remain in doubt. The author strikes his key in his first sentences. If there is a reader who does not yield to the charm of the first page, he need not bother to go on.

It is strange that painters should, almost all, write so well, such good, firm, trenchant prose. And their good prose sends us back to their pictures with increased respect, even when we are already admirers of their work.



MARJORIE BOOTH



JACK B. YEATS

Mr. Yeats has painted many lovely pictures; but the cover and the little drawings with which he has illustrated his story seem amongst the most charming things he has done, perhaps because his voice is sounding in our ears as we regard them.

method. But in spite of their authors' virtues, both these books show that the process of shrinkage is continuing everywhere. Missionaries, Government officials, expeditionary forces and commercial travellers are all busy, with the cinema men, on the task of standardising the world. I express no opinion on the necessity of this task. I merely record that it is being conscientiously performed.

Evidence in favour of the imposition of some, at least, of the standards of civilisation is provided by Colonel James L. Sleeman's *Thug, or a Million Murders* (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.). Thuggee (pronounced Tuggee) was suppressed, owing chiefly to the efforts of Colonel Sleeman's grandfather, a hundred years ago. It was not quite a religion, not quite a brotherhood, though either of these descriptions might serve. Colonel Sleeman calls it an organisation, and we may as well follow him, even if his label requires a little explanation. The difficulty of description arises from the obscurity of the motive. Thugs seem to have killed for the love of killing. If the victim was rich, his corpse would be robbed, but the Thugs had no objection to strangling (that was the method) a man whom they knew to be penniless. They never attacked white men, and in theory all women were safe from them, but for over (Continued on page 108)

A Labour-Saving Summer

In which some
suggestions are
made for its
achievement



THIS is a gas cooker that looks cool! It has a cream enamel finish and "lids" that enclose the top when the burners are not in use. Jets light automatically when the tops are turned, and there are drawers, to which the heat does not penetrate, for smaller cooking utensils. (Easiwork Ltd.)

A COOL kitchen with cream walls, cream and black linoleum, and matching gingham curtains



A SINK of perfect design in which dishes can be washed with the greatest ease. A rubber mat minimises the risk of breakages, and chromium-plated swing taps mix hot and cold water to the exact temperature, whilst spraying it into any part of the sink as required. (Easiwork Ltd.)

A N egg whisk which does its work in half the usual time and with twice the usual effect costs 2/6



SUMMER labour-saving is exemplified in the Easiwork Steam Pressure Cooker, which prepares several kinds of food simultaneously without steam or smell at one-third the time of ordinary cooking methods



DON'T be without the pleasure of cool colours in your kitchen whilst the preparation above can so safely be used to clean delicate enamel—and with such ease. Price 1/- from Easiwork Ltd.



A N enthusiast with a mania for statistics announces that the average woman spends sixty per cent. of her life in the kitchen. Well, if the kitchen is of the right kind the time may be very pleasantly occupied, though there is something to be said for reducing the percentage to fifty, or thirty—or even less while the occupations of summer are available outdoors.

Labour-saving devices continue to appear with such unfailing ingenuity that there is no reason to expect much difficulty in achieving this end. As for the kitchen itself, we have only ourselves to blame if it is not cool and pleasant to work in.

If your kitchen happens to be stuffy and drab and the mere sight of it on a summer day makes you discontented with your lot, try a new colour scheme as a preliminary measure. A kitchen illustrated on this page is simple and copyable with cream walls and woodwork and a striking contrast of cream and black tile linoleum on the floor. Cream and black check gingham curtains the windows, and there are discreet touches of black at various points in the scheme. This is not an ambitious scheme, but it is cool and exhilarating.

Don't shrink from light colours in your kitchen whatever your views for the rest of the house may be. They are wholesome and cool and, if well chosen and systematically cleaned, prove to be no harder to maintain than drabber schemes.

The floor covering is an important factor in the "atmosphere" of the kitchen. Plain cream linoleum may sound impracticable, but I can vouch for the charm and practicability of at least one kitchen I know which has been treated in this way. The walls are of cream tile and the woodwork a fresh apple-green.

Plain cream linoleum, relieved with inset motifs of plain green linoleum, covers the floor and is given a slight polish to preserve it from splashes and other "scars." Experiment has proved this floor covering to be as easily maintained as darker ones, and it goes without saying that the kitchen is pretty and stimulating to a degree.

Among more ambitious devices for summer comfort and coolness in the kitchen is the two-way fan. This differs from an ordinary electric fan inasmuch as it is set into an outer wall of the room and is capable of fanning fresh air into as well as expelling the old. Cooking smells and steam are banished immediately at the touch of the switch, and a temperate atmosphere is ensured throughout the biggest bouts of cooking.

For reducing kitchen work to a minimum in summer nothing is more effective than a steam pressure cooker. Meat, vegetables, fruit, pud-

dings and, in fact, almost all types of food can be prepared simultaneously with complete absence of steam or smell at approximately one-third the time of ordinary cooking methods—a factor of great importance, one feels, on summer afternoons!



A LOW vase in the shape of two swans looks lovely filled with many coloured ranunculi and placed beneath a small black and gold mirror. This was arranged by Fresh Flowers Ltd.



*Left:
AN old soup tureen is an effective and unexpected receptacle for flowers. This one is massed with roses, carnations, tulips, anemones, pinks and lupins. Arranged by Fresh Flowers Ltd.*

*Below:
LARGE plain glass tanks are amongst the most satisfactory of vases when a number of flowers can be obtained. This charming arrangement in shades of pinks, mauves, reds and greens is by Eros*



Olive Rinder

experiments with Flower Arrangements

IT seems an amazing and rather amusing thing to assert that flowers need to be lent colour, but there it is. They need a neutrality in tone to enhance their beauty, to bring out every point in their exotic loveliness.

I have experimented for years with flowers and their arrangement. I have used the oddest backgrounds with the most amazing success. I have put flowers in the strangest containers and obtained—after considerable apprehension—the result I wanted. It is an exciting occupation, making flowers grow, or appear to grow, after they are picked.

It is no use thinking that you are going to achieve a miracle in arrangement by placing a few branching forsythia in a vase of red lustre. The red is wrong. You will find that there is no colour in the forsythia in a red vase. Put them in a pale grey vase, the palest of blue vases, or a brass vase, the paler kind of brass, and then see the result.

Incidentally brass is an extremely good medium for flowers: it gives just enough neutral colour without obtruding upon the flowers. It enhances the reds, oranges,

blues, and the lovely variety of colour one gets with verbena, zinnias and the richer varieties of Michaelmas daisies. But if you have no brass—and it's a pity if you haven't, because brass, thank goodness, is coming into its own again—think of something else, as I have done.

Silver paper, the paper that covers the cigarette cartons, has proved invaluable to me. As I am of an extremely economical turn of mind, I take the cardboard backs from writing pads, I even take the corrugated papers that wrap up my more fragile parcels, and on to these I paste, very carefully, the silver paper. Being especially careful to keep the paper free from creases (I shall come to creased silver paper later), I paste it on to the cardboard. Then I reverse the boards and join them neatly with a strip of paper, making screens of them. I vary the heights of the boards to form a pattern. These silver paper strips I stand behind such flowers as anemones—not the white variety—linum, godetia, clarkia, azaleas and sweet peas. In fact, almost every flower but the crimson variety looks well in front of this screen. Do not put the

flowers too close to the silver paper; let there be a gap of about four to five inches, which will throw a shadow.

Then the creased and lumpy screens. Take the cardboard and over it smear roughly hot sealing wax, make these very uneven in their distribution. Cover with silver paper as before. It will look like an encrusted map. Put this a little closer than before and have flowers that are of a stiffer nature. Zinnias and the single brightly coloured asters look especially well, so do nasturtiums and marigolds.

I also cover small cardboard boxes of different shapes and heights and group them to form an architectural pattern. Great branches of sweet peas look well against this, and in the winter everlasting flowers or statice.

Talking of sweet peas, do have a row for picking extravagantly if you have a garden. Pick them with the leaves and tendrils, pick them in great long trails. Extravagance has its own reward where flowers are concerned.

Have your old brass coal scuttles polished and, using an ordinary seven-pound stone jam jar, stand it inside and fill it with flaming gladioli, delphinium, larkspur, and in the winter rhododendron leaves. You will be amazed at the beauty of the massing.

Another (Continued on page 115)

Right :
ALL kinds and shapes of dry biscuits can be used with cheese fillings for cold savouries

Below :
SWISS FONDUE, one of the best of the hot cheese savouries



THE four important cheeses used in savouries : Gruyère, Roquefort, Cheshire and Parmesan

Cheese Savouries:

A valuable and English contribution to the pleasures of the table

By A. H. Adair

THE majority of people are agreed that the most satisfying way of ending a meal is with cheese. No luncheon would be complete without it, and yet, somehow, it seems out of place at the end of dinner; that is, in its raw and natural state. But it plays a very important rôle in the savoury, which is, perhaps, one of the greatest contributions—this time a purely English one—to modern cookery.

Here cheeses really triumph. We serve them mashed, cold and mixed with other things or cooked and hot in many ways, and there is no doubt that by far the best savoury is the one made with cheese, whatever form it takes. The four great cheeses used in making savouries are Cheshire, Roquefort, Gruyère and Parmesan; almost a little *entente cordiale* on its own, and whenever we make a dish requiring grated cheese it is advisable to use a mixture of Gruyère and Parmesan.

COLD SAVOURIES

Summer Canapés

Take a sufficient number of thin water biscuits or neatly trimmed pieces of crisp toast and spread them with the following mixture:—

A tablespoonful of Roquefort cheese and the same quantity of butter mashed together so well that you have a very smooth paste. Add an equal quantity of finely shredded lettuce, season with pepper and keep in a cool place until ready to use.

Cheese Squares

Chop finely a slice of lean cooked ham and mix it with the same quantity of grated Cheshire cheese. Add a dash of Worcester Sauce and put the mixture into some square dry biscuits in sandwich fashion. Arrange the biscuits on a dish and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Cheese Biscuits

First fry a rasher of steak bacon until it is very crisp; let it get quite cold and then chop it finely and mix it with an ounce of grated cheese (using Gruyère and Parmesan in equal proportions), salt and pepper and enough cream to make a thick, smooth paste. Work this together and use the mixture to make a sandwich, filling between very thin dry biscuits.

or turning them so that both sides are browned. Sprinkle each pancake with grated Cheshire cheese mixed with a dash of cayenne pepper and brown them under the grill.

Swiss Fondue

Take the whites of four eggs, beat them lightly and then add the yolks, mixing them well in. Add a quarter of a pound of grated Gruyère cheese, one ounce of creamed butter, salt and pepper. Put the mixture in a saucepan and cook it very slowly, stirring the whole time, and when you have a smooth, thick cream, remove it from the fire. Have ready some pieces of hot buttered toast, pour over the cheese mixture and serve very hot. There should be enough fondue to cover and hide all the pieces of toast.

HOT SAVOURIES

Cheese Pancakes

First make a batter as follows:—Put four ounces of flour in a basin, make a hole in the middle and add a pinch of salt, two whole eggs, and work with a spoon until you have a dough. Then add, little by little, warm water, working the paste into a smooth thick "cream." Let this batter rest for two hours and make your pancakes very thin, tossing

Fried Cheese

First prepare a very thick Béchamel or white sauce (flour, butter and hot milk flavoured with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg) and use it to coat your Cheshire or Cheddar cheese which you have cut into neat cubes of about one inch. Have ready some boiling lard or olive oil and fry the cheese cubes until they are golden brown. Remove and drain them on blotting paper, dust them with cayenne pepper and serve very hot.

Summer Drinks

for All Occasions

ONE of the delights of summer is to sip a cool refreshing drink; we sit, relaxed, in a comfortable chair with a glass of some delicious beverage, ice cold, in our hand, feeling almost too lazy to lift it to our lips.

Of these drinks there is a very great variety. Strong and mild, sweet and sharp; but whatever form our drink is going to take, let us make no mistake about its temperature. If a drink is meant to be iced it must be frankly so, for nothing is so disappointing as a "tepid cold" drink. Another mistake to avoid is a weak drink, by which I do not necessarily mean weak in alcohol, for there are many pleasant non-alcoholic mixtures, but whether the drink is a "soft" one or not, whatever the basis of it is, we must use it in sufficient quantity to make the result full-flavoured and satisfying, and not merely an indifferent watery liquid with a vague taste.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS

Hock or Moselle Cup

Put at the bottom of a large glass jug one lemon and one orange cut in slices and with the pips removed, a few pieces of pineapple, a slice of cucumber skin and a little bunch of mint. Add six teaspoonfuls of soft sugar and a port-glassful of brandy. Let the jug stand on ice for one hour and then remove the fruits, mint and cucumber skin. Put in enough crushed ice to come up to one quarter of the jug and then pour in one bottle of hock or moselle and a pint of soda-water, both of these previously

iced. Stir vigorously and see that the drink is sweet enough for your taste.

Cider Cup

Put into a glass jug a slice of lemon, three slices of orange, a small bunch of mint, cucumber rind and three sticks of barley sugar broken into small pieces. Pour over a pint of still cider and stand the jug on ice for one hour. Just before serving add a pint of sparkling cider and a bottle of Schweppes' dry ginger ale, both of which should be previously iced.

Cold Rum Punch

Use for each person a port-glassful of Jamaica rum and the juice of a lemon carefully strained. Add two teaspoon-

fuls of soft sugar, a piece of ice and sufficient iced water to make a tumblerful of the punch. It is better, of course, to make the drink for the number of people to be served in a large glass jug or bowl. The drink should be tasted before serving to see that it is sweet enough for your taste.

NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINKS

Lemon Squash

Everybody knows how to make this very ordinary drink, but few people realise that without good soda-water you cannot have a good lemon squash, and that it is a mistake to economise in lemon juice. We recommend the juice of two lemons strained and sugar to taste, put in each tumbler filled with Schweppes' soda-water. Put a very thin slice of lemon on top and serve with two straws. The same treatment can be applied to oranges.

Fruit Cup

Put in a large glass jug one lemon and one orange cut into thin slices. Add the usual sugar, cucumber rind, mint, also a few cubes and some juice of pineapple, and a handful of strawberries cut in halves. Cover the jug and stand it on ice for one hour. Just before serving pour over three or four bottles of Schweppes' dry ginger ale previously iced.

Iced Tea

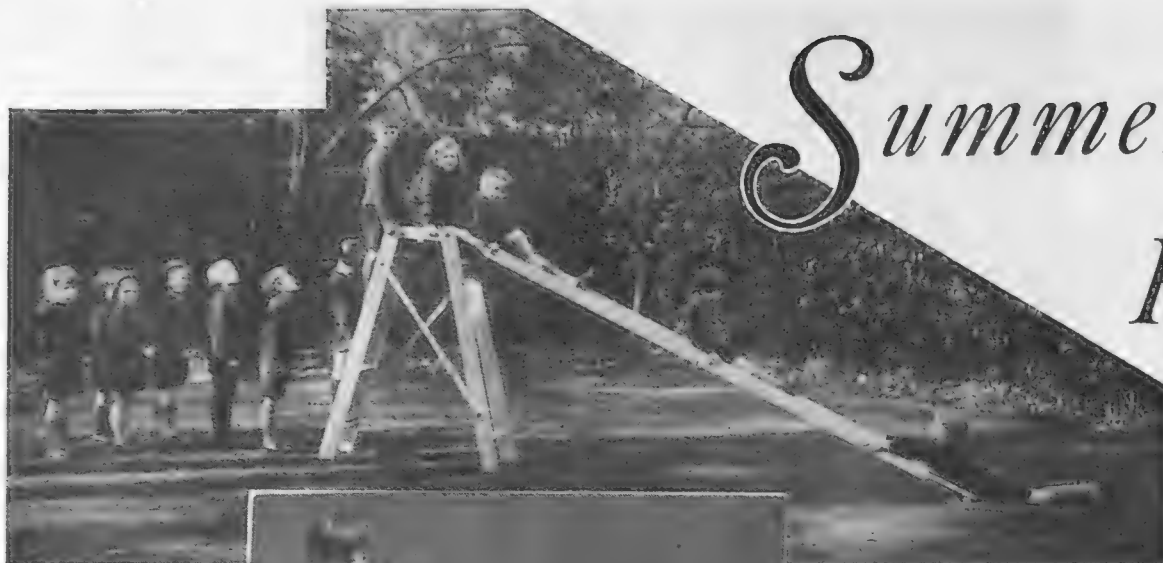
To achieve good iced tea you must have the tea very freshly made. Whether it is China or Ceylon tea is, of course, a matter of taste, but whatever you use do not let it draw for more than three minutes and make it rather stronger than you would for ordinary purposes.

Fill each tumbler to two-thirds of its height with shaved ice, place on top a thin slice of lemon and soft sugar to taste. Pour over the fresh tea through a tea strainer, splashing it straight on to the slice of lemon. Serve with two straws.

Grape-fruit Cup

A refreshing drink made with grape-fruit juice should be prepared as follows. Boil half a cup of white sugar with four cups of water for ten minutes, then cool. Add one cup of grape-fruit juice, and the juice of one lemon and one orange, together with a sliced orange; put on ice for one hour and serve with cracked ice. This amount is sufficient for six persons.





A SLIDE like this is a never-ending source of amusement to the children

HOW are we to make the

most of summertime for our children this year, now that in so many families it has become impossible to provide the luxury of long seaside months? Some mothers make almost a fetish of the necessity of change of air for health. Happily, however, new knowledge on this important subject is all in favour of economy. It is found that the change of air is less important for the majority of children than the change from the restriction of town life which the seaside holiday so readily affords. Half the benefit of the seaside, for instance, lies in the long day of games with sand and sea. To-day we can and should bring all these activities and opportunities into the everyday life of our children even if we possess but a small town garden, or have to convert what is virtually little more than a disused yard.

Children need sand, water and opportunities to climb, jump, slide and dig in safety. It is not just tiresome restlessness or fidgetiness that makes them want to do these things; it is as much a demand for growing muscles and stable nerves as the need to bite crusts and rusks for the teething baby. Provide nothing to bite and the baby discovers his shoes. Provide nothing to climb on or slide down and the baluster rail or the sofa springs are prone to get the reaction.

A sandbox that will prevent sand from wandering all over the garden costs but 14s., and the one-time costly luxury the chute or slide, which children long ago discovered had superior possibilities to the balusters, is also but 14s. 9d. In spare minutes it can easily be converted into a see-saw.

Climbing is a glorious and eternal pastime, but trees are so rarely suitable in shape and size, and, alas, near towns at any rate they are dirty from smoke—not an attractive form of dirt. Climbers were first introduced over here by the nursery schools, glorious and safe, set up in the garden in a few minutes and as readily stored away flat in the nursery in bad weather. . . .



IT is hard to over-estimate the benefits, not necessarily of sun-, but of air-bathing

THESE two are having a grand time on two amiable old Neddies



Summertime Health for Children

By
Len Chaloner

Something for this summer and next winter, too, if set up indoors on a thick matting. The cost is 49s. 6d. These are

not the playthings of which children quickly tire.

But water! That is not so easy, surely? As easy but not quite so inexpensive perhaps, and yet of infinite value and endless entertainment.

The idea that all children benefit by cold sponges is more than open to doubt. Such treatment is often a shock to the child's system and is frequently disliked strongly. A splash pool of water, however, in a sunny garden has an infinitely more tonic effect, enjoyed in the stimulating air and joyous activity. Few of us can have ponds built into the garden. There may be

a dozen cons to the pro—dirt at the bottom, even if we built one, or a gardener's time to look after it, the cost of building, the arrangement of drainage, and so forth. But it is possible to obtain collapsible round rubber and canvas baths which require no fittings and may be set up and put away in a few minutes. These have but to be thrown on the ground and filled by the garden hose, and are emptied as simply, serving to water the lawn at the same time if required.

Sun-bathing has become so talked of and written about that one would hesitate to allude to its potential value were it not for the fact that it is frequently overdone or not properly understood, and as a result productive of much less benefit. It is at its best part of the business of "air" bathing which should precede it and water bathing (sea included), with which it can be most usefully and joyfully allied.

Facing the Fireplace

Now is the moment to re-condition your hearth



GREY sandstone gives distinction to this fireplace in Mrs. C. W. Rabbell's house at Hendon



SIMPLE design distinguishes this fireplace, which would look equally well in a dining room, sitting room or nursery



THE clear angles of the mantel and sides are perfectly balanced by the curved brick fender of this fireplace, which has a wooden surround in keeping with the oak-beamed ceiling

SUMMER days afford many excellent opportunities for observing and making improvements in one's fireplace, for when the glow and warmth of the actual fire are lacking the fireplace is revealed as what it really is—either an ornament worthy of its surroundings and a fitting centre of the decorative scheme, or a gloomy and ill-proportioned hole in the wall.

Recently there has been a great improvement in the planning of the hearth, and the modern habit of framing the fireplace with mirror glass or of boxing in unsightly grates has much to recommend it. But trimmings are useless if the fireplace itself is not properly constructed, and it is a combination of efficiency and beauty which is required. The Bell fireplaces illustrated on this page are indicative of the care with which modern British manufacturers consider this problem and of the variety of design which is obtainable.

The Bell Factory, situated in pleasant surroundings on the outskirts of Northampton, is responsible not only for the design of the fireplaces, but also for the

scientific construction of the grates, which are planned to give out the maximum heat, to draw very quickly and to consume the minimum amount of fuel. They also make the unusually decorative tiles shown below. These were selected from many dozens of designs, one or more of which are sometimes incorporated in the surround of the hearth; and the Bell manufacturers also make coal boxes and many beautiful vases and bowls of the same fine glazed ware as the fireplace tiles.

The two brick fireplaces illustrated on this page show the variety of design brick material affords. In the centre photograph, arcs of brick are happily blended with a wooden winged mantel which gives strength to the general scheme, and the hearth is formed of a semicircle of the same bricks. The upper right-hand photograph shows a simpler design relieved by a herring-bone pattern under the mantel.

THE four tiles shown below were selected from a large number of interesting designs. These would look most attractive in the nursery, or singly or in groups, as a decorative motif with a plain surround in the fireplace of a sitting room or bedroom





IT must, I imagine, have been with some apprehension that the Ford Motor Company, in order to meet the demand for truly economical motoring, produced its first 8 h.p. model. The experiment, one must admit, has been, in this country at least, an unqualified success, and "the little car with the big name to live up to" has made for itself a host of admirers and satisfied users.

The chief reason, I think, underlying this achievement is the fact that the Ford company's "baby," while possessing an engine only one-third as big as that fitted to the majority of its relatives, is none the less very definitely a Ford product. One expects from every Ford, among other virtues, a real ability to "go," not necessarily to "go" like a racing car, but at least to put up a genuinely satisfying performance under all and any road conditions.

This, it is hardly necessary to point out, is a quality comparatively easy to achieve when the designer has 24 or more h.p. to play with, but extremely difficult within the limitations imposed by an £8 taxable rating. I am still, after an extensive test run, not quite certain how, in fact, it has been contrived; but I do know that the 8 h.p. Ford, when I had tried it in traffic, on hills and over long stretches of main road, left me with the impression—if I may coin the words that seem most appropriate—much more of its Ford-ness than its eight-horsepower-ness. I have expressed this oddly, but it is meant sincerely as a compliment.

THE only peculiarity of the engine which I observed was its comparative slowness in "warming up" after being started. After the initial few minutes, however, it would settle down to its work with extraordinary gusto. Flexibility seemed fair, but it was from medium speeds that acceleration became really striking. At no time was there any

A Sturdy Light Car

The 8 h.p. Ford
*By the
Earl of Cardigan*

suggestion of desperate effort; rather, one felt that the power was willingly and cheerfully given.

On the open road, something in the neighbourhood of 60 m.p.h. is attainable, and a very pleasant cruising speed is around 45 m.p.h. On hills, where many small cars with three-speed gear-boxes are tiresome, there is no need to reduce to crawling. If top gear will not meet the case, approximately 40 m.p.h. is available in the admirably quiet "second," with a comfortable climbing pace of 30-35 m.p.h. The result is that one can "get over the ground" in a highly satisfactory manner.

The gears are fitted with a synchronising device, and are thus practically fool-proof. The result is, of course, that one uses the lower ratios, when needed, with confidence and certainty, and thus obtains the best results from them. With a small car it can never pay to "hang on to 'top'"; and with such gearing, of course, there can be no excuse for doing so.

The steering is very light and pleasant,

and is notable for a good lock, which enables the car to be turned in a very small space. The springing is good, and both damps out all shocks and avoids also (what is common in many small cars) the "pitching" action due to corrugations in the road surface. The springs are transversely set—a characteristic Ford arrangement, and one which seems to have much to recommend it.

Road-holding, on the other hand, is not ideal. There is a distinct tendency for the car to sway when cornering, particularly on indifferent roads having a cambered or rounded surface. A small car can never hold the road like a big one, lacking the weight and the length of wheelbase, but there seems room here for improvement. A minor "grouse," possibly worth adding, is that the hand brake is inaccessible, so that some difficulty arises when it is necessary to start the car on an up-slope.

AN excellent feature is that, although the 8 h.p. chassis gives no appearance of being over-bodied, the coachwork provides a good deal more space than is common in the "baby" car class. The small Ford is a genuine four-seater, and the comfort of the back-seat passengers does not depend, as is often the case, on the willingness of those in front to keep their adjustable seats pulled well forward. I was able to make myself very comfortable at the wheel, and yet find, on moving to the back, that I had space enough for my somewhat lengthy legs.

There are many good minor points, among which should be mentioned the neat arrangement of both tool-kit and battery underneath the bonnet. If all batteries were similarly placed, there would be much less neglect of these long-suffering units. The whole car is priced at £120, thus maintaining the true Ford tradition of unimpeachable value for money.



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I AM always a little surprised, when talking to people who are planning a holiday abroad, to find how small a part motoring appears to play in their calculations. They may be, and often are, keen motorists when at home, but the idea of shipping their cars across the Channel hardly seems to occur to them as a practical method of seeing near-by countries. Some expense, of course, is involved in shipment; but this, since some outlay is required to travel at all, is seldom the deciding factor.

In most cases, I imagine, the owner-driver feels nervous of tackling the new and strange conditions which he expects to find in "furrin" parts. The idea of driving on the right, for instance, is a common bugbear. Certainly it demands some concentration to conform suddenly to a new rule of the road; yet it is safe to say that this difficulty is not half so formidable in fact as it appears in anticipation.

On my own first trip abroad, I remember that I had to concentrate for about twenty minutes, telling myself to "keep right" at each bend of the road. Surprisingly soon, however, the strange feeling wore off, and before long it was not only easy, but perfectly natural, to gravitate over to the right-hand side. After a few days it required a distinct effort to resume driving on the left.

The truth is that man is a naturally imitative creature. He sees dozens of his fellow creatures driving on one side or the road, and, without any conscious effort, finds himself at once

In "Furrin" Parts— Why Not? By the Earl of Cardigan



THE Morris Ten has won immediate popularity in New Zealand, and one of these models is shown here beside the statue of Captain Cook in Christchurch

tending to follow their example. He commences his Continental driving almost always in the busy streets of a coastal city, and thus for the first few miles merely plays "follow my leader." By the time he reaches open country a habit is established and no further active thought is needed.

Naturally, should a sudden emergency arise in the first moments of transition there is a risk that the driver will instinctively revert to his former practice. This, however, rarely happens, for the sensible person resolves to take no chances whatsoever until complete familiarity with the new conditions has been gained. "Go slow for ten miles" is a good, safe rule for the average person to apply.

Apart from the necessity for this change-over, a common, but quite needless, source of worry is the supposed "wild" habits of the Continental driver. The foreigner, in my experience, does not necessarily drive worse than we do; he merely drives quite differently. It is, of course, important that one should get to know him and to be familiar with his special foibles; but, after this, he is no more difficult to deal with than the average Englishman.

In some ways I personally prefer the foreign motorist. When he sounds his horn at me, I know that it means, "Look out! Take cover! I am coming!" This is intelligible, and I act accordingly. When an Englishman sounds his horn I feel that it may mean anything—determination, agitation, vacillation or exasperation! It is the factor of uncertainty that I consider dangerous.

Most of the supposed difficulties of foreign touring may be disposed of just as simply—merely by adapting oneself to the conditions as one finds them. Even the expense is usually less formidable than may be anticipated. The motorist, being free to "scout around," can find in each town just the sort of quarters which best suit his inclinations or his pocket, and can extend or curtail his programme as convenience, or the mood, dictates.

The fascination of foreign travel is in my mind at the moment, as a result of reading a most admirable book, *Round the World in a Baby Austin*, published by Hodder and Stoughton. The author, Mr. Hector MacQuarrie, writes well and easily. This is a welcome feature; (Continued on page 118)



Interior of "Eccles" four-berth Caravan

TWO views of the interior of the latest "Eccles" four-berth Caravan. This trailer has become very popular. It is fifteen feet long and there is accommodation for four people. An excellent feature is the extremely wide doorway between the two rooms which is closed by the clever arrangement of a double-fold door. A trailer may be hired complete and the cost ranges up to about £7 per week. Practically any type of car of 12 h.p. or over will pull a caravan of this type over any hilly country



Looking towards the front of the four-berth "Eccles"

I Remember

(Continued from page 17)

not going to be sick; her tummy felt a little "queer" . . . Surely it must be time for lunch? Hurrah! they were coming down! . . . Hujon had beautiful hands, strong and thin—and he'd never had a manicure in his life, and his nails were a bit in mourning!

"I think I want you to be in love with me," Sylvia decided. "Do you hear, Hujon?—Sylvia speaking! Please love me!"

Laughter at her own thoughts was in her eyes as she stepped from the plane, her hand in Hujon's helping hand.

Even at that moment, when he had no least idea what was to happen, Hujon thrilled to that light touch.

IT was swelteringly hot even under the wings of the aeroplane. Hujon let everyone lunch; he laughed and talked, but no one noticed that he ate only a drumstick, and drank nothing. Everyone else made an excellent lunch. It was Oliver who asked: "I say, what time do we get to Darsoula?"

"I don't quite know," Hujon said slowly.

No one noticed that, even. Everard had lit his inevitable cigar, and it smelt very good in the hot, still air. Oliver was smoking one of Lady Wicke's specially made six-inch cigarettes, and at intervals stroking his own beautifully socked ankle.

"Patsy, just a shade purple, was trying to keep her eyes open, dreading lest, should she sleep, she should snore; Sylvia, looking utterly cool, was trying to make Hujon look at her—the last time their eyes had met she had felt rather wonderful.

Hujon cleared his throat; he had taken off his overalls, of course, and was, like the other men, in white linen . . . Sylvia noticed, now that his dark glasses were off, his eyes were a little bit bloodshot from the sun. Somehow that made him look older . . . he couldn't be more than twenty-eight . . .

Hujon said in his nice, clipped voice:

"Bit of rather bad news, I'm afraid. Tank's sprung a leak"; his eyes flitted from one face to the other watchfully—"so we'll have to wait here a bit," he finished.

Patsy was nearly off. She opened her eyes and murmured. Oliver was asleep; Sylvia yawned, showing teeth like a puppy and a tongue like a rose-leaf, and Everard took his cigar from his lips, considered it a moment, and put it back. He looked at Hujon, and Hujon met his look, moved his head almost imperceptibly, and went to his cabin, climbing over the fuselage.

"Sleep?" Everard asked Sylvia. "Why don't you follow the others' example, and have forty winks?"

"You do use the most old-fashioned expressions, darling," Sylvia said absently.

Everard laughed.

"Well, it's an old-fashioned custom! 'After luncheon, nap awhile!'"

He got up and strolled round the plane, and Hujon joined him.

"Not too good?" Everard said levelly.

"Are we on a route or not?"

"As much as anyone is, doing a trip that's rarely done."

"We were lucky to land as we did."

"I've made worse than this," Hujon said, the flicker of a smile on his face, "out in Mesopot."

"Oh, you were there?"

"Yes, and in France later."

"You must have been dam young."

"Nineteen, twenty."

"What are we going to do about this packet?"

"Nothing to do. Sit tight, and not tell Lady Wicke the truth till we're forced to, and we may never be forced. I'll tell her the engine is missing, and I'll tinker at it, d'you see? A plane might go over, and I'll light a flare if it does . . . a caravan might pass."

"I see," Everard said; he offered his cigar case.

"No, I won't, thanks. Never smoke or drink when I'm on a job."

"This seems a good time then?" Everard suggested, and they both laughed.

Sylvia came round to join them; she was

smoking, and she looked about fifteen in her very simple white dress with its narrow blue belt.

"I came because I was afraid I might be missing something," she said.

"Only the proclamation of Mr. Hujon's abstinence from liquor and tobacco when on work," Everard assured her gravely.

"Hairy shirt good for your soul? That sort of outlook?" Sylvia asked.

"No," Hujon shook his head, "nothing like that! I just happen to value being fit and all my bones intact!"

"I 'spect he's a chimney and a drunkard when off work," Sylvia confided to Everard.

She was laughing at Hujon, and she saw him colour very, very faintly under his tan, and at that her blood danced; she had wanted a sign, she had received one!

Lady Wicke called plaintively:

"Where is everyone? Why don't we start?"

Oliver appeared.

"Yes, why don't we?" he repeated.

Hujon went round, and faced Lady Wicke. "I'm awfully sorry, Lady Wicke, I'm having a bit of trouble with the engine, I hope to put it right soon."

He was a very personable young man, if a bit stocky, but his teeth were nearly as good as Oliver's advertisement set, and somehow or the other, he was attractive.

Lady Wicke smiled at him.

"I am sure you will," she said. "Just see will you, if there is any champagne left? Really, this heat!"

"LOOK here! Is there something definitely wrong with the machine?" Oliver demanded irritably, two hours later.

"Yes," Hujon told him uncompromisingly, "there is: the tank sprang a leak and we've no petrol. That's all."

He watched Oliver accept the news, digest it. Oliver's face twitched once, then he said: "And it doesn't drop from the sky, like manna, or whatever it is, does in deserts?"

"It might," Hujon said shortly.

"Well, night is drawing nigh; shadows of the evening steal across the sky," Oliver pointed out, "so it's hardly likely a friendly aeroplane will circle overhead this side of to-morrow! And we must sleep somewhere."

He jerked his dark, sleek head in Lady Wicke's direction.

"Broken this glad news yet?"

"No," Hujon said, still more shortly.

Oliver nodded, moved away; he felt chill despite the warmth, chill with fear, and deadly sick . . . it was like being caught in any trap . . . no rescue plane would come . . . this was the desert, and he had read of how people died in the desert.

Somewhere near, Sylvia laughed and Everard laughed with her. A vague fury filled Oliver; he wanted to stop that laughter, hit their silly, giggling mouths—he went round to where the cushions from the plane had been put to make a resting place for Sylvia.

"Heard the news?" he asked, but just then Sylvia got up and left, and it was Everard who said:

"I see you have, West, and I am sure you will agree with me it is better Lady Wicke and Sylvia should only be told when, if it does, it becomes really necessary."

He, too, rose and said, over his shoulder, sauntering away:

"Never do to get yellow—what?"

IT was bitterly cold in the night, and intolerably hot by noon; Everard told Lady Wicke a guarded truth:

"It's a serious breakdown, Patsy, my dear, and Hujon must wait for the relief plane."

Lady Wicke was very sporting really; she had had two chairs broken down to make one chaise-longue, and she reclined in the plane in that, fanning herself and listening to the gramophone. Sylvia lay sound asleep on the other side, and Oliver hovered without, his eyes restless, smoking ceaselessly.

"I say, let up on the cigarettes, will you?"

Hujon asked him. "They'll never last if we don't."

Nothing was lasting; there was a rather unpleasant chicken carcass, some biscuits, and the dregs of champagne, and that was all.

"I've the radiator water," Hujon thought, He had eaten nothing save a bar of chocolate he had had in the car pocket.

That day dragged through on leaden feet, Everard was glad to see the sun sink; he felt a bit dizzy and his head ached. Oliver lay on the ground, his eyes closed.

Sylvia and the stars emerged together, and she looked rather a star-shiny being; gone was the golden radiance; she was very pale, pale and clear, and lovely.

"I think," she said—"I think it's time Mummie and all of us faced the real truth—accepted the fact that only a miracle can save us—the one chance in a million that a plane may fly this route. And it's getting an even more remote chance because it's a day and a half since we left Baid, and obviously, when we didn't arrive at Darsoula, if they'd sent anyone, we must have been found. No one is searching, I think, and we haven't any food, and hardly any water, so I vote we play a game, and forget. We'll play the remember game. Each one of us will tell the thing which mattered most in his or her life."

"Guts!" Everard told himself, and exulted in her. She had indeed got guts, his little Sylvia.

"You've got to tell the utter truth," Sylvia cried; she was holding Lady Wicke's hand.

"Who—who starts this round of gaiety?" Oliver asked jerkily.

"I will," Hujon said quietly.

His voice came out of the darkness:

"It was in France, and I was up scouting alone; it was the loveliest June morning, awfully early, and all spangly with sunshine, and the sky like an inverted bowl of flowers. I felt—oh! you know that sort of feeling you get. I was awfully young then, and I remember I sang like the deuce as the plane climbed, sang right out, because I felt exultant, and fit; and, after all, you can only die once! I was thinking that when two planes came in sight, and I laughed then, laughed, and drove straight at 'em, and felt my heart flip over because one was bright blue with black iron crosses painted on it all over. We all knew that plane, and that the chap in it, so far, had never lost a fight; he was a great Ace, and I hadn't turned out in a perfect June dawn to wish him good morning! God, he was a sport; he sent away the escorting plane, and attacked me singly. Till I die, I'll remember that fight. He manoeuvred his plane above me, below me, beside me—I felt hypnotized; I lost all sense of fighting, but I kept firing, and just as I felt my shoulder go, I got him. He heeled over, began to drop. I dunno what happened to me, I was barely conscious, but I followed him, and as he crashed, I landed safely, and started across two fields to stumble to him. He was living when I got there, and he said in English: "Good hunting!"

"I took his papers, but not his letters, and I got back and had my shoulder dressed, and was fêted sky high. I'd pulled down the Black Ace. I was a hero. And when I turned in I buried my face in the pillow and cried like a kid. That's what I remember most."

Everard said sharply:

"Your name isn't Hujon—you were—half a tick—you're Ferring, then—H. J. Ferring!"

"Hugh John," Hujon said.

"But why—?"

"Truth," Sylvia's voice reminded gaily.

"All the truth," Hujon assented grimly. "I am Ferring. I was decorated; I got badly wounded later and had to leave the Force. I spent all I had getting well, and then I couldn't get a job. I wasn't going round touting on my name; I just jumbled the first two, and got a mechanic's job in a hangar. That was (Continued on page 94)

He . . .

“ Blow that press photographer —
he’s got us again ”

She . . .

“ Well—if they call us the quick-starting
pair my people will have forty fits ”



EVERYBODY KNOWS

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

my start. I get about four hundred a year, and I'm unlikely to get much more."

THERE was a pause, and then Sylvia said:

"Next! Mummie, come on, it's you!"

"I can't, Sil-Sil, darling!"

"Oh, Mummie, don't be a frost!"

"Very well, then," Patsy began in rather a high voice. "The thing I remember most is saying good-bye to someone none of you knew, to whom, in the end, I never said good-bye! It was in India, and I had gone to the hills for the hot weather, and there I met Roddie. All my life I have wanted to be loved romantically, insanely, idiotically—the way men never do love, and women always hope they will! Roddie did; he was ten years younger than me; but I was his type, and you know if a woman is a man's type, really and truly, he will never change. Roddie and I met at one of those absurd moonlight picnics everyone writes about, and which are really so uncomfortable. Moonlight throws shadows quicker than anything! But we met, and we fell in love—I was thirty-seven and he was twenty-six. He wanted me to leave everything and go to him, and be married when I should be free. He had hardly any money, and I should have had none then, of course. He used to call me Tiny Sweet, Little Love, his Beautiful, his Baby, Loveliness, Sweetness. He pawned his twenty-first links to buy me a ring, just a plain one, and when he put it on my finger he held it to his lips and drew mine to them too. 'For ever, swear!' he said, and I promised. He made me believe things—money, position—do not matter, I agreed to run away with him, and on the morning of the day we were to leave, he dashed in to kiss me before riding out to his office. He wasn't very good-looking, he hadn't a very strong face, but he had such a gay, infectious smile, and he had nice, thick hair, and a funny little stubby moustache. He took me in his arms, and I could feel his heart thudding, and he laid one hand on my heart, and he said: 'After to-night, never apart. Oh, darling, darling, I'll never say good-bye!' He didn't; he walked out quickly, and got on to his horse, and cantered out of sight. Half an hour later I was told he had been shot—he never did say good-bye."

"Poo, poo, darling," Sylvia said. "Oh, Mums, what did you do?"

"I went back, and you were born a year later, and no one knew, and, after your father died and left us so much money, I began to try and buy romance. I chose to deceive myself because, all the time, I could think back and imagine the young man I was paying for, at the moment, might be, was, Roddie. When I danced, I danced with Roddie. I sometimes wonder what sort of minds these young men must have who hire themselves out as partners to women growing old. Does it ever occur to them, do you think, that it's not they who are wanted at all? That they are just—just a prop on which to hang memories, thoughts, longings?"

"Oh, yes," Oliver broke in quickly, "that occurs often, my dear, and they charge accordingly, and they charge, too, for every senseless, drivelling compliment they pay age, which age, memories or no memories, snaps at, believe me! I've never known it fail, to tell an elderly woman she

has some sweet mystery about her; once I've got to the stage of saying that, she's good for a fiver every time!"

"Oh, yes," Lady Wicke said swiftly. "Yes, but what about the time you remember most, though?"

"We're telling the truth now," Oliver said slowly, "because, deep down, however gay and top-lofty we are trying to seem, we are all facing truth, the last kind of truth. It's a relief to be able to speak out for once, I think. In my sort of life you can't; too expensive! My memory is of a time I didn't. I was poor then, not poor as all of you think of poverty, but ugly-poor—so poor that you can't be very clean, even. But I had to look smiling, even if I was starving, and my shoes had to glitter, even if they'd no soles. You see, I started life as no one at all—just a dirty little boy with a running nose, in a slum, and then an actress adopted me, for my eyes, and then turned me out. I used to make a pound or so, 'walking on,' doing errands, that sort of thing. It was then I met Elsie, and I fell in love with her like mad. There wasn't a chance of us marrying unless one of us got on, but we used to meet every evening, and we'd go to places like Kew on Sunday and summer evenings if Elsie had no work—in the wild bit of Kew you can find spots so lovely they seem to break your heart. There was to be an audition for a part in a ballet, and if Elsie got it she'd be made, she said, and we'd get married. She wasn't awfully pretty, but she was so alive, like quicksilver in your heart. The only girl who could beat her at the audition was an awfully pretty actress. I queered her chance—never mind how—and Elsie believed I'd played her up, played our love up, and chucked me. She got famous all right; you all know her name, and I crossed to Paris and got a job in a French show, and things looked up, and the money I longed for so, I got, and I got the clothes I'd always wanted, and the gold cigarette cases, and as far as I can see, I've got all I'm going to get! Next!"

"Everard," Sylvia said.

"Place aux dames!"

"I wonder if it's wise," Sylvia said, "because I am going to speak the real truth and, as Oliver said just now, it's a huge relief. I want to desperately. It'll be almost like facing God, and that's supreme. Whoever *does* speak the real truth, the truth that's in your heart, the wounding truths you think? I don't believe anyone, hardly. I'm going to, now. The moment I remember most, and shall—shall till I die, even if that's years and years away, is the moment I knew, meeting Hujon's eyes, that he loved me—"

"Sil-Sil!" Lady Wicke said.

"No, Mummie, please don't," Sylvia said, "Everard can speak later, but I must be honest. I'd been wanting a sign: I got it then. The very first time I saw Hujon at the landing place in Mandelieu, I felt a queer flicker of interest go right through me. He'll never propose to me because he thinks he is too poor, so I am proposing to him."

Hujon was beside her, lifting her to her feet, drawing her into the soft darkness.

"Sylvia," he whispered.

"We've so little time," she whispered back, "even if we've all our lives, it will seem a little, we'll love so! Hujon, I did know honestly, only I couldn't get near to

I Remember

you. Oh, Hujon, do say it, say it over and over again."

"I love you, I love you," Hujon said.

"And say this, too, 'We will be married when God pleases!'"

He said it, his arms about her, his lips on hers.

"Who cares about dying if you feel like this?" Sylvia breathed. She was holding his hand over her heart, pressing his down hard.

"I don't want to. I want to live and love you," Hujon said strongly.

"Men scarcely ever have much vision," Sylvia said.

"Oh, Sil-Sil, loveliest and dearest, be serious for once!"

"Darling heart, my casualness is my seriousness and my tenderness. I want to be loved by you, loved beyond all telling, loved breathless, and almost beyond feeling, but to-night it's just my heart calling to yours: 'We've met; we know, our miracle has happened!' Isn't it enough?"

Everard's voice was calling:

"Sylvia, Hujon, come back."

They went, hand in hand.

"I'm just finishing," he said, "I've got to the last bit. Deep in me for ever one thing matters, and I believe only one—the land that is mine. The war beat such a dickens of a lot out of me . . . I just wanted Sil-Sil and Hujon to know—and have my blessing."

Sylvia was beginning to speak when she faintd.

"It's hunger," Hujon said briefly, getting some of the precious water from the radiator.

He sat with Sylvia in his arms, and she slept so; he was so hungry he felt raging, and Lady Wicke kept on asking for water. Everard walked about; he could not smoke, his mouth was too dry.

"I say—Holte," Hujon whispered.

Everard bent over him.

He shook his head in answer to Hujon's mute question.

"Not yet—anyway."

He resumed his pacing, and the cold grew sharper. Finally, lie, too, came and sat beside the fire and dozed, and the leader of the caravan, halting, wondered if all five were dead?

Hujon heard the camels grunting in his sleep and, roused, got on his feet, still clutching Sylvia to him, and let out a yell of joy.

And in half an hour they were on their way: they had eaten and drunk.

Lady Wicke said, drawing out her mirror:

"Well, it's over, and it was quite an experience. What a good game that truth-telling was—so amusing, making up the impossible!"

She smiled at Oliver:

"Oh, to be back in civilization!"

"In Kew Gardens!" Oliver said, and they both laughed.

"The Ritz in Paris will do instead, won't it?" Lady Wicke asked.

"Oh, not too bad," Oliver said, yawning.

Sylvia said, her hand in Hujon's:

"If it pleases God, darling and best, it would please me too, most awfully—shall we say to-morrow?"

END

Grim Oxford

(Continued from page 19)

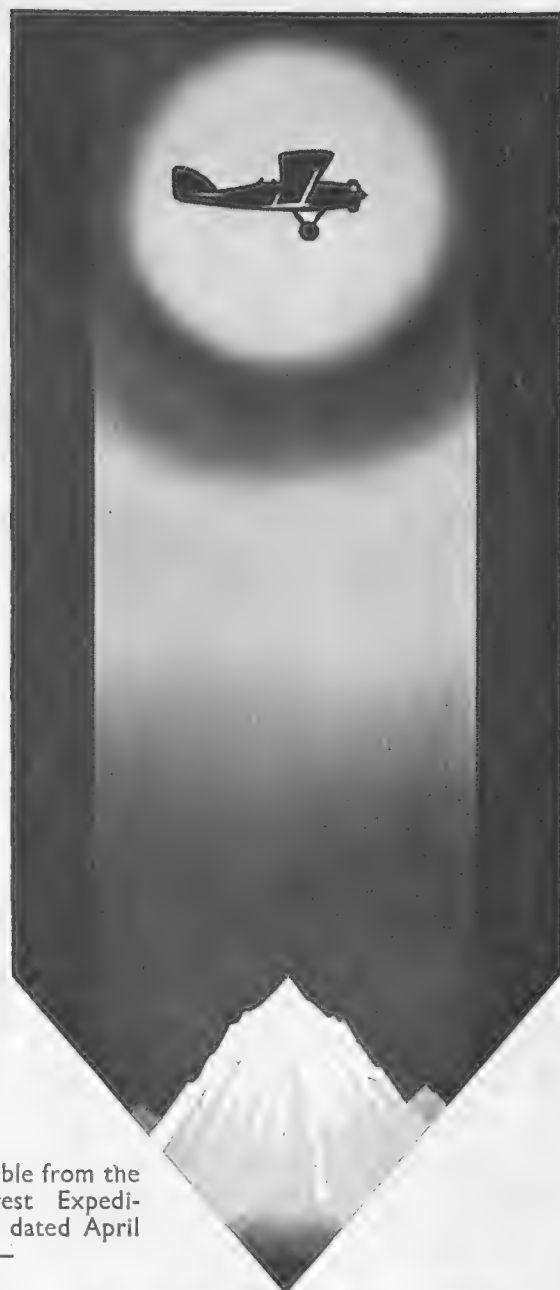
reasonable opportunities of livelihood. The shadow of the slump is over everything. Parents need not worry about the danger of cocktail parties. Practically speaking, they do not exist, except when some wealthy young man with his feet well planted on the rungs of a family business comes down for the week-end to act as host. The cut in allowances has been ruthless. The gay lunch parties which used to last till dinner time are almost unknown. A bursar of a small college told me that the revenue of the kitchen had declined last year by £1,000. Indeed, I know of undergraduates who definitely do not get enough to eat. They

breakfast off coffee and toast; their lunch consists of rolls and marmalade, and only on the statutory four nights a week do they eat a proper dinner in hall.

Fortunately, middle-class youth is still a long way from the plight of its counterpart in Germany. There, even last summer, when the situation was nothing like as desperate as it is now, I saw groups of young men in plus fours and smart blue shirts playing a jazz band down the street of a university town. It was middle-class youth begging its daily bread from door to door. Oxford is still lapped in luxury compared to that. All the same it cannot be said that

even on the background of the Dreaming Spires they are exempt from the paradoxical necessity in this crisis of plenty of having to tighten their belts.

One sees the new note of despondency even in the cut of the undergraduates' clothes. The colour has gone from the streets. The early "twenties" were the time of Oxford bags in variegated colours and multi-coloured sweaters, high-necked. They are as out of date now as the bowler hat or the Gladstone collar. Most undergraduates have returned to the dingy pre-war uniform of flannel trousers, dark and baggy, and the rough (Continued on page 96)



A cable from the
Everest Expedition dated April
3rd—

"EVEREST FLOWN

BY BOTH LADY HOUSTON'S
AIRCRAFT TO-DAY . . HEARTIEST
CONGRATULATIONS ON SPLENDID
PERFORMANCE OF

WAKEFIELD
Castrol
MOTOR OIL"

IN THE WESTLAND (BRISTOL PEGASUS)
AND DE HAVILLAND MOTH (GIPSY III) MACHINES

tweed coat of nondescript colour known in France as "pour le sport."

Even "the hearties" are less exuberant. My memory of Friday and Saturday nights in college quads is of tumult and turmoil—serenading of the Dons, strange hunting cries and everybody putting everybody else to bed. The nights I was up in the middle of the term were as silent as if they had been in the wastes of the vacation. The gaiety has gone out of the undergraduates' vocabulary. No one now refers disrespectfully to the Master of Balliol as "the Magger." There is no such meal as "brekker." It is bad form to refer to the vacation as "the Vac." And when I innocently talked about "the Beaumer" and "the Giler" I had to explain to an embarrassed breakfast party that I was referring to Beaumont Street and St. Giles's.

The slump dominates social life. It used to be said, with a measure of truth, that Oxford was one of the most unsnobbish societies in England; that all that mattered was what a man was, not at what school he had been educated. It appears now that it does not matter what a man is, but what is of supreme importance is who is his father. Judicious friendships may be cashed later into attractive appointments. So the sons of margarine kings enjoy a new social prestige; the dimmest back-quad man is a social lion if he is known to be the second cousin of a Fleet Street editor. It is a strange twist in values. A few years ago to be the son of a great man was almost a handicap.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, for instance, in 1924 failed to become President of the Union, though he is now one of the best debaters among the Under-Secretaries on the Treasury Bench. Had he possessed an unknown name he would probably have been elected. To read the list of officers recently elected at the Union is to imagine almost that it was an hereditary chamber, so many sons of Cabinet Ministers does it contain. The very streets have altered. Gone is the infectious gaiety of a university town. The sports car that used to career precariously down "the Corn" with half the college on the dickey and bonnet, if it is ever seen at all, now occasions the kind of amused surprise that is produced by the appearance of a brougham in Palace Yard.

American tourists perambulating the streets always had the comfortable thrill that they might perhaps be mixed up in one of those famous "rags." I recall that Saturday morning was the great occasion for them. There was the great day when we all assembled at Carfax with bicycles, and thereby brought the traffic of Oxford in the rush hours to a standstill; there was the launching of the candidature of the bogus Mr. Jorrocks in the 1922 election campaign. There was . . . But these are an old man's tales. As well expect to see a Brontosaurus trumpeting its way down the "High" as an undergraduate with a false nose.

I searched for some landmark that I could remember. I found it in the Senior Common Room. The Dons were quite unaltered. I

Grim Oxford: 1933

was their guest on the Sunday night that followed a week in which Japan had sprung at the throat of China, the Reichstag had been burned down, and the New York Stock Exchange had been closed. We discussed the price that Sir Joshua Reynolds charged for his portraits and whether it exceeded the tariff of Gainsborough, and over the port and dessert, for which we repaired as if still in the spacious days, napkin in hand, to another room, my late tutor told me, not for the first time, of the determined and successful fight that he had put up in 1910 against the threat of the electric trams. "No. There was no unemployment among those who had recently gone down as far as he was aware." That world at any rate remains unaltered.

I hear sinister stories of parents withdrawing their sons' names from the lists of those due to come into residence next October term. As so often, they are acting on information which has only reached them when it was out of date. A few years ago it may have been true that there were signs of real decadence in Oxford life. They have quite disappeared now. If a charge can be made against Oxford it is not that it is too frivolous, but that it is too serious. Indeed, I began to wish that just occasionally the undergraduates would follow the example of the Dons and express their ignorance of the slump and become their old irresponsible, wayward selves again.

END

Jeanne Stourton (Continued from page 61)

angle from the absurdly assured face. I mention a caricature of her that has appeared in the morning paper. She shoots me a swift, intimate look from the dark eyes.

"All chin and forehead! I know!" She sighs in mock resignation. "That's me. I might have been born for caricaturists. But the joke about this one is that the artist put it under a heading *Women I've Met*. I've certainly never met him!"

Long filigree Spanish earrings hang down from her dark head. A cluster of white orchids lies against her right shoulder. A bracelet of tinkety odds-and-ends jingles from her left wrist. There are a tiny jade green elephant, a small silver coin, a gold cannon, a little whirling wheel with the words *Je t'aime* picked out on it. A dozen of these trinkets are on the bracelet. She wears it night and day, with everything.

And—of course—she is not a bit like Margaret Whigham (Mrs. Sweeny), whose double she is supposed to be. There is a superficial resemblance, a flashing likeness. This gay little, much-photographed, twenty-years-old Society girl is very much Jeanne Stourton. Very much the girl of the illustrated weeklies, although, as she sits chatting with Frances Rodney, punctuating her conversation with surprising Americanisms like "surely" and "I certainly am," I get the feeling that behind her composure there is perhaps the same self-questioning and uncertainty which are in most of us. Which are certainly in James Rodney and me for instance, as we glance at the clock and, with typical male apprehension, think of our reception at the theatre when we arrive half-an-hour late and disturb the people who are already enjoying the play.

In a minute or two we mention our fear. The two women rise at once. Jeanne Stourton flicks the cigarette from her holder, and we make for the door. The next round of the gay life is beginning.

IT is nine o'clock. The first act of Ivor Novello's play *Fresh Fields* at the Criterion is half over, and as we go down the stairs into the theatre I am glad that I had the instinct to secure seats in the centre of a row, against the aisle. We all feel a little guilty as we walk toward the fourth row of the stalls; we have all in the past cursed late-comers who have annoyed us at a show.

"Very naughty," Jeanne Stourton whispers to me as she goes first into the

row. "And my fault. I'll tell you why later."

But it is not so naughty. We have timed our arrival to a gust of laughter at Lilian Braithwaite which holds up the play for a moment. We disturb nobody. If they notice us at all, these laughing people, they must feel sorry that we have missed so much of a very funny play. In a few minutes we are settled comfortably in our seats and are laughing also.

It is not the first night of a new play, and there are few of the "usual" people around us. This production has been running for some time, and all the men and women who look out at you from the illustrated weeklies have long since seen it. They are not here to-night. The people in the stalls now are the well-dressed, never-mentioned backbone of anything, whether it is the nation or the theatre. They pay for their seats.

"I like this better than a first night," Jeanne Stourton whispers to me, doing her stuff with her long black eyelashes. And as the curtain drops on the first act and the lights come on in the theatre: "Yes, much better." She looks about her. People are politely interested in this white swan, but they do not charge up from their seats at sight of her. "First nights bring out the squawking theatrical people, and I can't stand many of them. Insincere."

In her staccato way she has given her verdict. She catches the eye of Frances Rodney.

"Let's go out and smoke."

We all go out to the bar. Admiring eyes follow the women because both of them are very beautiful, and each is exquisitely dressed. We sit in the bar, but we do not drink. It is pleasant to sit in a theatre bar like this, smoking and talking, discussing the play in peace and quietness. There is none of the pandemonium of a first night which we have all experienced at various times. None of the hysterical women who hail each other, and everybody else, as "darling!" None of the theatrical "knockers," or the flash-light photographers, or the gossip-writers. Only ourselves and a passing acquaintance of Frances Rodney's who smiles a silent greeting. There will be no picture in the papers to-morrow of—

... left, Jeanne Stourton in the interval at "*Fresh Fields*" last night...

There will be no gossip paragraph about

her filigree earrings, or her companions, or her resemblance to Margaret Whigham. But she seems to be bearing up quite nicely. She has perceptibly come down to our earth, even if she hasn't drunk our champagne.

We go back to the theatre, back to our seats in the fourth row of the stalls, just before the lights go out.

Jeanne Stourton glances at her programme and burbles with quiet laughter. I bend towards her to follow her forefinger. She is laughing at the name Ivor Novello has chosen for his principal characters. The name is Bedworthy.

IT is midnight at *Ciro's*. The band is playing something that goes "*You're wonderful, you're beautiful, you're gorgeous, you're divine*," and the rectangle of dancing floor is crowded with swaying couples. Against the walls on the sofas sit some of the loveliest women, and some of the most important men, in the world.

It is all very gay and bright and animated, like a very good Hollywood film that you never believe in. In fact, to-night it is almost *too* right. The right people are certainly here, even to the Prince of Wales, who has a party at the table in the left-hand corner near the door—and near the band. There are so many personalities in this place to-night that you might be reading the "*Caviare*" page in the *Bystander*.

We have ordered food and drink, and while we wait for it we look at the different tables and speculate who is with who, and why. Jeanne Stourton knows most of the people present. All of them seem to know Jeanne Stourton. She sits smoking her Chesterfield cigarettes, endlessly smoking her Chesterfield cigarettes. As one is finished another is begun. She talks quietly about the people in this gay club, fingering the long cigarette-holder with the red-nailed fingers, and I am wondering why she smokes so much. Frances Rodney takes her husband off to dance, and I join Jeanne Stourton on the sofa against the wall. She does not want to dance yet. She did not get to bed till four o'clock this morning, and it is midnight now. *You're wonderful, you're beautiful, you're gorgeous, you're divine*, plays the band.

"It's nearly four every morning before I go to byes," she says, watching the thronged floor. "I'm a bit tired to-night, not because of that, but because I've had a heavy day. That's why I was" (Continued on page 98)



Thirsty days are here again —
and so is GINGER BEER!

For a real thirst quencher, Schweppes Ginger Beer with a
slice of lemon, or for those who prefer it — a dash of gin.

- therefore **Schweppes**

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

late-to-night. And my feet are tired too. That's the worst of being a shop girl."

The worst of being a shop girl!

There is anything but self-pity in the voice. The worst of being a shop girl seems that she likes it. I glance at the pale face, at the bright, black eyes. They are very much alive. They are missing little of what is happening in Ciro's to-night. She is a very wide-awake white swan. It will certainly be two or three o'clock before she is in bed to-night.

Yet at half-past eight to-morrow morning she will walk into her job on the second floor at Selfridge's. There will be no hang-over from this evening, nothing in her appearance to suggest that she played Cinderella. All to-morrow she will walk through the different departments of Selfridge's Women's and Children's Outfitting, speaking to customers, advising old ladies, encouraging the assistants. She will have her hour for lunch, like all the other workers in that vast store, and her twenty minutes for tea; and at seven o'clock in the evening she will come out into Oxford Street and hurry home to change.

Dr. Jekyll and Miss Stourton! By day, the hard-working shop girl; because she has to work for her living and support her mother; by night, because she knows everybody and belongs to the set, the hard-playing Society girl.

I have seen her at her work after one of these four o'clock mornings. I went with her once all over that unending second floor. She was not then a girl in evening dress with orchids against her right shoulder and filigree earrings flirting with her soft neck. But she was the same Jeanne Stourton, in a blue two-piece suit and black and white buckskin shoes. The same lurking laughter was in her eyes, and on her left wrist the same jingling bracelet of trinkets.

"Good-morning, dear," she said to the lift-girl, and "good-morning, dears," to the first group of shop assistants we encountered. After that it was a gramophone record of "Good-morning, dear," and "Good-morning, Miss Stourton."

We moved among the coats, dresses, jumpers, bathing suits and heaven only knows what. Jeanne Stourton, terribly efficient, indecently composed, kept just a shoulder ahead of me.

"Good-morning, dear."

"Good-morning, Miss Stourton."

The girls adored her, of course. You could see that in their eyes and in their smiles.

"Morning, Gloria."

"Good-morning, Miss Stourton."

"How's your mother, Gloria?"

Gloria told her. We passed on. I met her eyes, and she smiled—a little arrogantly, I thought, because she was conscious that she knew her job and was showing me that she knew it. She knew where everything was, could tell the price of anything. It

was a gross piece of exhibitionism. So to pull her to earth I murmured:

"There's just one thing lacking—a spotlight to follow you around and shine on you doing your stuff. You're acting grand!"

She smiled her mocking, silent smile. We went on to another floor, where Jeanne Stourton showed that she was equally popular and equally enlightened. That did not surprise me. I remembered that she had started in the perfumery department of Selfridges, and that before that she had been in a hat shop, and bought flowers in the Covent Garden market. A knowledgeable kind of girl altogether.

And now as we lean against the sofa in Ciro's, and the mob dances on the packed floor, and the Prince of Wales asks the band to play a tango, I understand why her feet are sore, and why the butterfly of the illustrated weeklies prefers to sit and talk. There's all that second floor to be covered to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow.

"But it's fun. I love it." Fitting a Chesterfield cigarette into the long holder. "It's a world in itself, do you know anything about a big store? When you begin you're put in a classroom, with desks and inkpots, and taught all about the business. How the customer is always right; how, if you can't sell goods by telling the truth, you mustn't sell them at all."

She pauses to make sure that I am really interested. She goes on:

"After you've been in the classroom for a week there's an examination at the education office, and if you don't pass, you go back to school for another week. You have to learn everything about cash on delivery, waiting remittance, 'pay at end,' the letter order department, cash taken, and cash sent and goods entered on account."

"Then you must learn to tie up all parcels with a special house knot, and fix special labels on parcels which are being sent as presents, and remember that the bill must not be enclosed with these. One of the rules of the house is that we must never leave our hats or coats in the department, and we must never use the ordinary doors of the store. Before we can take a parcel out of the store it must be checked out with a locker pass signed by the superintendent. The whole organisation is run with the efficiency of an army. And the discipline!"

I smile to myself. To talk of discipline at this hour.

"The first week in a big store is pretty hectic. You'd hardly believe the things a shop assistant is asked in the course of a day. I've directed a customer to the lift to get her to the basement, and been asked whether it was 'up or down.' On my first day someone asked me where she could buy socks for hot feet, and another came to the perfumery department for boot cream."

Her glance wanders to the next table, where a fat man is eating asparagus.

Jeanne Stourton

"That makes me think of our staff canteen," she says, and thanks me with her eyes as I push the cigarettes towards her. "Very good, too. We have an hour for lunch, either at 11.30, 12.30, or 1.30. If you are on the last shift you are allowed ten minutes to have a cup of coffee during the morning. Tea time is either 4 o'clock or 4.30, and at ordinary times you get off duty at 6 o'clock one week and 7 o'clock the next week. Oh, and, of course, once a month you have a Saturday morning off, and two weeks' holiday on full pay every year. Am I a walking advertisement or am I not?"

I let her go on.

"We have buyers and directors who started as lift boys, and there are scores of well-paid jobs. Superintendents get three or four pounds a week, and buyers can earn £1,000 a year. That's the job I'm going to try for."

The band is still playing. The Rodneys come back to our table, and we go on to the floor to dance. This is the gay life. There is laughter at the tables, and noisy chatter, and the pleasant tinkling of glasses. The bright smiles of lovely women make this place in the early morning something fairy-like and detached from life. Outside, beyond the drawn curtains and the walls, is reality. At this moment in Piccadilly the first street-cleaners are clattering their nozzled hose-pipes against the hydrants. At this moment in a dozen London clubs the waiters are adding up bills, or warning members that it's time to finish their drinks, or yawning surreptitiously behind their hands. At this moment everywhere shop girls are dreaming of just this kind of moment at Ciro's.

The shop girl with me says:

"Let's call it a day."

We call it a day. The four of us go out into the lounge and ask for two taxis. We shake hands with the Rodneys and they go off in the first. We step into the second taxi, and a moment later are out of Orange Street and headed for South Kensington. The white swan at my side shows no sign of weariness. She does not slump in the taxi. She sits as erectly upright as ever, her dark head proudly silhouetted against the passing street lamps. We talk a little, in that three o'clock in the morning mood that is like brandy after a good dinner.

The cab stops and I jump out on to the pavement. The girl in white comes out, ghost-like, from the deep gloom of the taxi. She lights up into real flesh and blood as she steps out. We have arrived at her home in Fulham Road—the two rooms above Spink's, the butcher, where she lives with her mother.

We stand for a moment together in the silent street, making another "date." Then she fits her key into the dark door and disappears. I wait for a moment. A light comes on in the room above the butcher's shop.

Jeanne Stourton has gone up to bed.

END

Fi-fi the Dancer

(Continued from page 49)

to keep her strong—the keeping or taking of her own life, her one possession.

Coming into the glare of the great, open-fronted room of Arkanel's, every man in it not too drunk to see realised that here was something different; nudging each other, poking each other in the ribs, standing up and shouting at her—"Fi-fi—Fi-fi—Fi-fi."

For here was not just old Rathdown's wife—little enough flip to her—but the only white woman in their world to dance to them, attempt to entertain them, stir their senses. Here, too, was something added, altogether new and vital, "Fi-fi, Fi-fi!" They roared her name again—"Fi-fi—Fi-fi!" No sort of "Mrs. Rathdown" here.

Rathdown rose from the piano. He was puzzled, and purpler than ever. This was the sort of thing he wanted, for all that he was ill at ease. "Mrs. Rathdown will be good enough to entertain us with a dance, gentlemen," he said, and holding out two fingers, he led her to the cleared centre of the floor, presented her bowing.

Moving back to the piano, he began to

play. The playing was well enough; all the same there was something disgusting about the way in which he caressed the notes with his heavy thick fingers, the hairy backs of his hands, the fashion in which he swung his body, his brutal head, to and fro. "By God, but he can play!" They all said that, adding for the most part, "Blast his dirty soul for him!"

The music began very slowly, very softly. Fi-fi floated into the open space, drifted round it, light as a feather, her face tilted sideways and backwards, her blue eyes seeming to look into the circle of eyes watching her—desperate and sentimental, hard, greedy, old and young, callous and scared and shamed; white men and every shade of whitey brown. All the same—though she had seemed to look at them, into them—she saw none of them; caught MacAlister's eyes, beneath the frowning straight brow, swing towards them, away from them and back to them like a flower on the end of a ribbon.

The music quickened and rose. It was almost incredible how swiftly those thick

hands could move over the keys. Fi-fi stood in the middle of the clear space and whirled to the tumble of notes, her tulle skirts straight out around her.

Higher and higher, quicker and quicker, a cascade of notes, reaching its zenith and dropping to silence.

For a moment or so Fi-fi ran round and round the circle as though she were scared, a small, scared child—Rathdown had drilled her into this.

Then, with a cry, she dived through the mass of men, threw herself high up on to the heart of one of them and clung to him—her arms round his neck.

She was schooled there too—partly—for one never knows when one's performing animal will exceed its instructions. Rathdown would get up from the music stool, looking very big and angry; push his way through to the other man and demand her back. "I'll trouble you to undemand my wife, or I'll know the reason why," he'd say in his great bellowing voice. And the man, whoever he might (Continued on page 101)

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**NO FINER WHISKY
GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE**

Good old matured whisky is the best and safest beverage at all times

be, ashamed and half afraid, his pals rocking with laughter about him—would loose Fi-fi's arms from his neck and hand her over to her rightful owner, who would take her and sit her on the top of the piano and tell her—playfully shaking his finger at her—to be a good girl and not disgrace him.

Later on he would approach the man, who had suffered rather than enjoyed Mrs. Rathdown's embrace, and money was made out of it. With Rathdown posing as a good fellow, taking things as they came—for a consideration. It would have paid better to frighten the fellow, whoever he might be. There was, however, Arkanel to be considered—Arkanel and the drinks. The more men drank the higher Rathdown's percentage. All to the good for him if the poor mug stood treat all round. "Well, supposin' I say no more about it and you shout drinks—not for me, you understand, for these others."

This social night, however, something went wrong: "Unhand my wife," cried Rathdown, even then not altogether sure of himself, for there was a gleam like steel in the level stare of MacAlistair's eyes.

"I'm damned if I will!" he said, and walked out there and then, with Fi-fi, light as spun glass, in his arms, held high against his breast.

His firm step crossed the verandah, moved down the wooden steps, the unhurried step of a man who knows his own mind, is sure of himself. Other men crowded out to the front, stared after him and surged back into the room, staring at Rathdown, oddly ashamed of themselves, enraged with themselves. For how many of them had said, "Why the devil doesn't someone get her away from that brute?" The worst among them rotten as Rathdown himself.

They stared at him now, curious and cruel—Rathdown the great bully, the man whom they had feared—standing in the middle of the floor, his purple face greyed over, as though with a sudden blight; his cheeks moving like a fish's, puffing in and out. In that moment or so he had fallen in, gone to pieces. One hand pulled at his under lip, the other at the massive brass chain crossing his heavy paunch, his spotted waistcoat. His bulging eyes had a queer, taken aback look in them, running from one to another.

"Well, what now, Mister Rathdown?" a little fellow with a face like a rat peered up at him and spat—spat on the toe of his patent leather shoe. At this Rathdown pulled himself together, drew back his shoulders, thrust out his chest, hesitated, puffing his cheeks, and burst out laughing, slapping his fat thighs.

"Good bit of bye-play that, eh? Fine fellow that, played up to me, eh?—God, but it was good! Couldn't have done better myself. See the way Mrs. Rathdown tipped me the wink? Sort of thing you come across in Paris, eh? Real comedy. But there, I forgot, you don't know Paris. Altogether different with a man like myself. Cosmopolitan they call it. Devilish fine bit of work—fine comedy, high comedy! A bit of a tune to round it off, now, eh? A bit o' a tune, gentlemen."

Swaggering across to the music stool, he sat down on it, crashed his hands on to the notes with a loud, self-conscious laugh.

A big man lolling forward over the piano—both elbows on it, his legs trailing—lifted his mug of beer; glanced at Rathdown with all a drunkard's solemnity and threw it full in his face.

It broke the tension, there were shouts and yells of laughter—"Now then, Rathdown, now's your chance to show us what you can do—Fight him now—always talking o' fightin'—Fight—fight—you son o' a bitch!" They shouted at him as he had shouted at Fi-fi—"Dance, I tell you—dance, you—"

The beer was running down Rathdown's face and shirt front, the inside of his collar. Involuntarily he had raised one arm, and it streamed down his sleeve.

The other man had dropped back into his old attitude; sprawling both elbows on the piano.

Wiping the beer from his eyes, shaking his head, shaking it from his eyes, Rathdown looked at him, realised his cool grin, the

immense muscles of his arms and shoulders, the strength of the lolling torso in the frayed singlet, and turning aside—muttering something about vengeance, honour—pushed his way through the crowd, his great head thrust forward, his eyes lowered; crossed the verandah and moved down the steps, followed by shouts of laughter.

Stumbling along the edge of the garden and down the road, and back again, he was in an agony of rage and uncertainty; stuffing his handkerchief in between his soaked shirt and hairy chest, wondering what on earth to do—that fellow, that MacAlistair. There was something about him.

He walked out into the middle of the road cursing the sea captain, vowing vengeance, shrunk back into the shadows; moved out into the open again, felt himself caught by the moonlight and slunk back.

If he once got his hands on the man he would kill him—"Wouldn't be safe to go after him now—murder, that's what it would be," he told himself. "A man with my sort of strength." After all, there was the woman to lick. Let her look out for herself when she came back, that was all. Let her look out for herself. He repeated it again and again, running his tongue round his dry lips: breathing more heavily; clenching and unclenching his large, soft hands.

Reaching the end of the wooden quay Rathdown lurked, hyena-like, in the shadows in front of the "Rose Marie," moved forward a little, put one foot on the end of the plank, and, catching sight of the watchman's head, backed again, stood off under the trees.

There was a light in the little salon. With the soft pat-pat of the water came the low murmur of voices. It was so quiet, that he could hear it there across the road, had an idea of creeping up sideways trying to catch what was said, sickened with fear at the thought.

After all, where was the sense of getting into trouble for a woman, a slut of a woman? Just let her come back and he'd lick it out of her, he told himself again; and turned back down the road, pulling at his collar and lips; his chilled body shrinking away from his wet clothes.

Trembling and shivering, the fear came to him that he might fall ill. If he got fever because of this—by God, if he got fever, he'd cut the skin off her! Forever terrified of illness, he hurried back to the rooming house, up to his own room; got out of his clothes—letting them drop on the floor—and into his pyjamas; drawing himself together; shaking with fear like a frightened child.

He would not put out the lamp. Anything might happen, anything! He might die there, alone in the dark. The thing was to get warm and to get to sleep, forget it all. By now he didn't care a damn about his wife—women were like that, ungrateful sluts!

Pulling the sheet up to his chin, he lay there shivering and staring, wondering what on earth had happened to him—with no idea of what had happened: the pricking of the great, foul bubble known as Rathdown, worshipped by Rathdown himself.

The jeering voices, grinning faces, of the men at Arkanel's came back to him, their "Yah—yah," the hooting at him, Rathdown!—the contemptuous faces, of the man who had thrown the beer, the muscles in his arms and shoulders. "I'm not what I was," he thought to himself, cringing into himself. "A year or two ago, when I was a younger man—a year ago, I wouldn't have let a thing like that pass."

A wave of terror swept over him. He would never get younger again, he would go on getting older, flabbier: more men would laugh at him, insult him, spit on him. A poor old man—a poor, poor old man.

If Fi-fi failed him now, if he had to work for himself! He was in terror at the thought. After all, the best thing he could do was to get to sleep, have no sort of words with her when she returned, leave her alone. Beasts of women! One never knew what they'd be at, leaving a man in the lurch.

If only he could sleep, if only, only he could sleep. Sitting up in bed, terrified of a chill—fatal to get a chill with fever on you—he

Fi-fi the Dancer

dragged the sheet about his shoulders, fumbled for his shoes—sodden with beer—and thrust his feet into them, moved over to the washing stand and pulled open the drawer; took out the white box with Fi-fi's powders, opened one and placed it on his tongue—far more of it than he would have thought—worked it down with water, and once more threw himself back upon his bed.

QUICKLY, lightly for all his firmness, the sea captain—with a feeling of treading on air—had moved along the whole length of the shore road, soft with powdered coral; past the other boats, darkened and silent, and up the plank of his own schooner at the end of the quay; nodding to the watchman as he dropped on to the deck, moving along it to the doorway of the salon, the dancer in her full white frock, thin legs in white cotton stockings, white ballet shoes hanging like a doll's, her tense body still and rigid—held in his arms; she herself held rigid, within herself fearful of breaking this bubble, losing all.

Nothing of her, thought MacAlistair, sensitising his hands to hold her, gently and firmly, without crushing; tiny bird-like bones, a skin like fine silk, a fluff of hair, the blue eyes closed, and little else.

Nothing of her—nothing! Nothing but a heart like a mouse's beating straight against his own, as he murmured over her, passionately, tenderly: "There, there, my sweet, my pretty. There, there, nothing to be afraid of now."

He carried her into the salon, and, sitting on the edge of the table, nursed her on his knee. "Is he cruel to you? I knew it! God damn the foul brute! Every night I've been there; every night since we made landfall, watching you dance, waiting for you. Did you see me, my beauty, my darling? Did you know—did you know?"

"To-night I saw you—to-night," murmured the girl, her cheek against his. "To-night, for the first time, I saw you. You came under my verandah and looked up and I saw you, really saw you. Knew—really knew. In the hotel, dancing there, I was scared, scared to death, too scared to see anything—dancing—dancing to Rathdown's playing—a whipped cur on a string! Oh, my God, that's what I've been—a broken-hearted, whipped cur on a string—the string of Rathdown's will!"

She was silent for a moment, drawing herself a little apart, slipping to the floor, standing with her cheek against his, just touching it. "And to-night, to-night of all nights," she murmured. "To think of it—only think of it. I was going to kill myself, get out of it all, put an end to it. And all the while there was you waiting for me. And I must have known—dearest—dearest love—somewhere, deep in my heart, I must have known. For I ran to you—and not the body of me either—the trained body, part of Rathdown's training—but the whole of me"—her voice rose on a note of exaltation—"the heart and soul of me."

"And I caught you!"—there was all of a man's deep triumph in his voice. "I caught you and I'll keep you, precious, precious—my sweet."

For a moment they clung together, shaken by passion. Then again it was the woman who drew herself apart, shivering. "There's Rathdown, I must go back to Rathdown—" she said.

"The hell you won't! I brought you away, I took you, from under his nose and I'll keep you," protested MacAlistair. "Good God, I love you—do you hear, I love you, love you, Fi-fi, Fi-fi." He broke off with a sudden laugh, taking her by her shoulders and shaking her. "No, no, I can't call you that—it's not your name—the name for you. A little dog's name."

"No it's not my name—Rathdown's name—Rathdown with his whip training me to dance—I'd a name once, a real name—Rose."

"There—there. I knew it, I could have told you." The sea (Continued on page 102)

captain gave a queer, heady laugh. "Part of my ship—the best part—Rose—Rose Marie, that's what you are. You can't leave us now—Rose—Rose—"

He put his hands against her waist and dropped to his knees, pressing his head against her, suddenly scared. She was so small, so stubborn. "All my life I've been waiting—every port I've gone into, I've watched for you. We'll sail away now—ship of my heart and girl of my heart—now—now—never come back."

"And lose you your cargo—lose, oh, lose you everything. No, no. I know what it would mean—heart's love—hiding and skulking." Her voice trailed, she was suddenly and, desperately tired, with Rathdown lying like a rotten fruit across her consciousness. "I've seen it at other ports with other lovers. No, no! We've had this, we have each other, we *know*. If ever I get free—But—now—"

"Rose! I won't let you go. I swear it. I've got you and I'll keep you." He clung to her desperately, his arms about her. "To go back to that brute—why, if I let you go now—"

He broke off. There was something about her fragile and inflexible, and he rose to his feet.

"To-morrow we'll have it out—to-morrow." His voice dragged. That same sense of hopeless fatigue came over him, wiping him out. Quite mechanically he put his hand out on to the table behind him for his cap, remembered that he must have left it at Arkanel's bar room, forgotten about it. Years and years ago, or so it seemed, at Arkanel's bar—young, triumphant, full of life, sure of himself and of her, he had forgotten all else.

"Anyhow, I'll come back to your place with you, wait outside. If I hear a sound, if he so much as speaks a rough word, lays a hand on you, I'll kill him; before God I'll kill him," he added, savage and despairing, and moving forward, helped her over the step of the salon, across the plank to shore.

They were a long while getting back to

Arkanel's. Their feet dragged as if weighted with lead. For MacAlistair's mind was full of a thousand things that might be done, in a state of furious revolt against the very idea of being beaten, a sick horror at the thought of this darling, spun-glass creature at his side going back to that brute Rathdown, crushed to powder in Rathdown's hands. He was a simple man, unused to seeing anything apart from what was immediately in front of his eyes. All the same, he saw Rathdown's hands now—there in his mind's eye—large and soft, with black hair along the back of them, heavy turned-back thumbs.

"Something to be done—" A thousand things, a thousand ways out—for all that, no way. After all, the ports were full of unemployed captains these days. "My ship," he would say proudly, meaning it. All the same, it was not his ship; in a month, a week even, he might lose his berth. "This girl—my girl." All the same, she was not his girl, but Rathdown's wife, and in certain simple minds—his own and the woman's—marriage is an altogether unpliable thing, a bone in the throat.

Moving more and more slowly, stopping and clinging together, face to face, body to body in an agony of pain, as though the very flesh were torn off them at parting, they reached the rooming house, and there—without so much as another kiss, without so much as daring a last embrace—Rathdown's wife tore herself away and dragged herself slowly up the steep, stuffy stairway, blanketed with heat, and opened the door of the kennel shared with Rathdown.

Closing the door deliberately behind her, she moved forward, feeling her way with both hands, for the lamp had burned itself out, lading the air with acrid fumes.

There was still a little moonlight, and after a moment or so, she made out the heavy bulk lying on the bed with the sheet drawn up to his chin.

For the first time since they were married Rathdown was neither grunting nor snoring, lay strangely quiet. As her eyes grew accustomed to the light, she realised the

Fi-fi the Dancer

gleam of his eyes a little open, watching her—or so it seemed.

She had thought she would never be frightened of him again, her fear put out by something so much greater. All the same, she was frightened now—dreadfully frightened.

"I'm not—" her voice sounded oddly loud in the silence. "I'm not going to lie on the bed beside you—never again—never—never again," she had meant to add, but the words were broken, nipped out of her like a bitten thread.

For a moment more she stood there staring, strangely chilled, as though her heart had struck work within her. Then, moving forward, she put out one hand and touched Rathdown's chest, just beneath the hands clutching the sheet up to his chin, his eyes still watching her, strips of white in the moonlight.

There was something else white lying on the floor, a scrap of white paper. Stooping, she picked it up. Realising something of what had happened, her fine, sensitive fingers felt round the edge, came to the indentation, and lingered there.

She was thinking, thinking hard. Her mind felt like a rock; something so solid that it must be split in two before any real, definite thought could flow from it.

Then quite suddenly she folded the paper into four, tore it up into tiny morsels. After all, it was not her fault, it was nobody's fault—Rathdown in place of herself, the thing had happened, that was all. Feeling flowed through her like water, softening, healing; a sense of cleanliness, of open doors.

Moving out on to the verandah, she leant over the rail. The sea captain was still there, standing very upright, with folded arms, staring up at her. Leaning far out she whispered, throwing her voice down to him: "To-morrow—to-morrow."

Quite suddenly it came to her, all that it meant. No one to crack the whip any more; no one to shout—"Dance, you bitch—dance, I tell you! Quick and lively, dance!"

END

Love Comes To-morrow (Continued from page 79)

have sent him to us," he thought with satisfaction.

A handsome young man, poor, honest, with a romantic background that would be just the thing for publicity purposes. Igor's father had been something or other in Petrograd; Bernstein decided to make him a general; he had been killed in the war. Igor's mother was dead, too. His uncle in Paris was nothing in particular.

"Excellent!" Bernstein told himself. "No family to worry about."

Unlike most Russian expatriates in Paris, Igor was neither a gigolo nor a taxi-driver; he was studying to be an architect. What could be more respectable!

Bernstein was a student of human nature—a good manager has to be—and so he approached Igor carefully. Russians, he knew, were sensitive creatures. When at last, delicately, he hit the nail on the head it was impossible for Igor to be offended. He hardly knew what Bernstein was getting at; he felt puzzled and flattered—and very happy. He felt that he was a man singled out from amongst men. He walked along the Champs Elysées, his head lost somewhere in the sunlit sky.

"I've got him eating out of my hand," Bernstein told Zurka. "He'll jump at it. Take my word for it."

But Zurka didn't share his satisfaction. "I don't like it. I'm not going to pretend that I do."

"You don't have to, my dear," said Bernstein, rubbing his hands. "Just leave everything to me. I know what I'm doing. What do you say to a drive in the *Bois*? It's such a beautiful day."

"Oh, dear!" thought Zurka, as she went to put on her hat. "If only he doesn't go through with it!"

But, as always, Bernstein was right. Igor

Golowin came back that same evening. "Have you thought it over?" Bernstein asked him.

"Yes; I am entirely at your service. But I want it understood," he added, "I am not doing it for the sake of the money. I love Madame Zurka. I adore her. I worship the ground she walks on!"

His handsome young face was tense with emotion. Zurka, watching him closely, felt a little catch at her heart. She could not help feeling sorry for him, he looked so young. Poor boy!

"Well," said Bernstein, "that's fine."

ON Zurka's wedding day she wore a gown that afterwards became the rage in Paris. It was chaste and yet it was daring; it had a pure straight line, and yet it suggested many a cunning stitch. Some people felt that, in the circumstances, it wasn't quite the gown she ought to have worn. But these were in the minority. As Bernstein pointed out, the gown was a symbol. After all, there had to be some sort of symbol to mark this great change in Zurka's life.

Paris was amazed, of course. No one knew what to make of it. One of the newspapers suggested that it must be a publicity hoax, even though Zurka had never gone in for that sort of thing. Men had killed themselves because of her. That was true. But her jewelry had never been stolen, she had never been kidnapped, nor had she ever threatened to desert the stage for the gloomy walls of a cloister. Her publicity had been just as honest as it had been sensational.

The wedding was a quiet affair. Igor's uncle was there, a gaunt old man, very distinguished-looking, with a white beard; he looked exactly what the public expects a Russian aristocrat to look like. When Bernstein saw him for the first time he felt

that he was too good to be true. There were half a dozen other Russians. But most of those present were reporters and photographers.

Bernstein had invented a very pretty story. It had come to him early one morning over a bottle of champagne. He had always insisted that champagne was the only thing worth drinking, and now he was certain of it. Of course, the most important thing about a story, pretty or otherwise, is that you can prove it to be true. Bernstein could do that. After he had talked at length to Igor's uncle, the old gentleman could recall in charming detail how Igor and Zurka had known each other as children, how they used to play together, and how they had sworn to each other that one day they would get married.

"Romance, Nina," said Bernstein, with a chuckle. "That's what the public wants."

As for Igor—what a boy! He played the game for all it was worth. Bernstein felt like clapping him on the back.

Zurka held in her arms a bouquet of white roses, and with it had come a little note: "The flowers you always loved best as a child."

Zurka was going to tear the note into little pieces and scatter them on the floor; that might also have been a symbol, of another kind; but Bernstein stopped her. He smiled and said:—

"Keep it as a souvenir of your marriage, Nina."

It was Bernstein, of course, who arranged the honeymoon; the finishing touch, as you might say—as Bernstein did say—to this, the sweetest of romances, the perfect consummation of the shrewdest idea he ever had. He selected the Lago di Como, where Zurka had a small villa, a most romantic spot not more than half an hour by motor from Locarno; far enough removed, therefore, and yet easily (Continued on page 104)

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57

A COURSE IN ITSELF:

Fruit and Cabbage Salad.

INGREDIENTS—1½ lbs. cabbage leaves, 1 lb. of pineapple (tinned ones will do very well), oranges, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Wash the cabbage, remove the outer leaves, put the heart in a bowl, cut, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, drain thoroughly and shred very finely. Cut the pineapple into slices. Put the oranges in half and scoop out the pulp. Mix the cabbage, pineapple and oranges with Heinz Salad Cream, put on a dish, garnish with more salad Cream over and decorate with cherries, flowers or leaves.

AS SAVOURY OR SWEET:

Apple and Mint Salad.

INGREDIENTS—1½ cups of sliced apples, 1½ cups of chopped onion, 1½ cups of sliced cucumber, 1½ cups of Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Mix the apples, onion and cucumber with enough Heinz Salad Cream to bind them together. Garnish on each lettuce or salad, dress separately with chopped onion and serve with extra Heinz Salad Cream.

WITH FISH, MEAT & POULTRY:

Orange and Cucumber Salad.

INGREDIENTS—1½ cups of sliced cucumber, 1½ cups of sliced orange, 1½ cups of Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Put the cucumber in a bowl, wash it in cold water, cut into small pieces. Put the oranges in a bowl, wash them, cut into small pieces. Mix the cucumber, orange and Heinz Salad Cream. Garnish on a lettuce leaf or on a vegetable sprig and serve with extra Heinz Salad Cream. Dress separately with chopped onion and serve with extra Heinz Salad Cream.

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accessible to newspapermen and photographers who might want a more intimate glimpse of “The New Zurka.” Bernstein called her that already, casually to be sure, but with a sincerity that not even the most cynical could doubt.

At first Zurka felt rather uncertain.

“But, Henri,” she pointed out, “it’s altogether impossible. You can’t ask it of me. No, no! I could never go through with it.”

“Why not, Nina?”

“Don’t you see? He’s so young, such a nice boy, and he loves me. Honestly, I mean. With all his heart!”

“So much the better,” said Bernstein. “Take my word for it, Nina. But surely,” he added with a shrug, “you know more about men than I do. You’ll be able to handle him all right.”

Zurka sighed a little. “I do like him, Henri.”

“So do I,” agreed Bernstein cheerfully. “He’s a fine young fellow. Clever, too. Believe me, I’m not finished with him yet. I’ve only begun. I have plans, Nina. Wonderful plans! But you’ll see—”

SO Zurka and her husband went to the Lago di Como. And, as Bernstein had foreseen, the honeymoon offered just the right publicity angle. Gone, almost overnight, was the Zurka, the *femme fatale*, whose scandals had been the talk of Europe! In her place was a charming, lovable young woman, who liked to talk about her husband, her home, the good, simple things of life. Igor and she were photographed, arm-in-arm, against a background of blue water and noble mountains; they were interviewed lazily content on the verandah of her villa; the camera sought them out in bathing suits, on horseback, in a dozen different poses, all of them picturesque, all of them rich with a gentle quality that might well have inspired the composers of “Tin Pan Alley” to give the world another million-dollar song.

Of course, there was the unfortunate suicide of Lady Hodges, who, as a matter of fact, had ended her life not a stone’s-throw away from Zurka’s villa. But the public was reminded of that sad happening, delicately, as you might put it, apologetically. Everybody was now agreed that the poor neurotic creature was better off dead; certainly Zurka hadn’t been to blame in any way. If, as sometimes happened, an embarrassing question was put to her, she answered evasively, or else turned the question over to Igor, who, with a graceful gesture, would change it into a compliment. Together they made of the honeymoon all that Bernstein expected of them.

Bernstein, never without his famous smile, very satisfied with himself—and hadn’t he a right to be?—travelled about, from Paris to London, then to Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Budapest. He seemed to be everywhere at once. And at the end of the month, when everything was in readiness, he came to Locarno.

It did not take him long to explain the preparations he had made. He was a little disappointed that Zurka wasn’t more enthusiastic. But, then, she had her moods.

“We’re going to open in Berlin,” he told her.

It was in Berlin that, years ago, she had had her first big success.

“That’s why I thought we’d stage our come-back there,” he went on. “Another publicity angle. And besides, though of course you were always successful everywhere, in Berlin—”

“Yes. Of course, Henri.”

Bernstein lighted a cigar, and then turned to her briskly. “Now, as for Igor—”

“Why, I supposed—isn’t he coming along to Berlin?”

Bernstein shrugged his shoulders, rather irritably.

“What on earth for, Nina? He’d only be in the way. I’ve thought it all out,” he added more cheerfully. “He’ll return to Paris and go on with his studies there. How long will it take him before he’s an architect?”

“Another year, I think,” said Zurka. “But I don’t see—”

Love Comes To-morrow

“Well, that’s settled then.”

“Don’t you think, Henri, we ought to ask Igor what he thinks about it?”

“If you like,” Bernstein shrugged again. “I don’t see that it makes much difference.”

“Oh, but it does!” And suddenly Zurka threw back her head and laughed merrily. “Henri! Are you blind?”

He stared at her, and could hardly believe his ears.

“You don’t mean—?” he asked slowly.

“Yes,” said Zurka happily, “just that—”

“You must be mad!”

Already Bernstein was master of this situation, so unexpected, so—so unbelievable!

“We love each other,” she told him simply. “Don’t you understand, Henri? It’s the first time I loved anyone. I didn’t know at first; I couldn’t believe such a thing could happen to me—!”

Bernstein frowned darkly. “You mean that?”

“Do I mean it? I love him. Do you hear? Love him, love him, love him! I couldn’t live without Igor again—ever!”

Bernstein clenched his fists. He was furious. But he was a wise man, and he knew when to hold his tongue. What a fool he had been! Nina Zurka, just a woman like a million others, a wife, a mother—*Gott über die Welt!* That would be the end of Zurka, the *artiste*. He was certain of it, and he was conscious of a sinking sensation, the walls of the splendid house he had built, wearily, through the years, bit by bit, stone upon stone, by the sweat of his brow, swayed crazily, and with his mind’s eye he saw himself, Henri Bernstein, buried beneath the wreckage. Never, never!

If he could only get her away—that was his one thought.

So he went off to find Igor.

“What is the meaning of this?” he demanded.

“What?”

“This nonsense—this—this being in love!”

“It’s true,” Igor told him quietly.

“You’re going to get out,” shouted Bernstein. “Do you hear me? Get out!”

“But we love each other,” Igor insisted.

“We’re married, aren’t we?”

Bernstein kept a tight hold on himself; he was determined not to lose his temper. He knew that wouldn’t help him.

“So that’s it, is it? Blackmail! Very well, M. Golowin. How much do you want?”

Igor did not answer right away; he took out a beautiful cigarette case—Zurka had given it to him as a wedding present—and carefully selected a cigarette, put it into his mouth and lighted it.

“M. Bernstein,” he said—he spoke slowly, quietly, but with unmistakable emphasis—“I have only one thing to say to you: Go to hell!”

BUT that was not the end of it. There were terrible scenes. Bernstein was beside himself. He appealed to Zurka’s intelligence, to her pride; he reminded her of all he had done for her, how he had discovered her in that tangle in Constantinople, how unselfishly he had served her. He pleaded and flattered, he spoke softly and he shouted at the top of his voice; beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; he wrung his hands; he threatened and he cursed; he did everything but weep.

“Do you think I’m going to let you go now?” he told her. “No, you belong to me! Nobody can take you away from me. Nobody on earth! Your body—you can do with that as you like. You can give it to this boy, for all I care. As long as he doesn’t interfere with me. With the great plans I have for you—!”

“But why then can’t Igor come with us?” asked Zurka wretchedly. “He wouldn’t interfere—”

“He would!” thundered Bernstein. “He’d be there, all the time, a wall between us. He’d ruin everything, I tell you!”

And in the end Bernstein had his way.

It was inevitable, really. Igor stood up against him and he was flattened out.

Zurka herself, sobbing bitterly, told him to go.

"Yes, get out," yelled Bernstein. "You—you gigolo!"

"I'm not even that," Igor told him. "If I were a gigolo, I could at least be with the woman I love, I could hold her in my arms, I could kiss her. I'll go, Nina, since you ask me to. I love you, dear. Don't forget that, ever."

"Never," whispered Zurka.

And Bernstein smiled, grimly.

THAT winter Zurka went to America. Igor did not accompany her; nor had he been with her in Berlin, nor in London, nor anywhere else, for that matter.

But Zurka's married life was a happy one. She often regretted publicly that her husband's work in Paris made it impossible for them to be together, and Igor gave interviews in which he told the public of his interest in architecture, of the motor car he preferred to drive, of the foods he liked best, and of his devotion to Zurka. It was impossible to doubt his sincerity. He lived in Zurka's apartment on the Champs Elysées, and from time to time, always beautifully dressed, he was seen at a dancing or a theatre. He seldom smiled, and did not look very happy, but people found that only natural. After all, he was a Russian. A popular American weekly drew a comparison between him and "poker-face" Helen Wills, another mentioned him along with a famous, sad-faced comedian. Young ladies, flapper, *ingénue* or *backfish*, thought him too handsome for words, and ambitious youths copied his clothes, his moustache, and his sex appeal. The husband of the great Zurka—how they envied him his good fortune!

Zurka reached New York on a wave of advance publicity that carried her gloriously to that hospitable shore.

Bernstein managed everything, and everybody. He talked to the newspapers, he talked to the producer of the play in which Zurka was to appear, he talked into the microphone for the benefit of a million radio fans. He talked English, French, German, Yiddish. The play, which had been written by a famous American playwright, was very bad; during the rehearsals there were differences, quarrels, outbursts of temperament that rocked the theatre and threatened to raise the roof; but Bernstein was there, never excited, capable, convincing. Words tumbled from his mouth like marbles out of a bag. It was impossible to argue with him, for he shouted you down, and if you tried to stand up against him you were flattened out. He was magnificent. Though nobody appreciated the fact, he was greater than Zurka.

"**T**O-MORROW is the big night, Nina."

"Yes. I know. I'll be glad when it's over."

Zurka shrugged her shoulders and there was in her voice a note of exasperation.

"What's the matter?" asked Bernstein.

"Oh, nothing."

He noticed that she looked tired, as though she hadn't slept well.

"You mustn't worry," he told her. "I look forward to a greater success than any you've ever had. Did you read the papers this morning?"

"It's not that. I'm worried about Igor."

"Why, in the name of heaven?"

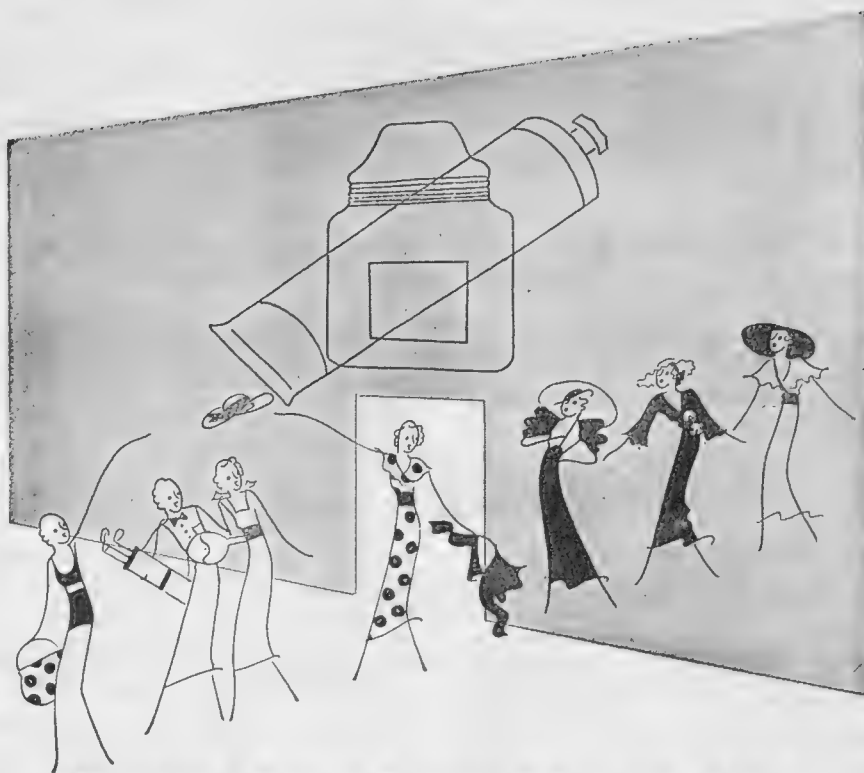
He had been much too busy to give Igor a thought. He took it for granted that he was in Paris minding his own business.

"Now, let's not have any nonsense, Nina. Igor is a damned nuisance! Of course I admit he's been very useful to us—"

"But why hasn't he written?"

"How should I know?"

Bernstein frowned, and he chewed thoughtfully at his cigar. Bernstein and his cigar were inseparable. *Life* had made a joke about it. Bernstein had been rather annoyed, for he took himself very seriously. There had been a delightful illustration; it showed Bernstein in bed, (Continued on page 106)



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his bald head resting against a pillow, a cigar in his mouth, blissfully regarding a photograph of the great Zurka.

"Oh, Henri," said Zurka wearily. "I can't help it. I dream of him, every night. I can't be without him any longer. Can't you understand? I love him. I need him!"

Bernstein frowned again. Zurka and her moods were a bit trying at times.

"Nonsense," he told her. "As long as he gets a cheque every month. Now, let's talk of something else."

Of course he talked about the play. But Zurka was impossible that morning. She did not even pretend to pay any attention to what he was saying.

"If you're not feeling well," he advised, "you had better stay in your room. I'll come and get you when it's time for you to go to the theatre."

He put on his hat and his fur coat, and a few minutes later was walking along the Avenue.

BERNSTEIN did not return to the hotel until late in the afternoon. He wanted to give Zurka a chance to get a good rest before the performance. He took it for granted, therefore, that she was still in her room, and he entered the hotel blithely and went straight to the lift.

What follows should be prefaced with some sort of simile—the simile of an earthquake, for instance—for it blew Bernstein up in the air and brought him crashing down and tumbled the hotel on his head.

The porter came hurrying across the lobby.

"Madame is gone," he told him.

Bernstein stared at him stupidly.

"Gone? Where?"

The porter spread out his hands in a helpless gesture; but he had learned to handle even the most incredible situations—a good hotel porter has to—and so, his face expressionless except for a fixed, professional smile, he went on to explain. Madame had seemed very nervous and excited. . . .

Love Comes To-morrow

Suddenly Bernstein understood.

"The *Europa*," he gasped. "Doesn't the *Europa* sail to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter. "But I'm afraid it's too late—"

"It can't be," shouted Bernstein. "Impossible. She must be here to-night. The show! Oh, my God!"

But the porter was right.

The *Europa* made a record passage, and on the dock at Cherbourg, wildly waving his hat, Zurka saw Igor waiting for her.

Nobody recognised her; she looked so small, like a frightened little girl.

And then Igor was holding her in his arms, and they were laughing, or maybe they were crying.

Had Bernstein been there he would have known. And he would have told it to the newspapers.

END

The Back Garden of Allah (Continued from page 27)

criminal community, but playing a lone hand, are the multitudinous prophets and priests who rove the countryside.

THE custom in India, as it is elsewhere in the world, is for the devout to retire from a material world and prepare themselves by penances and austerities for the hereafter. Some go into monasteries, but most of them retire into the jungles, where, naked and ash-smearing, they sit under the trees and meditate, their hair matted, their bodies starved, their eyes dull. Some of them hold a hand above the head—they have vowed to hold it thus for twenty years. Long before it is time to bring it down they will be unable to move it, for it will have withered. Others hold both hands up in penance—they have to be fed. Some lie on a bed of spikes; one of them did so for thirty years. Others construct a gigantic tripod, from the apex of which they hang themselves feet up and sway gently, their matted heads but a few inches above fire.

Many of them are genuinely devout—but it is so easy for the unscrupulous to assume this guise and play the rôle for a baser end. Quite a number trick themselves out in the saffron garb of piety with the harmless object of collecting a few pennies from the gaping throng at some religious fair.

You ought to know something about these religious fairs. India is a land which knows no holidays in our sense of the term. They do not indulge in an annual fortnight by the sea, but religious duties are generally coupled with festivity and rejoicing.

On every pilgrimage a man is accompanied by his entire family, even children in arms, who travel sometimes on foot, sometimes in covered wagons, at other times on camels, or on elephants, to some distant shrine, often hundreds of miles away.

Here all the avenues to the temple are lined with stalls hurriedly run up by traders eager to drive a hard bargain, by merry-go-rounds on which the children whirl in excited glee; by vendors of gaudy paper toys and brass and tinsel trinkets; by stalls of refreshments; and by ugly lines of beggars, who squat four deep, some blind, many mutilated for the occasion to excite your sympathy.

Here you may see dancing dervishes going round and round in a mad, perilous dance. Every time they stop a happy mother thrusts a child into their arms so that the infant might have a pious joy ride.

Charity in India is practised not so much for the benefit of the poor as for the good of your own soul. That is why begging is made a career by so many. It has even been harnessed by some for the purpose of crime.

There was one memorable occasion when a large number of beggars arrived at a wedding. It was the wedding of the youngest daughter of a small landowner who, having married off three elder girls at great cost, found himself already almost on the verge of bankruptcy. But he had to face all the

costs of this new, and happily last, marriage. There was a dowry to be provided, the band to be paid, bards to be hired to sing his family's praises, a procession to be arranged with all its fine trappings, the priests to be paid, and droves of beggars, assembled from all parts of the district, to be fed.

When the wedding was at its height, there arrived uninvited a hundred scoundrels wearing an air of saffron sanctity. They surged through the gate and clamoured for *backsheesh*. Here was a fresh and unexpected demand, which even at a low estimate would be ruinous. But before the distracted father could decide what he should do, the bogus *yogis* demanded that they should be paid a rupee a head on such an auspicious occasion.

The old man made a hurried calculation and looked about him in despair. He trembled to say no; for only an Indian can appreciate what the curse of a holy man must mean. Every pious figure is regarded as possessed of a sort of Aladdin's lamp that can bring to his aid every evil spirit to work such mischief as he desires. So, his palms joined together in meekness, the bride's father said: "Please take half that sum and go away contented."

But they resolutely refused.

Finding that he would not give way to their outrageous demands, they consulted among themselves and one of them struck himself a fierce blow on the forehead with a skewer. With the blood spurting from the wound he wandered among the guests saying "Look, I have had to do this, because our host was too mean to pay us our dues."

His companions speedily gathered round and shaking their heads dolefully declared that he would surely die. They then began to chant a funeral dirge and nobody, not even we of the civilised West, can tolerate that at a wedding. So, regardless of all it would involve in a financial sense, the wretched father paid them a rupee each and drove them off.

THE astrologer plays an extraordinary part in the life of the peoples of India. Nobody will ever venture on any enterprise without consulting the oracle. When every child is born a horoscope is drawn up, which serves to guide it through its entire life. In the old days strategic advantages were flung aside by armies if the stars were not propitious; and there have been many instances when men have engaged in battle with terrific odds against them merely because some soothsayer, stroking a hoary beard, proclaimed that all would be well. Quite recently a Maharajah who built himself a new palace at great cost refused suddenly to live in it, because he had been informed by his astrologer that it would not bring him luck. So to this day that elaborate mansion stands untenanted.

Before any marriage is arranged the astrologer is called in. No matter how desirable the bride may be, no man will dream

of marrying her if her horoscope is not right. Marriages are arranged by parents on both sides, with the astrologer in attendance. But of course it is quite easy (and it has been practised) to bribe one of these soothsayers to make things appear right when some designing son-in-law hopes to worm his way into a rich household.

It is surprising yet true that these astrologers are consulted even by criminals. And extraordinarily enough, they are quite ready to advise thief as well as murderer which day will be most advantageous for their hideous work.

The unpleasant aspect of prophesying reveals itself when one of these soothsayers suddenly appears in the home and raising a minatory finger proclaims that on such and such a day you will die.

There was a merchant of Ahmedabad in the presidency of Bombay who was told the day of his death quite recently by his astrologer. He shrugged his shoulders as became a Hindu, made provision for the distribution of his worldly wealth, bade farewell to his family and his friends, and retired from the life of the community to prepare himself for his end.

He went to a shrine, purified himself, prayed and fasted—and then to his horror he found himself still alive after the appointed date.

Hurriedly, and a little sorrowfully, he returned to town and sought out the astrologer. Far from being abashed, the prophet assumed a solemn air and engaged in fresh calculations.

"There has been a slight mistake in the figures," he said—and thereupon gave the merchant a fresh date.

The unfortunate man thanked him and hurried away, to undergo afresh the agony of waiting that surely has no parallel outside the condemned cell.

It is said that once a king of India was informed in this manner of the date of his death. He too left everything and retired from the world. But his faithful vizier followed him to the jungle and pleaded passionately with him to return. But the king would not be swayed. "Here I must prepare myself suitably for the end."

The vizier returned alone, sought out the astrologer and led him into the presence of the king.

"Did you not say that his Majesty has only a few days more to live?"

The soothsayer nodded. "It is written so in his stars."

"And do you know too the date of your own death?" demanded the vizier.

"Yes," said the astrologer confidently, "I shall live seven years three months and eight days from now. Then will come the end."

The vizier promptly drew his sword and struck off the prophet's head.

"Look, your Majesty," he said, "how can you believe the word of one who could not prophesy his own death correctly?"

END

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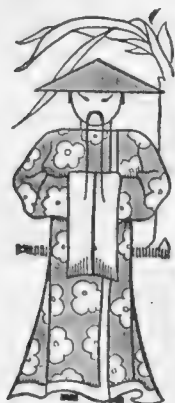
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three hundred years the Thugs infested the highways of India, generally posing as defenceless travellers and joining themselves on to other wayfarers.

They had a goddess, Bhowani or Kali, wife of Siva, and they had temples; but one can hardly dignify by the title of religion the practice of motiveless murder. Yet it is not out of place to mention dignity in connection with the Thugs. Many of them were men of good position, respected by their neighbours and regarded with affection by their wives and children. These otherwise admirable citizens seem to have indulged in Thuggee in much the same way as a bank manager to-day might snatch a week's shooting or fishing. One benevolent-looking

Thug confessed to having strangled 931 people. After that, he gave up counting, realising that he was certain to get his thousand. Most Thugs were benevolent in mien and suave in manner because, like our confidence tricksters and unlike gunmen and footpads, they relied on their personal charm to provide a suitable atmosphere and opportunity. They were, to that extent, artists; but only a very confirmed aesthete would deny that they were better out of the way.

OTHER times, other places, other ways. Mr. Stephen Graham, as if to prove that Thugs and South Sea Islanders must not be allowed to get away with it, has written *Twice Round the London Clock* (Benn,

12s. 6d.), in which he reveals contemporary London in unusual attitudes and lights. He shows us glimpses of the London which we all know and of the London which (as a rule rightly) he supposes that we don't know. Mr. Rick Elmes' drawings, which adorn his pages, speak to me in my own language. Mr. Graham, even when, especially when, he is taking me over the ground I know, never seems to find quite the right word to say. What he thinks essential strikes me as trivial, and what I think essential he often omits altogether. London, which has so many faces, turns one on Mr. Graham and quite a different one on me. I am tempted to end, as I began, by observing that there is no place like home.

The Long Lagoon (Continued from page 33)

sapphire, and amethyst; when the jewelled gates of an Apocalyptic heaven seem opened all together—and on this day Justin spoke, at last, of his work.

Speeding furiously, he had completed sheet after sheet, casting them down as they were done. Suddenly, he stopped, lifted his arms above his head in a long gesture of relief, looked at the reef and the lagoon, live jewels under the smiting, overhead sun, as if for the first time he felt that he owned them, could enjoy them.

"Done," he said, "done—in time."

Sue raised herself and looked at him. He was putting away the sheets in an attaché case and locking it.

"Take the case and the key," he said. "Take care of it."

She stared. She did not quite understand.

"It's your play, isn't it?" she said. They had always understood each other about that; it was agreed that Sue didn't care for poetry, only for poets. She had never read a line of the play. And here was Justin giving it into her hands.

"All right," she said, taking the case. "I'll put it among my things—but why—"

"Next time you say 'why,'" said Justin, "look in the glass. 'Why' is an ugly word; it makes a woman's mouth look like a frog's."

Sue said indignantly, "My mouth is not like a frog's," and held it up for him to see. So he kissed her, and sat down beside her. They were silent for a little while, and then he said—"All the rest of the time belongs to you, sweetheart." There was something in that that sent another "Why" spinning up, like a bubble in a spring, from the depths of Sue's mind; but she thought of frogs and said nothing. Justin was the perfect lover—yes, but he might as well have been Bluebeard, when it came to asking questions.

On the next day, a streak of smoke, long and thin, showed up beyond the reef; a dusky wavering line, like the first tentative thread of a spider's web. The fancy that it was a spider's web, that it would weave itself over Manati Lagoon and shadow it, that at the end of it lurked something black, menacing, seized hold of Sue. She told Justin of her fears, expecting him to laugh.

He did not laugh. He took the glass and looked at the oncoming smoke. "It's nothing," he presently said, and then, "I think it's Pirie."

"Who is he?"

"Owner of Manati. That's a big oil-burning launch; coming from the way of the Fijis. The Fijis would be his port from Auckland. He was in New Zealand."

"And he's coming here?" She did not like to ask why. But Justin answered the unspoken question—or did he answer it?

"Pirie's a good chap. He and I are mates. You'll like him." He seemed to be certain that it was Pirie. Strange, though, that a man's "mate" should come thousands of miles to call on him.

It was like the breaking of a magic mirror, when the launch came into the lagoon, that had not, for so long, been stirred by anything larger than the keel of a fishing canoe. The grape-blue and the green of Haliotas

waters were shivered into grey stone-colour; large rings, grey-silver, like a spider's web, spread shoreward from the place where the launch cast anchor; far out, you could see the reflection of her in the uneasy tides, a wavering, spinning figure with a black spot at the heart of it.

Somebody came ashore in the launch's dinghy. Somebody tall and thin and reddish-haired, plain faced, but likeable. "Yes," Sue thought when she saw "Justin's friend would be likeable." She watched the meeting.

"I knew it would be you," Justin greeted him. "May I introduce Jack Pirie—my wife?"

Pirie took off his hat to Sue. "Delighted," he said. "Hope you like the place. It's looking well." He had not looked at the place at all. He was looking at Justin; and Sue thought—she could not be quite sure—that Justin was making signals to him. At any rate, he had a finger on his lip when Sue caught his eye, but he took it away immediately.

Justin introduced Pirie to her, and they exchanged polite talk for a minute or two, all the time watching each other. Pirie said things about the island; about the look of the palms, and the price of copra. He said that of course it didn't pay, but of course he was glad to have the place taken care of. He repeated himself a little, and seemed almost nervous. Sue understood that he wanted to be left alone with Justin, but she would not leave him—not just yet. She asked him, watching closely, what news there was from the world outside. He said, with the same slight touch of nervousness, that of course there was not much; the Harbour Bridge had been opened; they were going to have a conference at Ottawa; there was some talk of a Royal visit to Australia, but he didn't think it would come off.

She tried to say, "What about my—about Mr. Harbuck?" for her curiosity, now, had become a burning fire; married as she was, Justin had told her nothing. But she could not frame the words.

She excused herself, and left them. "What has he come for?" she thought, nibbling at the points of her nails. "Is James on the way here? Does he mean to fight Justin? or bring an action against him?" She thought it would be an action. But then, what about the thing that James himself must have done, that made their marriage no marriage?

All that afternoon, while the men walked about the island, among the palms that didn't pay, talking, talking, but not, she was sure, about palms—Sue suffered agony. With evening she had made up her mind. There would be some chance of eavesdropping, after dark. She would take that chance, whatever it might be.

Night came, with red-geranium twilight, with the frigate birds planing and screaming their evening calls overhead, with the strange faces of the dugongs beginning to lift here and there, out of moss-agate-coloured water. Supper was finished; Justin had carried in wood and water, and Sue, with Pirie's help,

had washed up and tidied things away. And still there was no chance for her. She waited.

She had thought she would not sleep that night, but sleep found her early. Later, awaking, she saw in the light of a low moon that Justin's bed was empty. "They are talking again," she thought, and got up, and wrapped herself in a dust coloured kimono, and went out. At first she could see nothing but the ivory-grey sand of the beach, with the big black shadow of the copra house blocking out a world of stars; she could hear nothing but the stir of a sleepy parrot in among the leaves, and the long heart-broken sighs of dugongs, out in the lagoon. Then a faint sound of talking came to her ears, and with it the smell of cigarettes. "They are behind the copra house," she thought, kicked off her slippers, and went barefoot, noiseless, in pursuit.

After all, she could hear very little; only what Pirie was saying, in answer to Justin, who was further away, towards the corner of the house.

"... stick by you, old boy, whatever happens."

"No, not long; things are working up."

"Yes, of course; burned every newspaper I had with me." ("So, that," the eaves-dropper told herself, "is what he was doing, away at the back of the island!")

Justin said, audibly now, "Well—" and Sue knew by the tone of his voice that the conclave was ended. She fled.

He was whistling softly when he came back into their room. She lay with her eyes closed, hating the sound. She had learned, already, that this man of hers smiled when he was hurt, whistled his gayest tunes when things were going wrong.

In the morning, the world had taken on another tone; she could almost have persuaded herself that nothing was wrong. The men seemed quite at ease; they went fishing, oyster picking, they swam in the lagoon, they shot pigeons for her to cook. Pirie was delightful, a cultured, pleasant man of the world, with just the fine touch of perfect manner that riches give to some men, while withholding it from others. James Harbuck hadn't had it, she remembered. More than ever, she wondered what James was about. He was not the man to accept patiently the unforgivable thing that Justin had done to him, no matter what his own fault might have been.

And, after all, had Justin said he was in fault? No. He had only said that the marriage didn't hold, and that Sue "wasn't modern enough" to know why. . . .

A day or two passed. Then the far-off lightnings began to flash again, the distant thunder to talk. Justin was packing up.

She asked him why he was preparing to leave. She said she would have liked to stay on and on at Manati, after Pirie had gone—and surely he would not long remain, interrupting their honeymoon. She said she did not want even to think about life in Australia again; about bridge parties and theatre parties, and people making calls, and streets and streets full of motors that tore and screamed. True, the magic of Manati had faded, (Continued on page 110)

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the exquisite charm was almost gone—but that would come back, and it would all be as it had been, again, when Pirie went away.

Justin let her talk, and somehow managed not to answer, even though he talked in return. "Bluebeard!" she called him. He laughed; he whistled now and then, and sometimes, in his toneless pleasant voice, sang part of a sea-song. Sue did not like that. It made her think of the day when he had come up to the bungalow with one finger-tip a bloody pudding, where a stone had fallen on it; that was agony, but he had been almost laughing, then, and while she dressed it. Justin's way. . . .

She would rather have seen him grave.

Justin went on packing, quietly, unhurriedly, putting together his papers and his few clothes, and leaving most of the suitcases for her. One of his own she did not see him pack. He had put it away in a corner. She found it and lifted it; it was as heavy as lead. She wondered. . . .

That afternoon, Pirie, who had been unloading his launch to have a look at the hull, was heard scolding a native sailor, down on the beach. "Where you put that 'nother pig of lead?" he asked. "Bring all the ballast, puttem back again." The native sulkily said that the other chief had taken away the pig of lead. "You lie," Pirie indignantly said. "Find it and bring it." But the native could not find it. Lead is worth silver in the Islands; Pirie seemed certain that the man had taken the pig and cached it.

Justin said nothing. But Sue wondered about that suitcase. "Heavy as lead"—and locked. . . .

She thought of the war; of war stories that told about secret codes bound in lead, so that they could be instantly thrown overboard, beyond recovery. What was it that Justin meant to throw overboard by and by, when they left Manati?

It seemed to her now that her wild fancy about the spider's web had not, after all, been so wild as it seemed. She could almost see that web, rising from the far sealine, whence the ships came; spreading slowly, in an entangling veil, over the lagoon and the leaning palms; reaching, at last, towards herself and Justin.

Another day came, and another, and then came that which wordlessly they had been awaiting—the second ship.

This was no pleasure boat, no trader's ketch of the islands. It was a smart, schooner-rigged vessel of a hundred tons, with powerful twin oil engines. Straight for the passage it came, pitching against the rising south-east wind; and when it was yet far off, they could see the flag—a blue ensign with the Southern Cross.

"Government boat," said Pirie, handing the glass to Justin Grey. Justin said, without looking, "Federal Queen." It was the name of the yacht that took care of the island group.

Pirie suddenly caught Justin's hand, and wrung it hard. Justin, seeming not to notice, said: "The passage is tricky; I'd better take the dinghy and pilot her in." She understood that he wanted to speak to the people on the boat; the passage was bad, but that wasn't all—she knew.

They saw him scull himself out beyond the reef, signal and catch the Jacob's ladder of the ship. For as much as three or four minutes he stood on deck, talking to the captain, a smartly uniformed white man. Then the captain stepped back, and motioned him to the bow. He stood there, while the engines got to work again, afterwards conning her in, motioning with his hand. The engines stopped; the anchor went down. Justin spoke to the captain, dropped into the dinghy and came ashore.

Sue was waiting. It seemed to her as if the day had miraculously turned cold on tropical Manati; she shivered a little and her teeth wouldn't keep still. Justin went with her to the house. Alone in the bedroom, he looked around, drew a long breath, and took her to his heart. "Why, you're shaking," he said, holding her.

She asked nothing; she looked at him.

"There's a little trouble, lover," he said.

"Something about Harbuck and our marriage. I must go back with the Government boat. You return with Pirie, and we'll meet—later on." He did not say where, or when.

She kept holding on to him; her heart seemed to stop. "At once?" she managed to say. "Why, yes," he replied. "You take the suitcase with my manuscript and bring it along with you. I'm taking this." He picked up the other suitcase, the heavy one. She had forgotten about it, and anyhow it did not seem to matter. She still kept her hands clasped on his arm. It was as if she had fainted, while standing upright.

Afterwards, she knew that he had kissed her, several times, unwound her fingers, and laid her on the bed, before he went. She found herself there, by and by. The "Federal Queen" was nothing but a smear of smoke, far out at sea.

Pirie came in presently, and told her that they might as well start that day, if she could manage it. They would get to the island port, he said, not very long after the "Queen," maybe twelve hours or so. His launch was fast.

She began to question him. He listened till she had done, and then said: "I promised Justin; God knows why—but I can't break it."

She cried then, and he said: "You'll know when we get to port anyhow; I can't see what he—but no matter. I've got to bring you there, and the sooner we go the better."

It was near sunset when they cleared the reef, passing in one moment from the enchanted stillness of Manati to the tumble of a wind-tormented world beyond. Sue, holding by one of the stays, looked back and saw the lagoon set like a golden shield in the midst of the broken sapphires of the outer sea. The little house was gilded; the leaning palms were columns of sheer gold. Uncarthy, fairylike it seemed; and then the sun slipped down, so swift that you could almost hear it go; and webs of shadow, sweeping from the sea, wove themselves over island and lagoon. Red clouds in the west still stayed; Sue, looking at them, laughed hysterically. "Don't you think," she said, "they're like angels with flaming swords?"

"No, I don't," practically answered Pirie. "They're like rain before morning."

Rain followed, through the night and day; the seas went down. The launch made fast time. Sue, determined to break Pirie's resistance, waited till the sky was clear; till the launch was running straight and easily, with not a reef in sight; then she came upon him in the little cabin, stood in the door, and told him flatly that she would not let him out until he had told her. Pirie was already beginning to weaken; the beauty of Sue, the rainbows that the sun was striking from the edges of her cedar hair, her mouth with faun-like tilted corners, challenging; her proud young breast and her ankles like the stems of flowers—all this was wine and honey to his own youth. He would not have taken a kiss or caught her shoulders in his arm; she was his friend's now. . . . "But if—" he thought. "If things go as they probably will—why shouldn't I?"

Sue said, fixing him with her heavy-lidded eyes, "You'll have to tell me. It's right you should."

"Well, if you put it that way," temporised Pirie.

"Isn't it right for me to know about my husband?"

Pirie was not thinking about right; he was wondering just what colour you would call those grey-brown, brilliant eyes. "Ambergis," he thought. "That's the word." Aloud he said, "What is it you want me to tell you?"

Sue sat down. "I want to know first what it was that my—that Mr. Harbuck did."

Pirie did not expect this question. "Harbuck didn't do anything," he said, staring.

There was a silence. The sound of the sea, ruffling along the launch's counter, seemed to fill the little cabin like invading waters.

Sue said, "What is it?"

Pirie, collecting his courage ("I can't

The Long Lagoon

stand this; she ought to know") struck out.

"Harbuck couldn't have done anything, because—he was dead."

"Dead!" She said it over, once or twice, as if feeling for the word. "But I left him in the carriage!"

"Justin got in, and you left. And there was a quarrel—nobody saw it; that's the— Well! Justin says that Harbuck tried to get out and bring you back, and he held him, and Harbuck hit him, and he hit him one on the temple to keep him quiet, and Harbuck dropped. So Justin looked and saw he was dead. There was nobody about; the Melbourne express was leaving from another platform. He left him there, and cut across to you. He said he wasn't going to let hell or high water come between him and you. And he knew if he told you—"

"Yes?" She was very quiet now, watching his face, weighing every word.

"Or if anybody caught him, it would be all up. He said he knew it was bound to come, but it shouldn't come before— He said he kept everything from you, and made a bolt with you for the most out-of-the-way place he could think of."

"He said he knew trouble would start as soon as Harbuck was found, but it would take time to identify him, and to find him, too; he said he knew it was bound to end the way it did, but he was thinking right along of what would be best for you—though I must say if it had been I—"

"Don't you dare to criticise him," Justin's wife broke in. "You don't understand him. He wanted me to have my happiness to look back on. He said once that if a woman had had her dream—"

"Dreams are all very well," Pirie said, "and I will say that he must have had the courage of—of—I don't know what—to go through with everything and never let you know; but that's Justin. But I wanted to say that there's more in it than you think. You—you must realise—there were no witnesses; there was motive enough for anything; Justin's known to be a fighter—"

Sue's scream pierced the cabin roof.

"Do you mean—they'll hang him?"

Pirie said concisely: "He'll be damn lucky if they don't." Then he looked for her to faint.

She did not faint. Some process seemed to be going on in her mind, at which he could not guess. She sat, staring, like one hypnotised, for the space of twenty or thirty seconds; then she rose, and said, sharply,

"You've got to catch the 'Federal Queen.'"

"It wouldn't be any use."

"You don't understand." She was breathing quickly; her eyes showed white above and below the pupils. "The suitcase," she said. "The suitcase with the lead in it."

"Lead? My pig of ballast? Was that where it—"

"Yes. He means to save me the—the last."

Pirie understood. Justin was Justin still. Sue was not to know the agony of his trial, his frightful death. A pig of lead in his clothes; a spring over the side, and it would be ended. Ended, life and love and the golden honeymoon; only remembrance—clean remembrance—left.

There might, of course, have been a chance of escape; no one knew what a trial might or might not bring forth. But Justin had reckoned with his small chance and rejected it; sunk it—with a pig of lead.

She told these things to Pirie, swiftly. It was just possible . . . the launch was small, compared with the "Federal Queen," and they had already ventured on a short cut or so, among the reefs; Pirie knew the seas here like the palm of his hand; could he do it?

Promptly he said he could, if Sue would take the risk. She answered him with a look that said simply: "How can you ask?"

"Rakata passage may do the trick," he told her. "If we hit it near the high tide, it will save forty miles (Continued on page 112)



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of going round Rakata Lagoon. I don't know if she'll do it or not, but we can try."

"Do it," said Sue, and suddenly, bending over him, kissed him. Then she was gone, and the door was empty, and the huge Pacific rollers, platinum and saxe-blue, swung from the threshold to the lintel and down again.

They reached Rakata Lagoon by sunrise, and on a half tide, most perilously ground their way across the coral. They made the passage; they crossed the lagoon, and there, blackening the heavens with the reek of her squat funnel, went the Government boat, outside. Pirie turned out his flag locker. "Thank the Lord," he said, "I learned signalling when I got this hooker of mine. It'll take some doing." He signalled "Wish to communicate, urgent," and then began to juggle with strings of flags.

"If we're too late," said Sue. Pirie not looking at her, almost wishing, now, that they might be late (for after all, wasn't he a better guardian for a woman than Justin Grey?), nevertheless did his best with the flags. "That means," he told her, "'Put prisoner under restraint.' Now they're answering that they understand—"

Sue gave a cry. "We're in time!" "I reckon so. Now I've told them—'Search his luggage.' Now they answer 'Understood.' And now—"

"Now," she said, with sparkling eyes,

"you're the best and bravest man in the world—except—"

"Oh, gee, yes, except . . . Understood!" he told her, mimicking the signals.

THE Judge was hot; the court was hot. It was February, midsummer in Sydney. Hotter than it might have been, too, had not the court been crowded to the doors. They were trying Justin Grey, and the trial was almost over.

"We cannot," said the Judge, "allow the citizens of this Commonwealth of ours to act from blind impulse, letting loose disruptive and anti-social passions with terrible result—we cannot, I say, permit that these things shall pass unchecked, no matter what the alleged provocation may have been. Most fortunate it is for the prisoner that the railway porter, William Grice, injured when shunting luggage vans in the vicinity of the carriage occupied by the late James Harbuck, should have recovered in time to give his testimony of what he saw. Otherwise the result might have been—must have been—of the very gravest."

"As it is, and as the jury have brought in a verdict of 'Manslaughter' against the prisoner Justin Grey, and as the medical adviser of the late James Harbuck has certified that his patient was suffering from high pressure of blood, rendering him liable to death from causes comparatively light . . ."

The Long Lagoon

The address droned on, and ended, at last, in the sentence, "Three years in the second division."

Eyes, only, met across the thronged court room. Blue eyes said to eyes of gris-amber—"Not so long," and gris-amber eyes, though wet, answered bravely—"I'll be waiting."

Pirie, helping Sue to her taxi, and taking his seat beside her, began to talk. One had to say something. . . .

"I—I told him, if he wanted to buy, I'd sell him Manati, cheap. You know, this trial put his play right on its legs, and it'll run, and he'll run—he'll be able to afford fancies."

Sue said, unashamedly wiping her eyes, "We thought of that; but we've agreed to leave Manati to the pigeons and the frigate birds."

"Why?" Pirie asked, biting off the end of a cigar, and not looking at her.

"You don't want," said Sue, "to break the wings of a dream."

The streets of Sydney were racing by, in a bath of amber sun. Pirie looked beyond them, to the rainbow shaped arch of the bridge, with sea beneath.

He said, "There's good fishing in New Zealand."

Sue caught his hand. "As good fish," she said, "as ever came out—" and then she ended, for she was very sorry.

Do You Know Your Fabrics?

(Continued from page 51)

cruising suits, sports clothes and other purposes.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver I was recently able to inspect samples of the "Slemish" furnishing linens used (by Messrs. Hampton's) in the upholstery of the first-class saloons, etc., of the luxury cruising vessel the *Queen of Bermuda*, and the range of patterns which is now available in these new linens would undoubtedly surprise anyone who has not yet made their acquaintance.

There is a very simple test whereby the nature of a fabric may be determined. The test consists in pulling out a short length of thread and lighting it. If the fabric is cotton or linen the thread will burn quickly and smoothly, leaving a little fine white ash, whereas if the fabric is natural silk or wool the thread will twist and turn while burning, almost as if it were alive. In addition, a silk or wool thread while burning

will produce a quite noticeable smell and will leave only a minute and scarcely perceptible speck of ash.

The behaviour of a thread of artificial silk depends upon the process used in the manufacture of the silk. At the present time four varieties of artificial silk are manufactured, three of which are very similar, and are produced by dissolving cellulose in a suitable solvent and throwing the dissolved cellulose out of solution in such a manner that a fine thread is produced. Cellulose is the principal constituent of linen, cotton, wood and paper; and fabrics made of artificial silk which consists essentially of precipitated cellulose can be treated as if they were made of linen or cotton. They can, for example, be dyed quite easily with ordinary cotton dyes. A thread drawn from any of these three kinds of artificial silk will burn quietly.

The fourth kind of artificial silk is that made by the Celanese Company. "Celanese" silk is manufactured from threads, not of cellulose, but of cellulose acetate. A thread pulled from a "Celanese" silk burns fiercely and splutters, and every now and again a little bead of a substance not unlike sealing wax in appearance drops out of the flame.

"Celanese" silks can be laundered in the usual way, but they are more difficult to dye than artificial silks of the other types. The delightful pale shades introduced by this firm was, I believe, the direct result of the fact that the firm were unable to find dark dyes for the material. During the last few years, however, a series of suitable dark dyes has been produced, and the amazing variety of to-day's range of "Celanese" fabrics must severely tax the ingenuity of the designers who are responsible for naming them.

Circumstances of the Crime

(Continued from page 37)

never let him go. She will have the sympathy of all unco' guid if she does, and the unco' guid are many of his own clients and customers. He is perhaps middle-aged, and the fire of youth's recklessness no longer in him. In spite of this, a younger face fills his mind, he dreams of soft arms and laughter instead of nagging. He dreams of heaven-come-true. Perish the shrew! She perishes.

None of us will sign that petition for his unworthy life.

But—and the thought will come—will the newspapers ever eagerly chronicle the poisoning of his duchess by a duke?

Certainly not.

The duke will go to Scotland and the duchess to the South of Italy. The duke will be in Paris and the duchess country-house visiting. If His Grace has thought of certain extra-marital soft arms and laughter, do we suppose that he need forswear them? We do not suppose so. We are not such fools.

Moreover, the ducal homes are large. Each home will be wide enough for practically separate establishments if such are desired. We shall never know if close confinement for life with a shrew would have made the duke into a poisoner, nor if close confinement for life with the duke would have made the duchess a shrew.

Circumstances are with them.

LOOK into this room of beauty and delight. In it lies a young mother. She has two children in the nursery, and this

new one. Her husband has given her a diamond bracelet; he gives her a present for the birth of each child; he is so glad. Her hair has been brushed and waved by her maid, her face is fresh, unlined, unfired. Specialists gave her every assistance. Her nightgown might be the star turn of a troupeau. There are as many flowers about her as in a leading lady's dressing-room on a first night. The leading lady here is this mother. Congratulating friends call to inquire for her health all day. She could not imagine any woman being "so unwomanly" as not to want children, and has said so in a luxury magazine when last photographed with her elder two. She would have been inconsolable had this baby not been born alive, and doctors would have ordered her husband to take her away—wherever she wished to go—to forget.

A girl friend has come in to see her—a probable society bride of next year. She has been abroad—let us not particularise—for an operation. No one knows. All safe and easy. The modern way! She will never have to pant out her life after an operation by an illegal practitioner of either sex; nor will she, driven and bitter and shamed, hardly recovered from the mental and physical agonies of a charity childbirth, ever fling an unwanted baby into the river; or leave it on a stranger's doorstep.

Circumstances are with her.

The rich are seldom driven to the *crime passionnel*.

I would like to delete the word "seldom"

and write "never," but I think there have been a very few picturesque cases on record. If a rich man and a rich woman fall desperately in love, whatever the other barriers between them, there is never the inseparable barrier of poverty so that concealment cannot be achieved or Nemesis outwitted. You will never read of the young Earl of X. and the beautiful Miss Y. or Mrs. Z. being found dead in a gas-filled room after a few days together all lost for love.

The immense consummation of Death is not for them. These lovers' tragedies, always so pitiful, so helpless, often so sordid, now so frequent, are all for those who cannot buy themselves off the consequences.

To what are called the "poor," and the most struggling at least of what are called the "middle classes," an intense and formal respectability, and standard at once of humility and conventional virtue, is imposed by life. "My character" is to those who serve a tangible possession like their box of clothes, or their money in the savings bank. Without a character, standardised for them by those more fortunate than they, living is precarious. An unlawful love, a temper driven to breaking-point and a moment's hasty action, a temptation succumbed to, and where are they? Let them break through the discipline that poverty or necessity imposes and they have lost their way. The odds are long against their finding it again. The extremely limited world in which they were, before, comparatively happy has no more faith in them. (Continued on page 114)

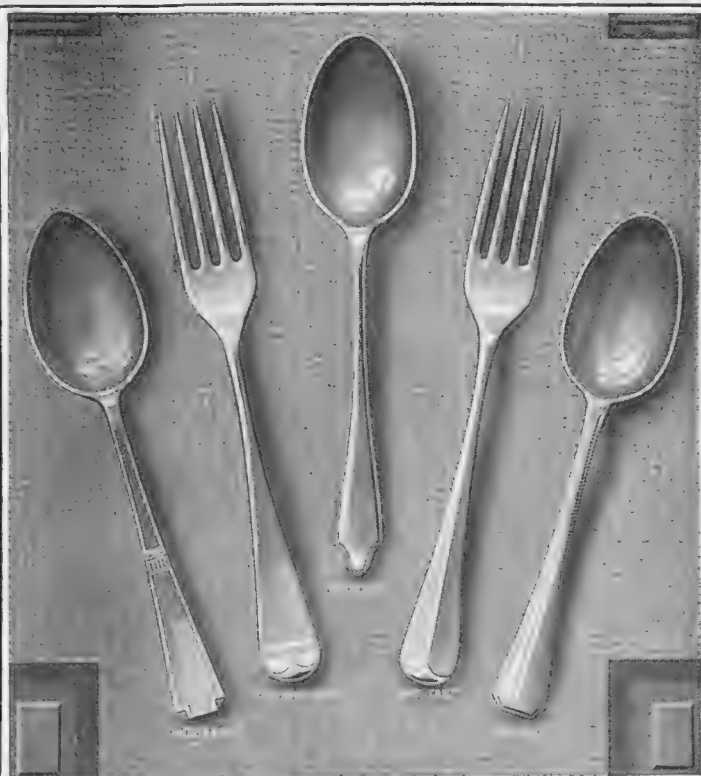
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The millionaire has a thousand lives, the poor man but one.

This is not a suggestion that these matters can or should be changed; it is merely a statement of circumstances. In a way, I am writing truisms and am aware of it; but under the truisms there is something more than the bare truth.

When I am told, as frequently I am, by theoretical economists that money means nothing, I feel only a deep irony. Money is the symbol for a certain sort of power, and no specious dinner table talk about it will alter that. I know that the rich man and the rich woman ride the world untouched by the squalid and grim, the fetid and desperate problems of the poor.

If I need to know what money means, I shall not ask the professional and windy economist. I shall ask a poor housewife, going marketing on a Saturday night, her carpet bag in hands enlarged and hard with toil, her face seared with knowledge: looking and feeling twice her age. Life has battered her and succeeded in teaching her what money means.

Her husband, if not out of work, may be so at any critical moment; her sons and daughters fall so easily into "trouble." She herself has an outside job if she can get one—perhaps evening scrubbing work in the offices of Mr. Success, who is often heard at dinner tables inveighing against work for women. Or she may have a day's charring in the comfortable house of one of our most womanly women in the better classes, who believes—and says so—in women staying in their homes.

This housewife fears "trouble" always. Her home is its breeding ground.

She sees young ladies and young gentlemen enjoying together an amazing freedom; but hurries home in terror—to clout her Maudie for going into that empty building lot with Alf from round-the-corner. Fun is dangerous for the likes of her and she knows it.

THE emotions of the very poor are on the grand scale. They are not "afraid" that the party will be a "frost"; or "anxious" lest the flowers should not come in time, or "devastated" over the failure of a new colour scheme. They do not need to pique life by thinking up something "frightfully exciting."

They are afraid daily and nightly, for themselves or their families, of murder, starvation, rape, assault, ruin, sickness, death, incest, desertion, birth, and abortion.

Big words.

The very poor have no peace, nor security, nor privacy, nor dignity, nor beauty. They are all on the anxious edge of endeavour to save themselves from worse. The newest baby hangs as long as possible to its mother's tired breast for two reasons: cheapness, and her only half-credulous hope that as long as she feeds it Nature will keep her from having another. But Nature herself cheats the very poor and this woman is as prolific as a rabbit.

Sometimes it seems to me, when I listen even to my own supposedly enlightened generation, that we have not yet broken sufficiently from the humbug—and more, the religious humbug—which for centuries whitewashed the sociological atrocities committed on the weakly by the strong. Many a clergyman has preached from his pulpit "We are all equal in the sight of God," but refrained from adding: "but not in the sight of myself or of this congregation." In the eighteenth century the sisters More did a great deal of holy work, especially in villages, but while pitying the suffering, they did not, so far as the historian can find, utter a single reproach on the persons and systems responsible for shameful conditions. They occupied themselves a great deal, however, with teaching the poor to put up with it. That was the lesson of the day. They taught the Bible, but wished only the poor to act upon its precepts.

"Frugality itself is a pleasure," wrote Paley in a work called "Reasons for Contentment Addressed to the Labouring Part of the British Public."

That was at least a hundred and forty

Circumstances of the Crime

years ago. Why resurrect it? *Because that spirit is not dead.* It went on through the reign of Queen Victoria, when the great Lord Melbourne had tiny children working in his mines; and in private circles, in private opinions expressed among private people, it exists to-day.

It is responsible for much of the circumstances of crime.

I still hear women, getting together, grudging the remuneration and pleasure which they are now obliged to give to their domestic servants. It does not please them to be able to sweeten the world a little for a fellow-woman. I still hear well-fed men, over the liqueur brandy following a good dinner, indignant because "these people buy themselves gramophones and wireless sets." Such talk is not, in 1933, out of date. I still hear indignation against "the cinema" because of the popular pleasure in it, and I still see freedom doled out with a grudging hand. "One afternoon and two evenings a week" is still the ration for some high-spirited girl in domestic service; and poverty, hardships, suffering, fear and privation are still quoted as the ideal ingredients to make—out of an eager child—a successful man.

The truth about that is, of course, that for every man who comes alive through such slaughter houses to reach success tens of thousands go down.

If you walked along the Embankment one night and took a census of the human material you found there, you would discover very few gentlemen "wasters"; very few who as boys had been "spoiled" by love and kindness; very few who were there because once they had had too much; very few with happy memories behind them. You would find the unfortunate and the pre-doomed; dregs; slum fodder; you would find the primally damned and lost.

Go and see.

Now the civilised world is very, very slowly, very, very cautiously, sloughing off its old skins; so that the new world will be born.

"It won't be any different," say the old men. "History repeats itself," they say. "The cycle is true."

What the young men will do remains to be proved. It is so futile to judge them, as they are judged, in advance.

"Boys don't work as I did," said an old man to me.

"Thank God for it," I replied.

THE world has been, is, and will be, under the power of capital.

But capital should be a benevolent despot, and money has so far been a terrible power. Money and the want of it has raised revolutions, set cities burning, made rack, ruin and horror. It has changed the fate of great nations, and the face of peaceful little countries. It has been unwisely used. It has been manipulated by minds gross with power. It has put fear on a huge scale into the world; and cupidity; and an arrogance no less than suicidal. It has bought not only the jewels of Sheba, not only apes and ivories and peacocks, but the bodies and souls of men. It has bought their minds.

To-day it has mastered them. To-morrow will the young men master it?

Money should be harnessed. It is a mighty symbol, but it should not only be the symbol for the big men, it should be a symbol for all the little men, all the masses of ordinary hungry, hoping people. The great confiscations will end because they must. But this cannot be until that question "Am I my brother's keeper?" is answered: "Yes!"

Then money must buy more kindness, more light, more comfort, more courage and more hope. It must buy more release for more people.

Why is money so segregated?

Why are rich men so afraid of poor men?

Why do hungry women still bear unfit children in unfit places?

Why does the crime-root, poverty, flourish?

Why isn't every rich slum landlord tried, for his life?

Experiments with Flower Arrangements

(Continued from page 83)

method of flower arrangement that enhances the beauty of the flower and brings out its colour is the use of shells. In a small accumulating jar (glass and quite cheap) I put coloured shells, in various sizes. I fill the jar within two inches of the top with water, to which I add just enough ink to colour the water. Delicate flowers, such as *Iris reticulata* and *sibirica*, *schizanthus*, sweet sultans, and forget-me-nots, look strangely beautiful treated like this.

LARGE shells can be used for larger flowers. I have used rocks, crystals and stones with the same effect. Very shallow glass bowls, of a pale green or a smoke grey, will serve the same purpose. Rockery plants can be brought into the house and treated this way. Bank up the rocks and fill the bowl with soil. Plant very carefully and water sparingly.

That very lovely and rather shy *Iris susiana* (mourning iris) I have treated in a rather Victorian manner with complete success. It may strike one as faintly ridiculous, but if your florist can procure the iris I do beg you to try it. Put one, or possibly two *Iris susiana* in a pale grey porcelain or—if you have it—a *sang-de-bœuf* narrow-necked vase. Fill with water, and over the vase put an oblong glass container (which can be bought at all the shops for small aquariums). The iris gains even more beauty by this treatment, and is to a certain extent magnified. It also lasts longer.

MARIGOLDS and nasturtiums look well and their brightness is enhanced if they are stood in front of black and white or green and white checked gingham. This should be tightly stretched over a large piece of plywood, or two pieces if a corner picture is wanted. Using drawing pins to tighten the material, stand the frame on a bookcase, a mantelpiece, or a place that will help the idea of a pattern. I need hardly say that this arrangement is more suitable for a cottage than a town house.

An idea I have used with success for table decoration is a square pillar of looking glass, about 3½ to 4 in. square, standing about 12 to 14 in. high in a bowl (not glass). Made in plywood and covered with looking glass by a local carpenter, I put the pillar in the centre of a mass of *mixed* summer flowers, which are reflected again in the mirrors all round.

Finally, remember to change the water, do not add to it, and your house flowers will last longer.

END

Films

(Continued from page 75)

Bebe Daniels and Sally Eilers leave their hotel at 8 o'clock in the morning and are in the studios for a dozen hours.

Sparkling Jeannette MacDonald and Herbert Marshall together in "The Queen," for which an American director, Sam Taylor, has come to England, should be another interesting team; Victor McLaglen, rapidly losing any traces of an acquired American accent, should be a grand "Dick Turpin," Karloff and the great Conrad Veidt are making pictures for Gaumont British. It really seems that at last the hope of making English studios an important international centre for film production is to be realised, and if we can make pictures which the world will buy it is only foolishness to regret our lost insularity. The importation of famous stars and directors is raising the standard of production and is therefore to be welcomed.

END



The same happy little lady!

After her bath now a light dusting of Johnson's Baby Powder will sweeten and freshen her so that she will lie cool and smooth and contented. And twenty years from now, when to look, and to be, cool and sweet and fresh will be to look and to become irresistible — she will find no other powder quite so smooth or quite so soft or quite so dainty as Johnson's Baby Powder, the softest powder in the world.



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Among the Hashish Smugglers

(Continued from page 35)

among the lonely dunes near Tripoli or on the marshy coast of Sinai. It is then raced by camels across the desert and boldly carried into Cairo or Alexandria as the hashish market in Alexandria decides.

WHEN it is realised that there are some 400,000 square miles of desert frontiers in Egypt and only 600 men in the camel corps to police this area, the difficulty of discovering hashish smugglers can be appreciated. But each camel patrol has a clever sand tracker, and it is this man's work to read the sands and tell the officer in charge of the patrol exactly what type of caravan, its number of men and beasts and the cargo carried, has passed that way. It is very rarely that these men are wrong in their deductions. They are only likely to hesitate whether the cargo carried by the camels is hashish or dates. A camel weighted with either makes the same tracks. The reading of a sand tracker is now accepted as sure evidence in the police courts of Egypt.

Sinai is on the direct route between Syria where hashish is cultivated and Egypt where it is consumed. Paradoxically enough, one of the reasons why smugglers are not often captured in the Sinai desert is because of the numerous wells and oases existing there. Where a desert is really waterless, even smugglers have to keep to the one route along which wells are to be found. But in Sinai they can wander at will, sure of water in almost any direction.

There are various routes used by smugglers in their successful raids across Sinai. Sometimes they use a cargo steamer to some secret spot on the Mediterranean coast, and thence the hashish is taken by camel to a distributing point on the Suez Canal. Often enough the Jerusalem express carries hashish, secretly hidden, into the Cairo railway station. The clever Greeks and Levantines are not above bribing engine drivers and minor officials on the Palestine railway.

Sometimes smugglers will land the hashish on the sandy coast west of Alexandria. But this is a difficult desert to cross. Caravans that leave the regular route might easily be doomed to dreadful death. It is not always certain, however, that by closely watching one particular oasis any suspicious caravan is bound to be seen. Andre von Dumreicher, for example, a German in the Egyptian service who first organised a desert patrol in this district, admits that smugglers eluded him.

"Owing to the fertile brains of the smugglers it took me some time to discover their new routes," he writes, "and one of them succeeded in bringing three important convoys into the Rif unmolested. My only positive information of these caravans was the exact date on which the drug was shipped to Tripoli and that the camels of the convoy had only been watered once on Egyptian territory. As I did not know then that camels could travel 400 miles without water even in summer, I had only sent patrols to watch all the wells within 250 miles from the Rif, and only after the safe passage of the third caravan I discovered through a patrol,

which followed the trail backwards to the well, that the camels had been watered at a distance of 350 miles from the Nile.

"This convoy just missed by a hair's breadth being caught by a patrol of the Middle Egypt District which had picked up its tracks about 150 miles from the Nile, and it owed its escape to Mother Nature. It was the middle of May. The tracks of the seven bedouins and fourteen camels were thirty hours old, and the patrol followed them for two days at top speed. The convoy had only about six hours' lead when suddenly a terrific hurricane blew up from the south, obliterating every track in a few seconds. The simoon was so intense that the camels would not lie down, and stood moaning, terror-stricken. The water dried up in the linen bags at once. . . . They were among the dunes, and the sand clouds turned day into night.

"The officer in command, Hassan Ibrahim, was a Shaggi bedouin, a daring patrol leader who had spent his life in the desert. His camel broke down. With the patrol was the only camel mare of the service, which, some years before, had been captured from a smuggler in Sinai. As mares, when not in foal, can stand thirst better than stallions, and, more accustomed to roaming unattended in the desert, can better look after themselves, Hassan told the soldiers to tie him firmly to the mare's saddle, as her instinct would lead her straight to the nearest well. This was correct, and he arrived unconscious at a well near the Fayum, where some bedouins looked after him.

"On coming to, he hurried back to his men with the replenished water bags. By this time the soldiers were raving with thirst, and tearing up the linen water-bags with their teeth. This was the only dangerous simoon which my patrols ever experienced, and the consequences were not too serious. Two blacks were delirious for twenty-four hours and one camel died."

It is, however, an indication of the dangerous persistency shown by the police patrols. The exploits of these men, as well as the exploits of the smugglers, are among the strange tales told in the hashish exchanges at Alexandria.

Should a patrol be sighted in the desert, the smugglers make haste to escape. They will even throw the hashish from the backs of the camels in order to make a faster pace. It is then the police have to decide whether to stop and collect the hashish or pursue the smugglers. There is a reward for the hashish; but there is also a reward for convicted smugglers. If they leave the hashish to continue the pursuit, it is certain that some passing Arab will promptly load his camels with the loot and set off for the nearest hiding place.

One police patrol pursued smugglers for three days in the desert. Nearing the caravan, the smugglers opened fire. The police replied. One of the smugglers' camels, with a full load of hashish, tumbled in its tracks. The police continued their pursuit, but after traversing a hundred miles of desert had to give up. The smugglers escaped.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

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In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

The police returned in their tracks to where they had left the shot camel. It had carried hashish to the value of about £600. But while they had been pursuing the smugglers some enterprising Arab had carried the whole consignment away. The police determined at all costs to track down this thief.

The Arab could not hide his route in the sands. The police followed his tracks, which led across the desert for fifty miles and then ended at the town of El Arish. There the tracks disappeared in a medley of churned-up sand due to the constant passing of people, camels and goats.

But the police were not beaten. They entered the town of El Arish and at the gate questioned the keeper as to the camel men who had come along that route during the past two days. They discovered that the man they wanted worked for a rich merchant in the town. Without hesitation they searched the camel yard belonging to the merchant. There they found the hashish. The rich merchant was in the plot. He and his men were arrested, and a heavy fine followed. The police received their percentage on the capture.

Equally adventurous and cunning are the hashish smugglers who work by sea. Dhows, feluccas, motor-launches, tramp steamers, even first-class liners are all used by these enterprising individuals. A good deal of hashish is landed by ships from India on the Sinai coast of the Gulf of Suez. Smaller vessels use the Gulf of Akaba and sail to a place on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez.

There are only two sea-going patrol vessels available off the Egyptian coast, so that the gaps for the smuggler are many. Sailing vessels employed in the fruit trade of the Levant are useful for carrying hashish. They know that they are safe if they remain outside the three-mile limit, and there they are met by an Egyptian fishing vessel at night, which takes the hashish into some creek known only to themselves.

All the usual devices for smuggling through the ports are used by the hashish syndicate. It is not very long ago that some hundreds of barrels of tomato sauce and glucose were being landed from a steamer at Port Said. Customs officers observed that the sound of the rolling barrels was not natural. Also that there seemed to be an unusual amount of space between the barrels and the planking holding them. It was eventually discovered that hashish to the amount of 24 kilos was hidden in small sacks inside the wooden planks.

For some time Alexandria used to receive large consignments of hashish by means of a drain that led to the water front. This drain debouched at a quay which saw a Russian steamer arriving weekly from Odessa and Greece. The portholes of the stewards' quarters used to be opposite this drain, and the hashish was pushed into it by the men aboard the steamer. The smugglers used to enter the drain by an iron gateway in the city. It would never have been discovered if one group of smugglers had not got caught in the drain, and yelled loudly to avoid being suffocated.

This particular syndicate which had used the drain so profitably then tried another method. They learned that the proprietor of a Cairo theatre had ordered 500 armchairs for the stalls from a furniture factory in Austria. An agent of the syndicate visited the factory and bribed the foreman to hollow out the arms of the chairs sufficiently to admit a cake of hashish, which was packed in at Trieste. The proprietor of the theatre does not know to this day that he abetted smuggling.

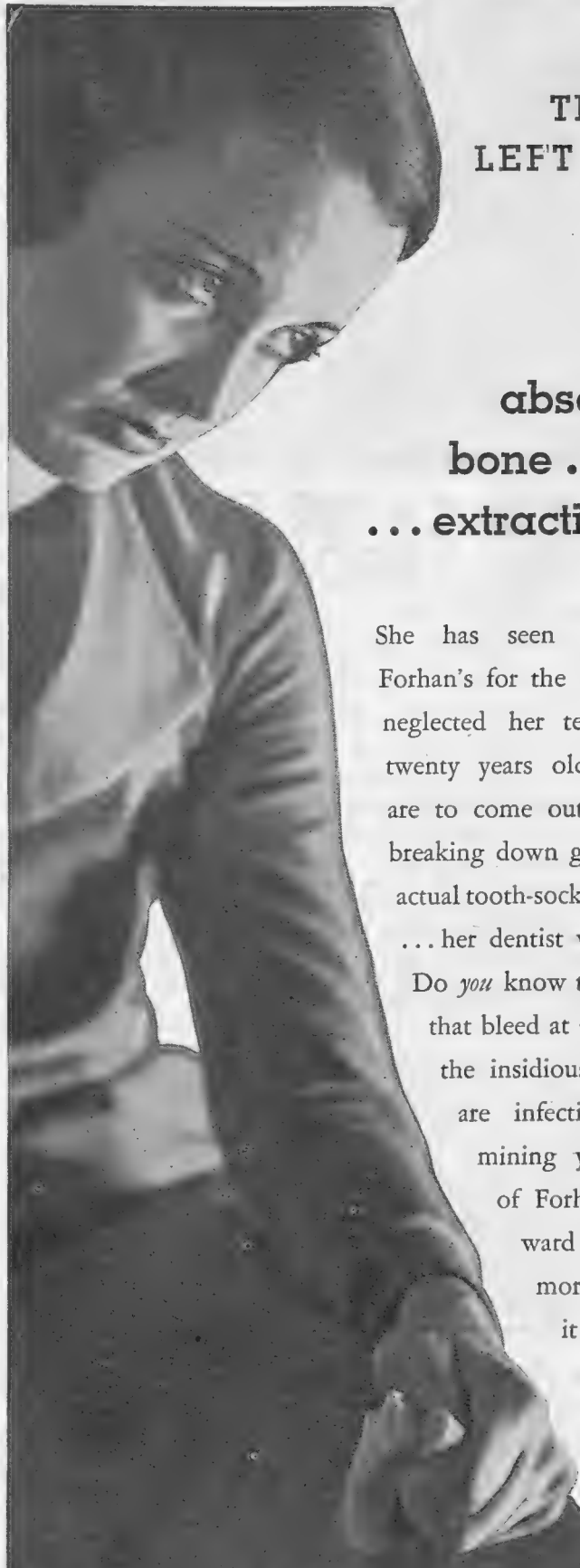
Such are the stories told in the hashish exchange at Alexandria. What I did not hear in this dirty little coffee-house, but learned elsewhere, is the damning fact that something like 4½ million pounds (Egyptian) are spent on hashish each year. This is based on the low estimate of 250,000 hashish smokers in Egypt, each spending five piastres a day. Even this conservative estimate reveals the extent of the hashish horror.

END

THE X-RAY LEFT NO DOUBT—

“marked
absorption of the
bone . . . Pyorrhœa
... extraction essential”

She has seen the advertisements of Forhan's for the Gums, yet still she has neglected her teeth; little more than twenty years old and her front teeth are to come out . . . Deadly Pyorrhœa, breaking down gum tissue, attacking the actual tooth-socket in the jaw! Poor child . . . her dentist would have warned her. Do *you* know the signs? Tender gums that bleed at a touch often mean that the insidious poisons of Pyorrhœa are infecting the system, undermining your health. Daily use of Forhan's for the Gums can ward off this disease. It is more than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhœa; buy a tube to-day.



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

(Continued from page 91)

but, were he the veriest duffer who ever thumped a typewriter, his tale would still be interesting. He has material in plenty, both humorous and adventurous.

Strangely enough—for this is the one sort of peril to be least expected in making a tour round the world by car—he is involved almost immediately in shipwreck. Starting from Australia, he books a passage to the United States. Out in the Pacific the ship suffers a mishap and, after hours of alternate hope and fear, goes down. The original Baby Austin sinks with her; but Mr. MacQuarrie, on being rescued, soon obtains a new machine, with which, undaunted, he sets out afresh.

Fortune is kinder to him after this false start, and he reaches America in safety. Crossing the continent from west to east, he takes ship once again—for London. His impressions of England are often illuminating; but he does not stay long before setting out southward and eastward across Europe.

Naturally, not least of the characters in this first-rate story is the car itself. The English motorist is pleased, but perhaps hardly surprised, to learn that this, an ordinary standard 7 h.p. Austin, gives sterling service throughout. It complains sometimes, when its springs are grossly overloaded in rough and almost trackless country, but always it is willing to go, and to keep on going. With its diminutive engine, it tackles a colossal task, and comes out of it with infinite credit.

Hot Weather Driving

To write a "hint" on this subject is, I suppose, to invite the unseasonable arrival of a "cold snap," but it is useful to know, when hot weather is reasonably to be expected, how best to keep a car cool and comfortable. Many people are disposed, in great heat, to open their cars to the fullest extent; but this is actually a mistaken policy.

If the sun is really strong, the hoods of tourers should be raised, and the "sunshine roofs" of saloon cars kept closed. Windows, on the other hand, may be lowered fully, and it is helpful to have the windscreen partly open. The object should be as much air, but as little direct sun, as possible.

Moreover, in great heat a rug is essential. This may sound absurd; but there must be some means of covering the seats when the car is unoccupied. Otherwise, when one first sits down on the sun-scorched leather upholstery, the effect is distinctly unpleasant, and calculated to produce an unwelcome, if purely regional, rise of temperature!

Car Anatomy Laid Bare

ANY motorist who cannot give an immediate answer to the question "What is a valve-tappet, and why?" should obtain a free copy of this remarkable book.

It has six large coloured plates, each of which shows a different view of the outside and inside of a motor-car, in the same way as different views of the human anatomy are shown in medical books. For instance, if you lift up the flap showing a picture of a motor-car in Section 1, there is revealed another picture which represents what you would see if you stripped part of the body away. If you then lift up the second flap, more intimate details of the car, gear-box and transmission are shown. You keep on lifting up these cunningly devised flaps and more and more details are exposed, until finally you learn the innermost secrets of every part of the motor-car. All the parts are numbered and their names given in a numerical index.

This is a fascinating and instructive publication, and no motorist, however experienced or however much of a beginner, should be without it. Any reader can secure a free copy by sending a postcard to the Publicity Department of Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., Shell-Mex House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2., mentioning the name of this magazine.



REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

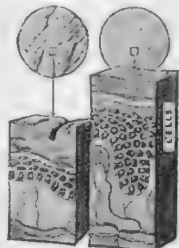
Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



Price 21/- per box.

from John Bell & Croyden, 50, Wigmore St., Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond St., Squire & Sons, Ltd., 413, Oxford St.; also at all branches of BOOTS, Lewis & Burrows, Heppells, and from Harrods, Army & Navy, Barker's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), and from all first-class Chemists, or direct from GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 162 L, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

from John Bell & Croyden, 50, Wigmore St., Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond St., Squire & Sons, Ltd., 413, Oxford St.; also at all branches of BOOTS, Lewis & Burrows, Heppells, and from Harrods, Army & Navy, Barker's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), and from all first-class Chemists, or direct from GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 162 L, Oxford Street, London, W.1.



Subtlety in Salads

SO little time can we devote to eating in this hurried life that it is vital we should choose dishes which combine super-nutrition with easy digestion, and which also take the least time to prepare. One of the most pleasant, especially in hot weather, certainly the most health-giving and at the same time the quickest to set and serve, is a salad.

The most exquisite cosmetics are of no avail to hide permanently the blemishes caused by a consumption of overmuch fatty and starchy foodstuffs, and the amount of vegetable salts necessary to keep the human machine in proper order varies considerably with the time of year. A good slogan for these warm months might be "Summer Time is Salad Time."

To most people it is an astonishing discovery—and many people have still to discover—that almost any fish, meat, fruit or vegetable can be blended with raw vegetables to make a salad which would entice the most jaded palate. For instance, pears with lettuce, cream cheese and peas, together with a powdering of paprika, make a most piquant combination.

Peculiarly suited to add that finishing flavour which denotes the master-touch is Heinz salad cream. Made with really morning-laid eggs blended with rich cream and just the right amount of the finest olive oil, it is accurately judged to tone down the acids to

be found in all fruit and vegetables.

The sylph-like silhouette we hear so much about is still *de vigueur* in spite of all that has been written about the return of feminine curves, but a good figure must be carefully guarded if it is not to degenerate as we grow older. Temptation is never likely to come in the way of those who know how to prepare epicurean dainties with fresh fruit and vegetables, for these combine nutrition with the minimum of fattening ingredients.

The modern mother, in contrast to her forebear, the rice-pudding devotee, insists upon giving the young ones a diet consisting mainly of vitamins, and the children themselves are most enthusiastic about new flavours and mixtures. A pear porcupine would thrill the heart and tempt the palate of any child who would, justifiedly, scream at the sight of tapioca pudding. Bananas, lettuce, and walnuts, or cherries, lettuce, and walnuts, sprinkled with Heinz salad cream, combine energising food with a novelty too rarely, alas, found in the nursery.

In hot weather, when the head of the household

wishes to be out on the beach or away in the country, it is essential that little or no time should be spent in the kitchen preparing meals, and that the kitchen itself should be kept cool and the stove lit as seldom as possible. A good savoury salad dish with the help of Heinz salad cream offers the ideal solution to the summer menu problem, both for grown-ups and the children.



PECULIARLY suited to add that finishing flavour which denotes the master-touch is Heinz salad cream

The Old England Passes (Continued from page 39)

We speak of "What'll win the 3.30?" ; of the very latest in "smash and grab" ; and of last night's murder. The one subject of which we never speak is WORK.

"Work" is taboo. It is bad taste. It isn't done.

In our friendly little talks, to which my discoloured eye makes democratic introduction, we show ourselves as sceptical politicians. We don't believe in anybody or anything. We are all out for ourselves.

Those confabulations would bring grey hairs to Mr. Stalin's sleek black head. Not a word about the class-war. Not a word about the hated capitalist.

"Oh, shurr-up, matey—'ow's that going to affect you and me?"

That is the inevitable retort to the occasional Communist.

As I whirl along in the North Midlands I pass the first of the milestones—or grave-stones—which mark the passing of a class—the class of the Landed Aristocracy.

It is a superb manor-house, approached by a superb avenue of beeches, to the growing of which centuries have gone, and once upon those broad steps lords and ladies awaited their grooms and horses. In those vast rooms Beauty once trod the minuet and, later, danced to the gliding, lissom "Blue Danube."

Outside, at the lodge gates, there stands the notice brutal:

ALL-NIGHT TRANSPORT CAFÉ.

COME WHEN YOU LIKE!

LEAVE WHEN YOU LIKE!

Well, the Norse Viking once had a saying: "All fires go out one day." Here is one of them.

The break-up of the landed estates. The slow, inevitable economic disintegration of the Great Houses of England. The servant problem. The Death Duties problem. The problem of the pressure from beneath of the parvenu who knows when to say "Yes" and "No" as the markets rise and fall. The problem in our day of "The New-Rich" and "The Old-Poor."

The passing of a Class.

TWO other things have been persistently obtruding during my last four hundred miles or so. One of these is *standardisation*.

The only things on the roads about me, apart from the petrol tank-cars and the tramps, are the autos. The *luxus*-auto of only a few years ago seems nearly to have disappeared. All these "flivvers" are as like my own as peas out of the same pod. They are all in the £120-£195 class. (Continued on page 120)

MALCOLM'S
MORE THAN FIT—
fresh, vigorous health
has brought him
popularity, too

Over-scented soaps don't appeal to Malcolm, either for himself or his women friends. "Wright's Coal Tar Soap appears in the bathroom of every house I visit," he says—"and they go on using it, what's more." Wright's acts like a tonic on the skin, lathers luxuriously and lasts and lasts. A recent canvass among the medical profession, conducted by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, leads to the conclusion that Wright's Coal Tar Soap is preferred by doctors. It has always been preferred by mothers for baby's delicate skin.

BATHE WITH A *safe* SOAP. That great authority, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, says "the skin is liable to be attacked by more forms of irritation, parasitic or other, than any organ of the body," and of Coal Tar, "The pharmaceutical use of Coal Tar products takes its place in the front rank, not . . . so much because of the amount . . . of material used, which is comparatively small, but on account of its importance in the prevention and suppression of disease."

WRIGHT'S
coal tar SOAP
FOR FRESHNESS AND RADIANT HEALTH



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WATERPROOF REGD.

"THE SALOON." With Gussetted Pleat at Back for freedom when walking. Lined Shoulders and Chest to prevent condensation. IN FINE INDIANA RUBBER-PROOFED SINGLE TEXTURE **21/-**

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WATERPROOF REGD.

"THE COVERALL." With Apron Front for Skirt Protection and also with Gussetted Pleat Back to prevent Skirt Drag. IN FINE INDIANA RUBBER-PROOFED GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF. **21/-**

Wholesale only

ZAMBRENE LTD., 3b, CANNON ST., E.C.4
(who will be pleased to send you the name of nearest stockist).

I can't tell one auto from another, or the Derby-hatted or cap-clothed driver of one of them from the next. It is horribly like being once more in These United States. But, thank God! the goggles are not yet in evidence. The Americanisation of Britain is not yet complete—nor do I think it ever will be completed.

In the cities which I visit it is the standardised article which sells. Nobody seems to want anything individual, even though every shop window has the most blatant claims to originality and to "individualism."

In every town south and north of the Tweed I found a brilliant lighthouse coruscating, if lighthouses do coruscate. In its windows with backgrounds of glittering aluminium, gentlemen (real gents) stiffly standing with glassy smiles. Upon their noble backs THE suit. This suit is a lighthouse lighting the path of the new England—a milestone of her new history.

This suit, whatever the firm of its origin, is sold at a standardised price "for the million from the million"—its prime claim to consideration, and its proud boast.

Gazing awestruck through the windows were young men with their "fiancées" (the correct and standardised word to-day for 'Arry's 'Arriet), arrayed in those very garments, hard "potty" bowlers upon their hard round heads, and the same glassy, "classy" smile of the other tailor's dummy in the window.

Even the classes are now standardised.

When one Saturday I drove into the labyrinth of the Durham streets, I found myself in the market place wedged inextricably between hundreds of young men, all dressed in those suits aforesaid, their hair brilliantined, and in some cases their handkerchiefs scented!

The Old England Passes

I asked the director of traffic who sits in the pulpit in the middle of the square as to how it was that all these youngswells were able to leave their shops and offices for the day.

He said to me: "These 'young swells,' sir, are farm labourers waiting to be hired. This is one of the 'Hiring Saturdays.'"

Farm labourers scented and brilliantined! Oh, yoicks!

THE second thing which gradually obtruded itself out of the landscape was "the Dole Armies," as I will call them.

Which is to say, armies of young men who have either never known work or only a few months of work, who regard the free "dole" as normal as free air and free water.

This, to my mind, is one of the most dazing phenomena of our day and generation. It is more—it is one of vast and, as it seems to me, possibly rather terrible implications.

And its concomitant clothes phenomenon—just as dazing.

These young men and their sweethearts and wives were better dressed than I have ever known their fathers and mothers to be in the pre-dole days, when there was work for everybody. All the men wore THE suit. All the women had stockings of artificial silk.

The men often smoked cigarettes of the "20 a shilling" class. The women would have risen in revolt if they had been denied their picture-hall once or twice a week—and I was assured by a public man in a position to know in a big Midland town that some of them patronise the pictures twice a week regularly!

When I entered their houses I often found excellent food on the table—and I did meet one lady of the now nearly extinct "working

Food Values

WE have learnt to know that a correct diet is the foundation of good health, and furthermore we have learnt to keep the seasons scheduled to serve us, and see to it that we are supplied with fresh fruit and vegetables all the year round. As we all know, the juices of fruit and vegetables clear the blood, clean the complexion and stimulate the functions of the body, and that therefore during the hot weather it is essential to double one's rations of such foods and to restrict the consumption of such heavy, fat and heat making items as pastry, puddings and meat. An especially pleasant way of eating fruit is in the form of jam, whence all the harsh acids, harmful to many stomachs, have been removed. When it is made with

pure sugar it has a particularly high food value, as a certain quantity of sugar is essential to proper nourishment.

Old-fashioned farmhouse cooks used to take fresh fruit from the fields and boil their jams with the best white lump sugar. Hartley's jams are made in just this old-fashioned way, but only at the season when the fresh fruit ripens and is at its best, so that any admixture of pulp, preservatives and artificial colouring is unnecessary, and its richness matures till the time it is eaten. In the same way Hartley's Aintree Marmalade is made in January, when the finest shipments of Seville oranges arrive in this country, for no other orange has quite such a subtle flavour or makes quite such perfect marmalade.



Only the finest fresh fruits are used for Hartley's jams and preserves

Britannia & Eve for July, 1933

class" who informed me that somebody "had had the cheek to ask her to find work—and she with Bill's dinner to get ready every evening when he came home from seeing his mates!"

And I did find a certain quiet, tense opposition to the idea that one day these young men would have again to work and the dole be abolished.

"What!" said one of them to me, horror-stricken, "and where would I get a shilling to have a bit on?"

If any of my readers believe this to be exaggeration, I would ask them to do what I did—pass along roads and streets on which 2,000 miles of posters were nearly all concerned with betting or with "competitions." These are facts, my masters.

"Taking to the road," as I did, is a great remover of preconception.

Hitherto I had always believed that, however the men might look at it, their womenfolk hated what was once called politely "unemployed insurance."

But, instead, I everywhere found amongst the younger women a sublime acquiescence in the dole as a sort of "Act of God" which always had been and always would.

For here were armies of young girls, pleasure-mad, the lilies of the field "who toil not, neither do they spin," corresponding to the workless armies of the young men. Perfectly respectable, most of them, untrained, with no jobs open to them, I ask once more: "What is to become of them and of England?"

Only the middle-aged and elderly women into whose houses I entered in the North-East and Midlands, where scarcely a factory chimney was smoking, protested bitterly against it. And many of these brave old things at that moment were themselves fighting poverty behind snowy curtain and whitened doorstep—that hard, in-bitten poverty which I was to find everywhere I went, except in Scotland.

One of these "Pre-dole" women said to me at her house in Stafford, as she asked me to have a "cup o' tea" with her, something which epitomises the feeling of the women of the older school throughout England:

"What do you think will happen, mister, to the next generation, if young men and women can't get work and get so used to the 'dole' that they'll never want to work when work comes?"

Well, I leave that to the politicians to consider. It is not, here, my concern.

Yet I will ask another question.

If Britain goes on squandering her national resources in skilled workmen, as she has been doing under the stresses of the last four years, what will she do when the tide of trade begins to turn?

The miles I tramped and drove along the Newcastle and Glasgow desolated quays and shipyards, where no hammer falls and forests of abandoned scaffoldings stare gauntly, were positively affrighting. Tens of thousands of the world's finest shipbuilders, for example, have got out of the way of their trade, have been dissipated into dozens of other trades or are dragging out on the dole.

That, in my opinion, is a national disaster and is this country's major industrial problem.

This "Washington Post" change of trade I met everywhere. I have stayed in the North-East with a champion riveter who is now a champion baker. I know men with letters after their names who are policemen. And I even know a Harley Street specialist who is now a bookmaker!

This England is changing, deeply, and, as it seems to me, for ever.

IN one of the towns of the "Dark Country" I found that the hikers were severely divided into the "sheep" and the "goats." The former are the "All-Sunday hikers." The latter the "Saturday-to-Monday."

The former regard the latter with godly horror. For I am informed that the "Saturday-to-Mondayers" sleeping out together under any old hedge or on any old haystack, if no inn be available, has given occasion to the godly to scorn. (Continued on page 122)

"BLACK & WHITE" SCOTCH WHISKY



needs no advocate

MAKE YOUR TEETH as lovely as these



MADE IN
ENGLAND

EXAMINE your teeth. Are they as attractive as they might be? Are they as lovely as the girl's in the picture? You can make them so!

If you want your teeth to be spotlessly clean, brilliant and flashing, use Listerine Tooth Paste. Don't expect results overnight. Give it a thorough trial. A week—ten days—three weeks. Then inspect your teeth. You will see a new cleanliness, a new lustre, a firmer healthier condition of the gums. Your experience will be that of 10,000,000 people who use Listerine Tooth Paste regularly because it is better—and more economical—than any other dentifrice.

The large tube
costs only **1/-**
There is also a 6d. size
Of all chemists

LISTERINE

TOOTH PASTE

DO YOU SUFFER FROM DANDRUFF!
A few applications of Listerine Antiseptic will remove dandruff completely. Listerine Antiseptic has never known a failure. Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/-, 5/6 per bottle.

The "All Sundayers," on the other hand, are God-fearing young men and women, for whom the vicars in some churches hold a special Early Morning Service on Sundays at 6.30, so that the "godly hikers" and "hikeresses" may be free thereafter to tramp all day and return home before father shuts the door at 11 p.m.

All through these districts Edwardian ladies and gentlemen were having fits, or were just getting over 'em, at the conduct of the younger and hiking generation . . . where, indeed, I think I will leave it.

But all these thousands of boys and girls who roam the countryside together may or may not be causing breaches in the morals of the Victorian-Edwardian fortress; they are certainly breaching the England that we knew—if not indeed "breaching" it, for they all wear the bifurcated garment.

And it may just as easily be that they will

The Court Martial of Lacy, V.C.

(Continued from page 23)

immediate outbreak is probable. Take all requisite steps to deal with the situation."

"Now, sir," to Colonel Wishart, "did the accused tell you in the palm grove of the military dispositions he had made on that message?"

"He did."

"Were they such as would have protected the garrison, had that message—for example—been an enemy ruse to get troops away from barracks?"

"What enemy?" snapped the Colonel. "There was no enemy. There is no enemy. The tribes are quieter to-day than they have been for months."

"Very good, sir—we'll take it there was no enemy. Now, assuming that telephone message was genuine, were Major Lacy's dispositions in barracks and at El Arish efficient to deal with the situation?"

"Most efficient—hence my suspicions of his previous inefficiency at his ordinary duties."

"Did you express surprise at his efficiency on this instance?"

"I did."

"What was his explanation—I want his exact words."

"If I remember rightly," said the Colonel sarcastically, "he said, 'This is no occasion to play the fool.'"

"It was not until then that he admitted having played the fool previously?"

"It was then he admitted that his former blunders were deliberate—to secure the 'axe.'"

Amersham paused, and then: "I suggest," he said, "that Major Lacy made that damning admission to prove his belief in the authenticity of that message."

"He made it, sir," replied Wishart ruthlessly, "because he was in a corner, and realised he had overstepped himself."

"Did he say that?"

"No—but it is obvious."

"Does it strike you as likely, sir, that an officer of Major Lacy's personal distinction would, for the purpose of the 'axe,' commit an offence for which he was liable to court martial?"

"Under sufficient provocation he might be reckless enough to risk it in the assumption that the Commanding Officer of the Rutlands would not incur the odium of a court martial on one of his officers. It would ensure the 'axe' he was seeking."

"Do you, sir, regard the prospect of a lucrative business partnership as sufficient provocation for an officer of Major Lacy's record to risk a court martial?"

"Major Lacy is obviously not deficient in nerve."

"That is not the answer I want, sir."

Wishart drew himself a shade more erect.

"Very well, you shall have your provocation," he said in a voice like the cut of a cavalry sabre. "He wanted the business partnership to enable him to marry. In other words, he sacrificed the good name of his regiment—for a woman."

For the first time there was a definite stir in that well-disciplined court. There was not

The Old England Passes

make as good mothers and fathers as ever their grannies or grandads did. Whether they are as good lovers is another kettle of fish entirely!

The opinion of all those to whom I spoke, as indeed their own, was that in matters of love they are about as emotional as the Nelson Monument. And if love in 1933 be like this, what will it be in 1953?

Will the fathers and mothers of the future be robots having synthetic infants? Will they make vicarious love? And, above all, will they be so manicured, "waved" and enamelled that their faces, like their clothes, will be thoroughly standardised and indistinguishable? These be dreadful queries—and so, reader dear, I leaves it to you.

END

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a single person present who did not know that to be the arch-crime in the creed of the Rutlands, and the driving force behind the prosecution.

"Did he say that was why he took those troops out?" asked Amersham.

"No. But he mentioned it to explain his remarkable efforts for the 'axe'—which comes to the same thing."

"It is not the same thing, sir," said Amersham, the Irishman and the lawyer in him now dominant over any other consideration but that of fighting for an old trench comrade. "In your opinion, would Major Lacy risk a court martial to marry a lady of this garrison, who would be as much humiliated thereby as himself."

Lacy stood up suddenly:

"I forbid that question, Andy—at any price."

"Sit down, Major Lacy," ordered the Colonel President in parade-ground voice. "In your interests I am permitting your 'counsel' a good deal of latitude, and I cannot have interruptions from you."

"Major Lacy's indignation with me is natural," said Amersham. "He is the last man in the world to wish to shelter behind a woman's skirts. But these charges, especially the motive, involve his whole future, in the Army or out of it. And whether he likes it or not, I want Colonel Wishart to answer that question."

The Colonel answered it.

"Certainly I can conceive no lady of this garrison tolerating discredit of that kind. But if Major Lacy were so engaged, I as his Commanding Officer, would know of it. I do not know of it. Therefore the question has no point."

"Then, sir," said Amersham, "I am going to let the cat out of the bag. Miss Helena Staines, the daughter of the Sirdar of the Soudan, is the lady Major Lacy intended marrying on the 'axe' gratuity, and the business partnership it would purchase. And that—I suggest to the Court—effectually disposes of the last grounds for supposing that Major Lacy committed those court-martial offences as part of his former attempt to wangle the 'axe.'" And on that he sat down.

But Colonel Wishart did not sit down. Drawing himself a little more erect than ever, he said:

"You are grossly misinformed, sir. The Sirdar's daughter, Miss Helena Staines, is engaged to marry me."

The hush that followed that statement was broken only by the intake of Lacy's breath. For a moment he sat staring at his commanding officer, then sprang up.

"It's a damned lie," he cried, "a damned lie!"

For half a minute they confronted each other across the eighteen feet of space which separated them, the Colonel as motionless as the bronze sphinx behind him, the court too confounded to interfere. Then, as the President rose, with a rebuke, Lacy suddenly relaxed.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said quietly to Wishart, "I should not have said that. It was inexcusable." And he slumped to his chair.

Amersham gripped him by the arm, "You damned fool!" he hissed in Lacy's ear. "You've done for yourself properly now."

The efficient President ended this scene—probably without precedent in a military court—with the conventional question to the Prosecutor.

"Do you wish to re-examine this witness?"

"No, sir."

The case against Lacy was completed to the hilt by the evidence of a senior Staff Officer from the Egyptian War Office, who swore his department had sent out no such order as that telephone message; by the War Office Telegraph Supervisor, who proved that no telephone call of any description was put through his section to the Rutlands that afternoon; by the Mess Sergeant, who swore that no call had been taken by any of the Mess Staff.

Then it was the turn of the defence.

"Do you wish to give evidence yourself?" the President asked Lacy.

"I do not," he said, and it was obvious by his attitude that he no longer cared what happened.

"You are prejudicing the case against yourself by not going to the witness stand," the Judge-Advocate warned.

"I do not deny the facts of the charges against me," said Lacy. "For the rest, all I want to say is, that the message Captain Amersham has read is the gist of a message I actually received that afternoon. The line was indistinct, or the speech of the officer I was talking to was not clear. He said he was Colonel something or other, but I got cut off, or the line went dead, before I could verify. In my view of the nature of the message, there was no time to be lost in sending messengers to the War Office, and I could get no reply by the orderly room 'phone. I knew El Arish was a centre of discontent, and I took the chance of instant action. Apparently I made a mistake. I'll take the consequences."

"You were aware of the terms of the Garrison Order."

"I was."

"Do you wish to examine the accused on his unsworn statement?" the President asked Amersham. "If so, the Prosecutor can cross-examine."

Amersham shrugged. "I do not," he answered. He had shot his bolt, and he knew Lacy had too. There was nothing to be gained by prolonging the agony, with not a shred of evidence to disprove that telephone message.

The President wasted no time.

"The accused's statement will be attached to the Proceedings as prescribed by the Rules of Procedure," he said; "the Court will now be closed for consideration of the Finding."

It was while Lacy sat on his bed in his quarters, awaiting the reassembly of the Court, that a two-seater car with a Union Jack on its steaming radiator, drove up to the main entrance of the Mess, and out of it got Helena Staines and her good-looking young aunt, Lady Violet. Colonel Wishart threw away the cigarette he was smoking in the lobby, and met them on the top step with an exclamation of astonishment.

"You've got to stop this damned court martial, Malcolm," announced Lady Violet in the manner of her brother, the Sirdar. "You men are like a pack of children with your traditions and things."

Helena said: "Malcolm—we've all made a most dreadful mistake about Major Lacy. He took those men out to that village for the honour of your regiment."

"Nonsense, my dear. What on earth are you talking about?" Wishart rejoined.

"Nonsense yourself, Malcolm," Violet interposed. "I got the whole business out of Andy Amersham last night when he 'visited' the Palace guard—dragged it out of him. This young idiot Lacy (Continued on page 124)



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is burning himself on your altar. He took those men out to that blessed village for the good name of your Rutlands. You, the Commanding officer, were away on a picnic with a couple of women, and the other senior officers were gaddin' about at the club and races. What kind of a story would that have made against your precious regimental vanity, if we'd have all been killed off at our tea tables by the riff-raff of Khartoum? There's enough gossip as it is."

"An extremely unpleasant story," said Wishart. "But as it does not agree with the facts, I shall have to deal with Captain Amersham for starting it."

"Please don't talk like that, Malcolm," Helena cried. "Violet forced it out of Captain Amersham, and I'm absolutely certain it is true."

"It has not been mentioned in the evidence," retorted Wishart drily.

"Of course not," broke in Violet. "If it had been said in public, the story would have stood against your regiment just the same."

"My dear Lady Violet, you are allowing your good intentions to run away with you, if you'll excuse my saying so. It is no good talking about Major Lacy's reasons for the non-existent; and the telephone message you've all heard about has just been proved non-existent."

"Major Lacy's incapable of lying," Helena declared warmly. "There must have been a message if he says so."

"I'd back a woman's instinct before all the telephonists and judges in the Soudan," said Violet.

"Why this remarkable championship of Lacy, Helena," Wishart wanted to know. "What is his welfare to you?"

"A lot," she announced quietly.

"I don't understand you. I didn't know you had more than a slight acquaintance with him."

"Neither did I till last night," said Violet.

"I'm sorry, Malcolm," said Helena. "But—well—it all happened in London. I thought I'd changed my mind. I haven't."

"Buck up, Malcolm," Violet said. "Baby snatching always means trouble sooner or later."

Wishart became the Rutland again—and the gentleman.

"I'm sorry. Doubly sorry, Helena. To take that story into court would be worse than useless. The best thing you can do is—forget Lacy. He's asked for it, and he'll get it. If you care to wait in the mess dining-room I'll come and tell you the verdict."

"I don't care what the verdict is," she said. But being who she was, Wishart did not misunderstand that.

Ten minutes later, the Court had re-assembled, and the President was delivering the regulation formula, disclosing that Lacy had been found guilty on all charges. The words were:—

"The Court will now take evidence as to the character and particulars of service of the accused."

Unaware of the two women waiting in the mess dining-room to hear his fate, Lacy stood at attention, grimly listening to his own military history from his enlistment in the first year of the great war as a private at the age of eighteen. V.C. in 1915; wounded four times; mentioned in despatches five times; a regular commission in 1916; temporary Lieutenant-Colonel in 1918; a bar to his M.C. and a brevet Majority in 1923, on the staff in Irak. It was all there, right up to the Irishman's rise of return to regimental duty as a Captain on twenty-five shillings a day. And, he thought bitterly, all lost for a woman who had turned him down as flat as a woman can turn down a man. That blasted "axe"!

And then once more the clipped, curt voice of that expert President:

"The Court will now be closed for consideration of the sentence."

On that, the Regimental Sergeant-Major, acting as usher, flung open the two double doors of the great ante-room, and Lacy's audience filed out. What his sentence would be none of them cared enough to await the

The Court Martial of Lacy, V.C.

final pronouncement. He had been found guilty of charges which, in the circumstances, to their way of thinking, were but one degree removed from selling information to an active enemy, conditions in the Soudan being as inflammable as they were.

From the verandah outside his quarters Lacy stood watching them dribble down the long gravelled drive to their waiting cars and horses. Not one looked back in his direction. He was now dead as far as they were concerned. He had "bought it" with a vengeance. Never more for him to ride along that dusty mile and a half along the Nile bank to Khartoum, the club, the polo ground, the race-course, the shops, receiving salutes which were his due, returning cheery greetings, assured of that unqualified comradeship which has no equal outside His Majesty's Service. And at the road end, where it corners into the town beneath the white arches of the Sirdar's Palace, never again, to him, would the gleaming bayonets of the Guard flicker to the "Present"—UNLESS—unless—he got away with one of the minor punishments prescribed for each offence—"Reprimand" or "Reduction in rank." But—starting out across the gay flower beds of the Mess gardens, over the sinister smoothness of the Nile to the dead flat aridity of the desert beyond, mirage-less beneath that overhead sun, harsh as chromium steel—he was sure that not a single member of the Court had believed his story of that telephone message. "Dismissal" or "Cashiered" would be his lot. In either event, a return to civil life, broken and discredited. If "Cashiered," then, to the best of his recollection, even his V.C. would be stripped from him. There was no denying the significance of that "axe" wangle, to the Court, mildly irregular though it was in itself. Why, half the fellows at the club had talked of wangling out on that "axing" order. A good thing for Helena she had turned him down. What would that sentence be?

That question was answered for Lacy beyond reasonable doubt half an hour later, when he faced the Court for the final curtain in that ruthlessly swift drama of purging a regiment's honour. One look at those unyielding features told him he was standing in his regimental ante-room for the last time. There was no preamble. Looking straight to his front, inexorable as the Sphinx on its plinth, the President declared:

"The Court having reopened after consideration of the sentence on the accused, Captain and Brevet Major Richard Lacy, V.C., M.C., 1st Battalion the Rutlandshire Regiment, remand the accused in close arrest, pending Promulgation."

Close arrest! That settled it. Ten days' wait in his quarters, never left alone. Promulgation. Finish. He stood quite rigid for a minute beside his escort, while the old Sergeant-Major once more opened the big doors to the mocking sunshine beyond the wide verandah. The members of the Court silently packing up their papers; the Colonel uttering some commonplace to the Prosecutor; Amersham looking at his own finger nails. Then he turned and marched towards the far exit.

At that moment, the small door behind the 'Court,' leading to the lobby and main entrance, was flung open, and there entered a little red-faced man in a soiled grey flannel suit and a white solar topee. At his heels followed a super-smart A.D.C. with the badge of the Scots Guards on his jacket collar—and Helena Staines.

"I'll attend to you in a minute, my dear," the little man was saying over his shoulder to Helena.

"The Sirdar," Wishart exclaimed. Clicking of spurred heels.

"Hallo, Wishart! What's this I hear. A court martial in the Mess?"

"No alternative, your Excellency. The schoolroom was wrecked in the haboob a few days ago. We've just finished."

"Har. I got caught in that haboob—fifty miles from nowhere. I've just popped in on my way home to thank you personally



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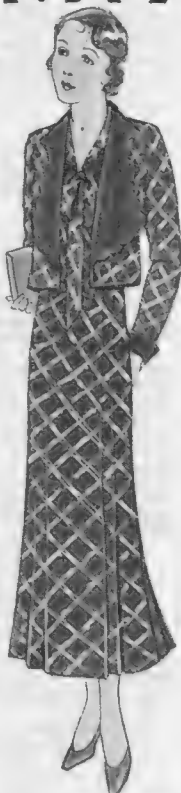
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for your prompt action at El Arish. Good work that, Wishart."

Lacy and his escort stopped dead on the verandah threshold, but nobody said a word.

The Sirdar went on: "Presence of your troops at the psychological moment put the wind up the Chiefs, and they all went home. Met three of them out in the desert. Good thing my G.S.O.I. reached you in time. 'Fraid he wouldn't. Got a dose of malaria with the Dinkas on the Blue Nile as well as information of that Arish meeting. I hear he's now in hospital; 'Blackwater' and sunstroke."

"He did not reach me," said Wishart, in a dead silence.

"Then who the deuce did? I sent Lawrence personally."

Here the alert A.D.C. intervened as is the way of the breed. "The Garrison Medical Officer's just told me that Colonel Lawrence was found on top of the telephone at the native brick-works five miles out, sir. He's been unconscious ever since."

"Har. That explains it," he stormed. "Why be so deuced precise, Wishart. Why are you all standing about like stuffed geese?"

"I did not receive that order, sir," said Wishart. "Nor did I carry it out. This officer—Major Lacy did—and he has just been court-martialled for doing so."

It was the Sirdar's turn to stare.

"And may I ask, Wishart, by whose authority an officer of this garrison has been court-martialled for obeying the orders of the Sirdar of the Soudan?"

"Your authority, Your Excellency," said Wishart bluntly.

"Give me the Proceedings."

The President handed them to him. As the Sirdar rapidly flicked over the pages, Wishart said aridly:—

"I should have thought that when signing the Convening Order, Your Excellency would have observed the coincidence of the offences with Your Excellency's verbal orders respecting El Arish."

The Sirdar looked at him, frost in his eyes.

"It might also have occurred to you, Wishart, that as the War Office staff includes an Adjutant-General and a Judge-Advocate-General, I leave such details to them."

"You did not sign the Order as a matter of fact, sir," the Judge-Advocate interposed. "It was dealt with by the A.G. on your warrant—with a few Egyptian Army ones—while you were on Tour."

"I'm sorry, sir," Wishart apologised, "but"—he continued implacably. "The whole point is that no one on Your Excellency's H.Q. staff had been informed of Your Excellency's secret information regarding El Arish, and that order was not passed through the usual and regular channels."

"Channels be damned!" the Sirdar exploded, annoyed by his subordinate's persistence, and notoriously impatient of red tape. "It's a good thing there was one officer on the spot who did not worry about channels. Meanwhile I see that officer has been sentenced to dismissal from His Majesty's Service. And quite rightly too—"

"Father, you can't mean that!" broke in Helena.

"On the evidence," the Sirdar completed. "But on the facts there is only one thing to do, and that forthwith. I 'quash' the Proceedings, and the accused is returned to duty." Turning on the President he said "Have that regularised—through the usual channels."

Subsequent extract from Service gossip in Truth:

"An interesting ceremony took place at Khartoum the other day when Colonel Malcolm Wishart, C.M.G., the new Garrison Commander, married Lady Violet Staines, sister of Major General the Honourable Sir Reginald Staines, K.C.M.G., Sirdar of the Soudan, and Captain and Brevet-Major (Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) R. Lacy, V.C., M.C., the new G.S.O.I., married Helena Florence, the Sirdar's only daughter. A guard of honour was provided by the officers of the 1st Battalion the Rutlandshire Regiment."

END.



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Award of Prizes, April 17th Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Book Jacket for any Aspect of Flying. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Hon. Mention: Stella Wyndham, G.C.S. 5961; V. P. I. Horn, G.C.S. 5890.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846. Hon. Mention: Gladys Cumpsty, G.C.S. 4573; S. Christine Straker, G.C.S. 5960; S. Curtis, G.C.S. 5729.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Colours. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster Advertising a Dance. Prize 10s. Awarded to Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140. Hon. Mention: John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; Ivy Gooding, M.C.S. 3414; Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3216; Betty Wood, M.C.S. 3396.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217. Hon. Mention: Barbara Paul, M.C.S. 3341.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Flowers in a Vase. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536. Hon. Mention: Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281.

Literature Competition.—A Verse of Four Lines Concerning Any Animal. Prize 5s. Awarded to Marit V. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530. Hon. Mention: Daphne Giddins, A.C.S. 1571.

Award of Prizes, May 1st Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Metchin, G.C.S. 5507. Hon. Mention: Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5890; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355.

Literature Competition.—Review a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Allen, G.C.S. 5969. Hon. Mention: Ian F. Rose, G.C.S. 5967; W. E. Ridgley, G.C.S. 5966.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998, and Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Book Jacket for a Thriller. Prize 10s. Divided between Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345, and Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Ursula Moss, M.C.S. 3080; Joan Guillaume, M.C.S. 3424.

Literature Competition.—Letter Complaining of Slender. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean Lawes, M.C.S. 3319. Hon. Mention: J. Colyer, M.C.S. 2889; Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; Margaret McRae, M.C.S. 3386.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Barker, A.C.S. 1470. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Pamela Carr, A.C.S. 1438. Hon. Mention: Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(July—August)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 17th. A Design for a Dress Fabric. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Portrait Sketch. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 17th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Synopsis of a Play, in Three Acts, entitled "Who goes There?"

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 17th. Anything in Colours. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Anything in Wool.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 17th. A Poster for a Flower Show. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Flower Study. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 17th. First Page of about 300 words of a Novel You Would Like to Write. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date,

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2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.
3. No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.
4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.
5. Prizes must be applied for.
6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Elizabeth G. Robins, a member of the Literary Competition Circle, has written the words and music of a charming Irish song called "Judy Flannigan," price 1s. net, obtainable from Paterson, Sons and Co., Ltd., of 27, George Street, Edinburgh.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS (April 17th)

May W. Harrison.—The machine should have been a more dominant item. On a larger scale, with the outspread wings cutting across the otherwise containing circles, a much more forceful effect would have been obtained. Delightful as a colour scheme.

Penelope Burra.—A gallant attempt to master a difficult group, but much too cold in colour throughout. Robbed of warmth, vitality goes. Place your work, at intervals, beside the original to correct the broad effect.

Betty Wood.—Stylishly designed and if the lettering had been better placed this would have been completely successful. A good book on alphabets would well repay study.

John Waterhouse.—Certainly this would attract attention. It is a bit brutal in design for the particular subject, however. Don't be afraid of beauty as distinct from prettiness.

Amy G. Haydon.—A most clever arrangement of colour. One of the best things of its kind that you have sent in and charming into the bargain. Thank you so much.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Your red and black scheme is very effective, but the silhouette is not as well managed for height and speed as a few experiments would suggest. The idea is excellent, but the work is not of your best. Good as suggestion only.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Capital sky and terrain, but the planes are poorly drawn and depressing in colour, and the frame would be better if simpler. The scheme is good, though the British plane on top would be more popular. You get atmosphere into this story, but at times your style is very rough, and the plot of this tale is a bit childish.

Joyce Bidder.—A first-rate two colour scheme, extremely well designed and executed. A thoroughly practical and artistic bit of originality.

Marjorie Naylor.—A picturesque and pleasing chapter heading. For purposes of reproduction, it is best, when body colour is used, to cover the paper with a thin wash of white before shading, to get true monochrome.

Maud Schwabe.—An attractive and witty scheme, a bit derived, but none the less good. Your lettering might be better in form and spacing, and where relieved, done consistently. A little study of lettering pays.

Joan Gibling.—This is remarkable work at your age in daring and style. Some of the impasto goes a bit wrong, but, on the whole, very strong work for a beginner, though perhaps not the safest way to begin.

Veronica Price-Harris.—The effect should be a bit sharper against the too chromatic background; otherwise the impression is very good and, on the whole, pleasant in colour and treatment.

Stephanie Weir.—Your group is excellently drawn and worked on very sound lines. You will soon find yourself daring a stronger effect. Straightforward, promising work.

C. S. Stamper.—A bit of charming invention, but the end needs stronger treatment. This is something of an anti-climax, which must particularly be avoided in a story of this type.

S. Christine Straker.—I appreciate this light-hearted treatment of a serious situation, but I think that most people prefer, quite justifiably, a less flippant method. Also, in places, both speech and action are fundamentally too unreal. An excellent plot which would work out better as a long book.

S. Curtis.—Your work only just misses being really good. As far as ideas go it is always fresh and stimulating, but you fail to do them complete justice. I hope with further practice that the necessary finish will come.

S. MacLeod.—Criticism of this type is thoroughly refreshing, although too casual in style to be of any use professionally. You may not desire this, however, in which case there is no harm in such a method if you are aware of its limitations. Lettering is such an essential part of a dust jacket and some attempt to deal with it should always be made. Otherwise this is good in design and colour.

Florence E. McCoy.—Here is a big idea, but the treatment of the end, in particular, is not adequate. The first meeting with Valentino is very well done; get your climax on to the same interesting level.

Dora Malfatti.—Perhaps "conquest" would be a better word for the title than tragedy, but this is very good stuff indeed and one of the best things you have sent.

Pleasance Warren.—Very well made indeed, but defeated in this competition by some exceptionally good work.

(Continued on page 128)

July 17th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. A Design for a Cretonne.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, July 17th. Invent Six Titles for Short Stories. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, August 1st. Subject: Any Outdoor Scene.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

IN awarding the £5 Quarterly Prize for November, December and January, I have been forced to abandon my objection to dividing the prize. In fact, I could do with several £5 prizes, so hard have several people tried and so meritorious is the work which has been submitted. However, after the most careful consideration, it is clear that the owners of the two names in the winning list have done just a little bit better than anyone else, so this coveted prize goes in equal parts—£2 10s. each to Olive Dockree, M.C.S. 3366, and Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846;



Joan Pattinson, A.C.S. 1331, a prize-winner in the Dancing section of our Annual Competitions

Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923; Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Will Saloners entering for the fortnightly competitions kindly note that it is most important to put their names and the dates of the competitions on their actual entries? If only attached to the paper this most necessary information will probably get detached before it reaches me, and then the trouble begins.

We have had big batches of new members lately and I would like to draw their attention to the necessity of observing this rule. By the way, we are always very pleased to publish the portraits of newly joined Saloners in this page, so don't hesitate to send yourselves along. Nice, clear, shiny photographs, please! Dull, matt surfaces do not reproduce well.

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The Children's Salon COUPON

May McCoy.—In a slightly different form I feel I have seen this before. Anyhow, it is an effective yarn, although the end should be more tersely handled. As a set of character studies it is extremely interesting.

Kay Holland.—Rather too sombre in key, considering the relieved circumstances, to which some better response seems inevitable. If the balance is to be all on one side then deeper reasons for this state of affairs need to be given.

W. E. Ridgley.—The beginning isn't bad and the plot would pass if, since it is in itself extravagant, the style were extravagant too. A bizarre plot can convince if the method is *en suite*, but that is essential.

Una Monk.—Having aroused the interest rather specially by the reference to the legend in the second verse, it is essential to sustain it in the next. The negative effect of your third stanza must be overcome.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The word "Eve" conveys the "mother of man" significance, generally, and thus it comes in rather awkwardly in these lines. Otherwise this is pretty enough, although rather slight.

Olwen Lawton.—Very well put together, and it holds the interest admirably, but it is extravagant to a degree!

Daphne Giddins.—It is better to tackle something of which you have first-hand experience. Book learning, as we call it, is essential, but an original effort should avoid using it too palpably.

E. Montgomery.—The "yet" in the third line implies that the Puritans had no staunchness of character, a difficult point to argue successfully. Otherwise this has originality.

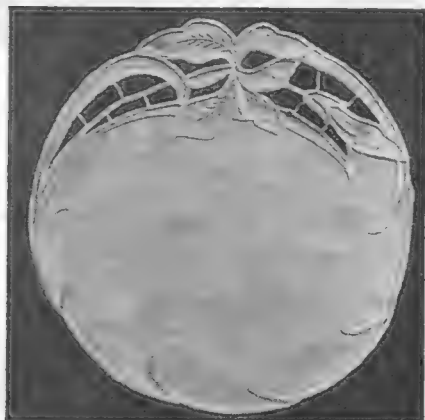
Marjorie Griffiths.—This has all your usual skill as regards action. The climax, however, isn't handled so well, and there is distinct loss of grip. You have created an interesting type in Helena, and she should figure in the final in a more satisfactory manner.

Helen M. Lillie.—This is rather careless for you. In fact, I could not recognise it as your work! See what you have trained me to expect! The theme, too, is one that should work out well.

G. M. Cumpstey.—An excellent idea, rather lacking subtlety in your treatment of it. A less flippant manner would have been an advantage; this does not mean, of course, abandoning the light touch.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—Take more care with your smiles; they are immensely helpful things if very appropriate—otherwise . . . I think lines three and four in the third verse illustrate my implication. In feeling, charming.

Irene McCoy.—A delightful little study. I advise you to stick to yarns of this type. A little more body in the plot would not come amiss, but nothing of a "manufactured" nature, of course.



A characteristic example of
Theodora Fuller's clever stitchery

Barbara Paul.—A delightful little effort. "There-fore" is the only word I would change. You could substitute "Tell me," as the repetition would emphasise the state of bewilderment. Or you can think for yourself of something more suitable.

Betty Crowther.—All these mix-ups have a farcical note, and I am not sure that, considering the types of character presented, a more farcical style wouldn't have held the interest better. Good, but not one of your best efforts.

Jean Weir.—The effect as a whole is good, but the detail lacks anything but a cursory analysis. Keep both things in mind all the time.

Mary Champion.—One of the most charming things you have ever sent in, beautiful both in pattern, style and craftsmanship. Thank you so much for a very lovely gift.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Not at all a bad effort. In polishing it up I should advise cutting down the references to Diosma's beautiful garments, or at any rate working in that information in more subtle fashion. A better cloud mass would greatly improve the book-jacket design.

Joan Hutton.—Even for a fragment this is too brief, but as an opening it is in very good condition for working on further. The end of the last line, however, is a bit jejune.

Ione Bruce Wills.—A better technique is your chief need. Charming in sentiment as this is, it covers rather hackneyed ground. First-hand observation is the thing to cultivate.

Catherine Read.—The first verse is very good indeed except for the clipping, scarcely allowable, of that beautiful flower word. The second verse isn't nearly so good, and its sixth line is even clumsy. I should try re-writing the whole verse.

The Children's Salon COUPON

Theodora Fuller.—A perfect little example of your beautiful stitchery, and only beaten by something of exceptional quality.

Marit Guinness.—The mistake here is to go back to a description of the little animal in the last few words after having interposed a habit. The length of snout, etc., should have immediately followed the mention of its fur.



Sketch by Isabel Jackson, M.C.S. 3191

AN ILLUSTRATION TO A WELL-KNOWN POEM

*I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she bend and sing
A jaery's song.*

From "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"
JOHN KEATS.

Pat Low.—The end seems a bit inadequate for the good beginning, particularly the last line, with the original rhyme so far away as to have lost significance.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—There are some excellent bits in this, but a much greater sense of horror must be inspired in the reader to get the plot to "work."

Stella Wyndham.—A simpler treatment of the machine in harmony with the rest of the design would have been more appropriate. The lettering is very cleverly managed in addition to being well drawn. The colour is a bit unnecessarily crude.

Betty Weir.—Expert work, but rather commonplace in colour and style, especially for you. The lack of restful blank places is one of the chief faults. The lettering is too evenly spread out.

Peter Recaldin.—Don't increase difficulties by working on small scraps of paper. You could have done better justice to this if you had tackled it on a bigger scale. The flowers can carry little conviction reduced to this size. Decidedly pleasant in colour.

Ivy A. Gooding.—Although your ballerina is pleasantly drawn and the general scheme good, the method is an over-worked one for a poster, where a simple direct treatment is more suitable. Less complicated lettering is also always to be desired.

Evangeline Weir.—The black lettering on gold is out of key with the white on blue of the upper half of the poster, but otherwise this is a neatly designed effort which only just falls short of complete success.

V. P. I. Horn.—For so economical a colour scheme you have worked out a very interesting result, although the upper decoration would score more convincingly with a simpler treatment.

Mabel Sanders.—Very nicely worked and charmingly dainty into the bargain. Thank you so much.

Mary Gordon.—The similes are so curiously introduced that they sound literal. Otherwise this is very well done and the versification excellent.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { Graduate
Member } of The

Children's Salon Competition Circle
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's
Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d.,
being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Ernest Price.—This is a bit fierce, but is none the less interesting, and there is genuine music in the first half. The second is in another metre altogether, and nothing seems to be gained; in fact unity is destroyed and much of the effect lost in consequence.

Trixie Ford.—Taking the feather stitching through has a bit upset the otherwise neat appearance of the little coat. I think it should have been avoided.

Barbara Stallibrass.—The torso is very slight for the limbs, but the big line is admirably suggested and you are getting considerable command of the medium. The lettering is well placed, but its "message" is not explicit enough.

L. W. Shaw.—Consistently good work, although for items of this type a finer thread is to be preferred.

Joan M. Mitchell.—Rather too slight in theme and not sufficiently distinguished in treatment. A fragment such as this needs specially expert handling.

Patricia Baldwin.—You have observed the growth of these fascinating buds with interesting accuracy, but the bowl suffers from poor drawing and seems a bit small. The literature entry is below your usual good average.

Olive Dwyer.—I see your meaning but its expression could be improved. One does not "obey" a hope. The end is the best, particularly the last three lines.

(May 1st)

Barbara Stallibrass.—The title is rather too hidden in the rest of the design, which is otherwise admirably arranged and possesses the necessary pulling power. Without being very distinguished it nevertheless serves its purpose.

Rena Recaldin.—This has style, wit and ingenuity; it lacks technique and the lettering is poor in drawing, but as an idea it is first rate.

Elma Stamper.—Very soundly summarised. A little apt quotation would have increased the interest, but otherwise both in method and attack this is entirely on the right road.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The head-dress is a bit anomalous but the general scheme is very pleasing except that the white spaces are not sufficiently considered and the heart rather jumps out of the picture. Although I have no doubt you are basically right as to the book's merits, the analysis provided here is a bit chaotic. Too hasty a survey, perhaps.

Ivy Gooding.—Better lettering is essential. The group, however, is extremely well managed, although limbs are somewhat wooden. You should do well if you can get some practice at life drawing.

Peter Recaldin.—Look carefully for the colour of shadows and remember that white surfaces are always in some tone, however delicate. You have made considerable progress, particularly with regard to drawing. Go on trying!

Dorothy Guillaume.—Interesting in design, but the naturalistic rendering of the Sphinx is a mistake and it emerges a bit awkwardly from the black. The lettering is cleverly placed.

Dora Malfatti.—The letter, even in the strained circumstances, is a little stilted for these days. Shorter words, simpler sentences, would have made the attack just as forceful, probably more so. It is seldom you are caught napping in a matter of judgment.

Irene McCoy.—An excellent idea to tackle this—a book which is much needed. There are probably many good reasons why any interpretation of the subject has been avoided in the past, especially for us! You have summed it up very well, with appreciation in the right place.

B. Barker.—A little more insistence on vital accents would have made a considerable difference to this very clever sketch—a little too grey and lacking in particular interest, at present. I congratulate you on some admirable drawing, full of promise.

Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description of a bored visitor to a Flower Show.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post July 15th.

Literary Competition Circle COUPON—July 15

(Continued on page 130)

LILIA

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WOMAN'S
Health and Beauty

To the many women readers
of "Britannia and Eve."

There are many facts we should like to put before you regarding the close connection which exists between good looks and good health and sanitary protection. But the pages of *Britannia & Eve* are hardly the place in which to do so. If you will, therefore, send us your name and address on a postcard we will send you (under plain cover) a little book which will put these important—and unfortunately little-known—facts before you. The book, which is written by a woman doctor attached to one of the London hospitals, is called

"PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN"

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Our Literary Competition Circle

(Continued)

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of eight lines on a local Council which banned beach pyjamas.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post July 29th.

Literary Competition Circle COUPON—July 29

Results of 152nd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Enid M. Norman.

Hon. Mention: E. Wightman, "J. A. B.," May Belben, E. Scott Smith, G. R. Rowe, "Kemp Royston," Kathleen Nichols, Mary Hughes, "Una," M. Scott Morris, "Aisne," A. V. Williamson, D. Avril, J. Binfield, "Joan d'Echo."

WINNING ENTRY:

The daisies were stars once, so somebody said,
Who thought that they'd like to be flowers instead,
So they spangled earth's meadows without any fuss,
For children and everyday people—like us.
(And if never a poet
Had told us we'd know it!)

They might have been lilies or violets or roses,
We're glad that they're not, for whoever supposes
That there's anything gained by becoming a lily?
Oh, they're flawlessly lovely, but painfully chilly—
Too good to be real,
That's what I always feel!

And a rose grows conceited at eightpence a bloom,
While the violets, poor darlings, are shrouded in gloom
Just look at the way that they droop on their stem,
Why, their modesty's almost a complex with them!
But a daisy's just right
With its fresh red and white.

Red and white and refreshing, with heart of pure gold...
Do people grow up like their names, are we told?
Could a "Daisy" have just the same nature and face
If they'd christened her "Clara" or "Florence" or
"Grace"?

Well, she might—all the same
There's a lot in a name!

—ENID M. NORMAN.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best set of titles for six novels.

Awarded to "Jocosa."

Hon. Mention: A. B. M. Bacon, Mary C. Anderson, K. Nichols, E. Young, Louise Domville, J. H. G. Gibbs, May W. Harrison, May Belben, A. V. Williamson, Caroline Ord, Alice Georgano, A. W. Pimm, "Lweno Notwali," Isabel M. Smart, G. M. Hudson, G. Whitcombe, "G. G."

WINNING ENTRY:

1. Hollow Hills.
2. Batik.
3. Summer Rain.
4. The Unending Pageant.
5. Spoon-Fed.
6. Young and Fair.

"JOCOSA."

Results of 153rd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Leslie Dudley.

Hon. Mention: Enid M. Norman, Violet Ralph, A. V. Williamson, Louise Domville, B. Darwall, E. G. Robins, K. Gandy, G. Whitcombe, D. G. Holland, "G. G.," M. Oxenford, Alice Georgano, May Belben, "Helen Gray."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet on the lark ascending.

Awarded to G. Rideout Rowe.

Hon. Mention: Julia Binfield, B. Gibbs, Isabel M. Smart, Mary Hughes, "J. A. B.," Doreen M. Hamby, H. M. Hancock, E. G. Robins, May Belben, "Elizabeth Adams," "G. G."

WINNING ENTRY:

The lark ascending trills triumphant lays
Of life and liberty.
To Phoebus rising joyous homage pays.
The lark ascending trills triumphant lays
To noon-tide glory: and to fading rays
Of the sun's Majesty,
The lark ascending trills triumphant lays
Of life and liberty.

G. RIDEOUT ROWE.

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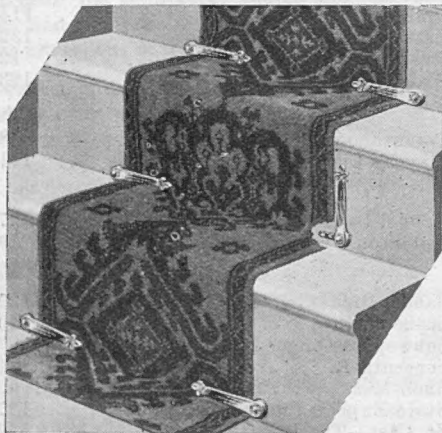
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An Up-to-date Stair Carpet Holder

EVEN in the old-fashioned labour-making home stair-roads were always an abomination to the patient wife. The stairs always looked untidy because the stair-roads rarely fitted properly and were always slipping, and besides wearing grooves in the carpet they had to be taken out separately in order that they could be cleaned each morning.

Then about fourteen years ago a man with an eye to improving the home and the lot of the housewife invented the Alexander Stair Carpet Holders, which have proved thoroughly efficient, labour-saving and everlasting. When they saw how simply and neatly they worked, thousands of housewives bought them and have refused ever since to use anything else. A screw, and a firm grip keeps the carpet gently but firmly in place, a turn of the lever and the carpet is released,



and can be moved up or down and thus distribute evenly the wear on the treads.

There are two types of Alexander Stair Carpet Holders: the "Popular" and the "Spring." The "Popular" was the original model put on the market. One screw acts as a pivot, when the holder is in the vertical position the carpet is immediately released, but when horizontal it is gently but firmly fixed. The "Spring" is the result of much experiment and research; by means of two fixing screws, a four-point locking device is secured which prevents the holder being released except by hand. Both the "Spring" and the "Popular" are rustless and are sold by the dozen at a remarkably reasonable price. There are many striking designs in both models, which are obtainable in chromium, oxidised silver, and other metals.

The Care of the Floor

SO many people long for a polished wood floor, which is so much to be desired both from the point of view of hygiene and as a background for fine rugs, but are of the opinion that the only possible way of dealing with ordinary deal boards is to cover them up with linoleum or carpet. This is quite erroneous.

During the past thirty-five years, the Polishing Contract Department of Ronuk Ltd., have undertaken the staining and polishing of many hundreds of acres of flooring in the Royal Palaces, public buildings and private houses. This wide experience has taught Messrs. Ronuk all there is to know about floors, and the outcome of all this practice, as well as much research, was "Colron" Wood Dye.

By this dye, which can be easily applied by the home handy man, ordinary deal boards are given the appearance of an expensive hardwood floor. Unlike the old varnish and water stains, it neither wears off nor raises the grain, and dries completely in only two or three hours. It is then a simple matter to give the perfect finish with Ronuk, polishing with Ronuk's "Big Hand," the popular floor brush.

"Odol please: it's safest...it cleans our teeth without damaging the enamel"

Odol TOOTH PASTE
in tubes 6" and 1"
ODOL IS BRITISH MADE



Gariana

DRY CLEANS
EVERYTHING



DOES NOT
LEAVE A RING

THE NON-INFLAMMABLE GREASE REMOVER

Thawpit is the ideal grease remover. It removes the soap ring from baths, smears and finger marks from furniture and paint, mirrors and windows. It is the perfect home dry-cleaner, too, for it cannot injure even the most delicate fabric and will not leave a ring. From all grocers, chemists and stores including Boots, Taylors and Timothy Whites.

2oz. bott.

6d

5oz. bott.

1/-

THAWPIT
THE GUARANTEED NON-INFLAMMABLE
GREASE REMOVER

STOMACH TROUBLE ENDED AFTER 15 YEARS

Spent Pounds Before
Getting Relief

Mr. S. W. Bulman
of Hedon Road, Hull, writes:



from a recent photo
of Mrs. Bulman.

"My wife suffered from stomach trouble for fifteen years, tried nearly everything it was possible to get, spending pounds, without any relief until she tried 'Bisurated' Magnesia which has worked wonders. There is nothing in the world to beat it, and after what I have seen her suffer, absolutely prostrated with pain, I think it is only my duty to sufferers to let them know of your wonderful remedy. An hour before I wrote this she was taken ill and 'Bisurated' Magnesia gave her instant relief and she told me to write straight away to thank you." You can obtain 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder and tablet forms at 1/3 from any chemist.

P. Vencatachellum
Genuine MADRAS Curry Powder

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
For your own protection see the trade mark (Peacock Brand) on EVERY TIN—there are fraudulent imitations. A nice sample and 'CURRY IS GOOD' Recipe Sheet post free from J. A. SHARWOOD & CO., LTD., LARGEST DEALERS IN INDIAN CONDIMENTS IN THE WORLD. Otley Works, Otley Rd., S.W.9, and at Liverpool and Bombay.



Peacock Brand.

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG AND ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

If you become breathless at times, easily exhausted or fatigued, and your heart palpitates after slight exertion; if troubled with occasional dizziness, flushed face, numb or cold hands and feet, throbbing headaches, backache, etc., a circulatory disorder may always be suspected. Constantly-forming impurities such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., are depositing on walls of the arteries, which consequently cannot properly regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. The only way to check this very serious condition and relieve the dangerous strain upon the heart is by removing the cause. To do this, simply take occasionally before breakfast, a tumbler of water containing a teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates.' This alkaline medicinal water will quickly neutralise and clear away the acidulous impurities which, if not eliminated, lead to hardening of the arteries with its attendant disorders and ever-present risk of such very serious results. 'Alkia Saltrates' can be obtained from any chemist; try this simple and natural treatment and notice how much better and younger you feel as your arteries are rejuvenated and regain normal elasticity.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandr  Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0, or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free in plain envelope.

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FOR HEALTH and PLEASURE COME TO THE ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLES and to CAITHNESS

	From Leith.	From Aberdeen.
3 Days' Inclusive Cruise	£4 -	£3 10/-
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12 Days' Inclusive Cruise, with a week's residence at ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, Hillswick, Shetland..... £12 - £11 10/-
Write for full particulars to WILLIAM MERRYLEES, Agent, Dept. 48, Tower Place, Leith; or to JAMES McCALLUM, Manager, Dept. 46, Matthews' Quay, Aberdeen.

NO MORE SLIPPING SHOULDER STRAPS

THIS NEW CLIP HOLDS SECURELY

Simply clip ends of the "JANET" to shoulder straps, then clip to top of underskirt. Fixed in a moment. INVISIBLE under blouse or dress. From Stores & Drapers.

If unable to obtain, send to JARRETT'S (E), Kent Street, Birmingham.

Janet 1/6
SECURITY
LINGERIE CLIP
• A "Ladye Jayne" PRODUCTION •

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Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4 6	8 9	17 6
Canada	3 6	7 1/-	14 1/-

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Name

Address

Date.....1933



In a garden city by the sea set against a background of History



BOURNEMOUTH the Beautiful is an apt title for this resort of smiling blue skies, fragrant pines and beautiful scenery. There are many miles of magnificent cliff drives, perfect bathing, and six miles of golden sands, day follows day, of healthy sunshine.



You can enjoy every sport under ideal conditions, while the gardens, the picturesque chines and the Great Pavilion (where Sir Dan Godfrey conducts the Municipal Orchestra) all add to the attractions of this ideal holiday centre.

Bournemouth stands at the gates of the 'Hardy' Country, where romance and history await you in quaint villages and old-world beauty spots.

Consider the residential attractions of this favoured town . . . note its modernity . . . the pleasing thoroughfares. Rates are low electricity and gas are cheap, and there are wonderful facilities for sport, education, shopping and amusement.

BOURNEMOUTH

FOR SUNSHINE AND HEALTH

Write for the illustrated Guide or the new Residential Booklet to the Town Clerk, Room 76a, Town Hall

DON'T OVERLOAD HIS DIGESTION



WITH HEAVY FOODS

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Allenburys' DIET

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what is required.

EASY TO MAKE

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists

Send 3d. in stamps for trial sample tin of 'Allenburys' Diet.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

VASCO'S "PLASTIC" HAIR FASHION,

The greatest innovation of our epoch, has diffused its irresistible CHARM amongst all. For we now see in theatres and fashionable rendezvous that many of the young, the not so young, and others, have discarded the antique, uniform, heavily waved COIFFURE for VASCO'S youthful, elegant and artistic "PLASTIC," the simple sculpture-like lines of which are ever provokingly attractive, ideally "INDIVIDUAL," and is never ruffled. Mr. Vasco designs a Plastic for each client free of charge.



Example of a "Plastic"

Wearers of POSTICHE can have semi or whole head coverings. "PLASTIC FASHIONS" from £8 - 8 - 0 MODELS SENT ON APPROVAL.

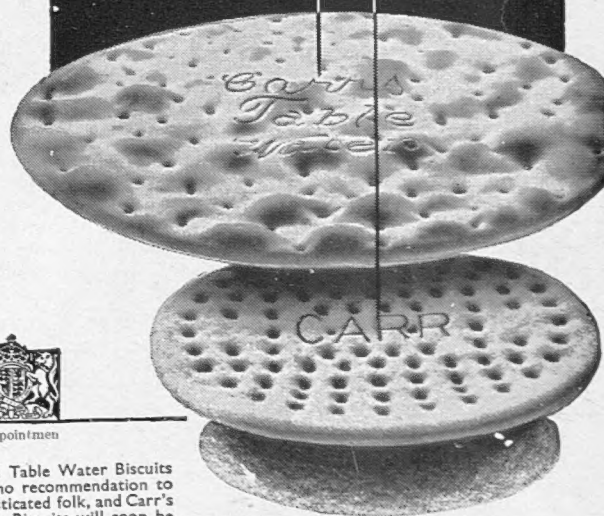
Our clinic for the treatment of Hair and Scalp disorders enjoys a world-wide reputation. Send particulars of complaint and few combings. Advice is free.

Write for full particulars;

T. VASCO, LTD. World-Celebrated Inventors of Hair and Hat Fashions and Experts in Permanent Waving, Tinting, Postiche and Trichology.
16 Dover Street, W.1. Telephone: Regent 3324 (4 lines).

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

CARR'S CELERY BISCUITS



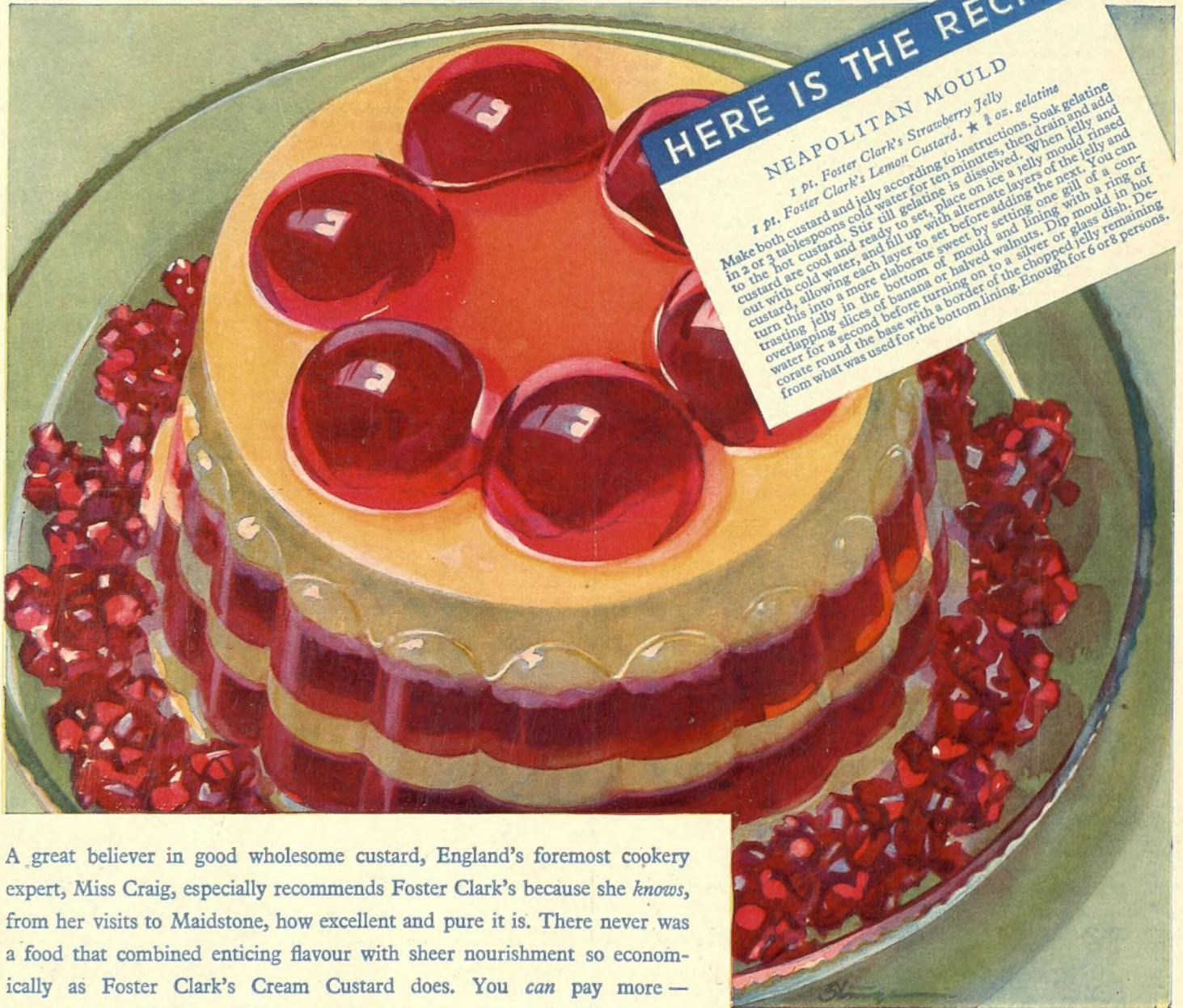
By Appointment

Carr's Table Water Biscuits need no recommendation to sophisticated folk, and Carr's Celery Biscuits will soon be equally renowned. They are made by the firm with over one hundred years' experience in the art of Biscuit making.

On sale in all the leading Stores in the U.S.A. Agents: Julius Wile Sons & Co., 10 Hubert Street, New York.

MADE ONLY BY **CARR'S** OF CARLISLE ENGLAND

Elizabeth Craig makes this
NEAPOLITAN MOULD
with Foster Clark's Custard



HERE IS THE RECIPE

NEAPOLITAN MOULD

1 pt. Foster Clark's Strawberry Jelly
1 pt. Foster Clark's Lemon Custard. ★ 1 oz. gelatine
 Make both custard and jelly according to instructions. Soak gelatine in 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water for ten minutes, then drain and add to the hot custard. Stir till gelatine is dissolved. When jelly and custard are cool and ready to set, place on ice a jelly mould rinsed out with cold water, and fill up with alternate layers of the jelly and custard, allowing each layer to set before setting the next. You can turn this into a more elaborate sweet by setting one gill of a contrasting jelly in the bottom of mould and lining with a ring of overlapping slices of banana or halved walnuts. Dip mould in hot water for a second before turning on to a silver or glass dish. Decorate round the base with a border of the chopped jelly remaining from what was used for the bottom lining. Enough for 6 or 8 persons.

A great believer in good wholesome custard, England's foremost cookery expert, Miss Craig, especially recommends Foster Clark's because she *knows*, from her visits to Maidstone, how excellent and pure it is. There never was a food that combined enticing flavour with sheer nourishment so economically as Foster Clark's Cream Custard does. You *can* pay more — but you *can't* buy better! Note the offer below.

Foster Clark's
cream **CUSTARD**

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) to Foster Clark Ltd., Dept. BE, Maidstone, Kent, for free sample and the Elizabeth Craig Custard Book containing 100 recipes. Please state whether you prefer Vanilla, Lemon, Almond, or Standard flavour.

6 separate pints 4½d. ★ Large family tin 10½d.

Britannia & Eve for July, 1933